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## SALVATION DYNASTY

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*By the same author*

MARTIN LUTHER

# SALVATION DYNASTY

BY

BRIAN LUNN



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*To*

*Malcolm Muggeridge*

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## CHAPTER I

### PAWNBROKER—PREACHER

THE congregation was singing the fourth hymn of the evening service in Wesley Chapel, Nottingham, while their minister sat back on his red plush throne, a weary giant gathering strength for the main effort of the evening, his sermon. He was surveying his flock with satisfaction, the flavour of the last prayer in which he had invoked the divine wisdom upon the young Queen and all her counsellors mingling vaguely with sonorous phrases in the sermon he was about to deliver.

“Foul, I to the fountain fly; wash me, Saviour, or I die:” The congregation were just easing their breath for the final verse, when the chapel door opened, letting in a stream of raw, foggy air, while an unsavoury group of humanity, about fifteen or twenty persons of both sexes, some infirm with years and at least one unsteady from another cause, shuffled in. With a muffled, but perfectly audible oath the last man would have pushed again into the street, but the youth who was shepherding the party closed the door in time.

The chapel was rather full, so that the youth had to dispose the new arrivals as best he could. To his dismay the minister saw the tipsy drover being squeezed up against the wife of his circuit steward. He concentrated desperately on keeping collected in his mind the main threads of his forthcoming discourse, but the eloquent phrases of his smooth message seemed quite hollow in the face of his additional audience, and his thoughts were further distracted, as he saw a young man, with whom his niece was forming a friendship of which he disapproved, insinuate himself into her pew, where he would

benefit by the drowsy intimacy of the warm evening chapel with its flaring gas-jets on whitewashed walls.

William Booth, the young man who had been acting on the injunction to go out into the highways and byways, was preparing to hurry home after the customary handshake with the minister. Unaware of the disturbance he had caused, young Booth was surprised when the minister detained him and said that while his zeal in bringing the outcast to the House of God was praiseworthy, his manner of doing so was liable to disturb the regular members of the congregation in their devotions. There were, the minister pointed out, certain seats conveniently placed behind the preacher's rostrum to which Booth could bring his flock by a back entrance.

Booth accepted the minister's advice, and on future occasions the gleanings from the byways were concealed by the rostrum from the eyes of the regular members of the congregation.

It was about two years since this seventeen-year-old pawnbroker's apprentice had felt the complete call of religion and the duty to go out with the message to his fellow-men. His father Samuel had devoted his life to money-making. William said of him later: "My father was a Grab, a Get. He had been born in poverty. He determined to grow rich; and he did. He grew very rich, because he lived without God and simply worked for money, and when he lost it all, his heart broke with it."

Samuel Booth may have exaggerated the affluence of his early days; but he sent his son to a good school in Nottingham, where William was trained to regard himself as a gentleman's son. William was twelve years old when his father was ruined and apprenticed him to a pawnbroker, telling him that it was a business in which fortunes were not only easily but quickly made. A year later his father fell seriously ill, and William

was present when the dying man, whose mind was called to religion by a Cousin Gregory, received the Last Sacrament.

William Booth soon succeeded to the position of being the responsible member of a family in declining circumstances, which consisted of himself, his mother and two sisters. His mother was a Jewess, a quiet, thoughtful woman whose natural reserve was intensified by a keen sensitiveness to her changed circumstances. Both William and his elder sister Anne retained friendships formed in more affluent days, being far less sensitive to their position than their mother, whose manner positively intimidated her daughter's friend Sarah. This friend has described Mrs. Booth as "a tall, proud woman who had the most wonderful eyes. You could tell when she was looking at you." When Mrs. Booth opened the door to Sarah she would stand aside for her to enter, close the door, and then, pointing to a chair in the parlour, say, "Sit down, my dear," kindly but without any friendliness, going out to send Anne to her, and not returning to bid her good-bye.

His mother's gloom did not weigh upon William when he was outside the house. Known as 'Wilful Will' amongst his fellows, he was a hearty lad who excelled in a kind of street hockey, and took the lead in some minor escapades. His long nose, a Booth feature, was called by his friends 'the Wellington'; when he played soldiers he was usually the captain. So little was he concerned with religion in those days that he used to wonder in later years, wonder often that he did not go straight to hell.

William's closer acquaintance with religion was occasioned by those qualities in his nature which attracted the interest of people in a higher station than himself. An elderly couple of well-to-do Methodists saw in Wilful Will a striking resemblance to an only son whom they had lost. So far as he had any religion at this time William was, like his parents,

a member of the Church of England. This couple introduced him to Wesley Chapel, and he thus became a member of the Methodist Church.

The practical business of life was making increasing demands upon the serious side of Booth's nature. His mother had been cheated out of a large proportion of what was salvageable in Samuel Booth's estate; the family were forced to leave the house described by Sarah, and his mother now kept a little shop in which she sold such things as needles, thread and toys. At this time William's closest friend was a very serious young man, Sansom, the son of a prosperous lace manufacturer.

Luther's rejection of free will was formularized in the Calvinistic sects into a very rigid doctrinal system, the keystone of which has been the necessity of 'conversion,' a spiritual experience considered essential to salvation. Luther's sudden illumination through the words 'the just shall live by faith' was a reaction from the despair into which the practice of holiness-by-works as taught by the medieval Church had plunged him. As the centuries passed, Luther's message was in its turn formularized into a jargon and a system of practice as unreal as that against which he had fought. Methodism, despite its insistence upon the essential importance of spiritual regeneration, shifted the emphasis back to the good works which are the fruit of faith; and therefore it is fortunate that the critical years of Booth's life were spent within the Methodist Church, for his work was to lie in the field of practical achievement.

William Booth's conversion at the age of fifteen, which may be called the conventional age for this event, was no mere discharge of adolescent emotions into religious fancies. It was a definite resolution, to use his later words, "That it was better to live right than wrong." It came to him one night

at eleven o'clock in the open street, and it was marked by a difficult act of restitution. He says "The inward Light revealed to me that I must not only renounce everything I knew to be sinful, but make restitution, so far as I had the ability, for any wrong I had done to others before I could find peace with God. . . . The entrance to the Heavenly Kingdom was closed against me by an evil act of the past which required restitution. In a boyish trading affair I had managed to make a profit out of my companions, whilst giving them to suppose that what I did was all in the way of a generous friendship. As a testimonial of their gratitude, they had given me a silver pencil-case. Merely to return their gift would have been comparatively easy, but to confess the deception I had practised upon them was a humiliation to which for some days I could not bring myself." The resolution to act was taken in the precincts of the chapel. "I remember," he writes, "the spot in the corner of the room under the chapel, the hour, the resolution to end the matter, the rising up and rushing forth, the finding the young fellow I had chiefly wronged, the acknowledgment of my sin, the return of the pencil-case—the instant rolling away from my heart of the guilty burden, the peace that came in its place, and the going forth to serve my God and my generation from that hour."

William Booth is almost silent himself, and very little is known of his life during the two years following his conversion. His friendship with Sansom deepened, and they engaged in small works of philanthropy, of which the most picturesque concerned a Nottingham oddity, an old woman who was the butt of the urchins and roughs of the town, who shuffled about in rags, and slept under hedges and in doorways. Booth and Sansom made a collection among their friends which was so successful that they were able to take and furnish a little



cabin for the old woman and to make provision for her support. This must have required a substantial sum, and represents no mean achievement, when we consider the youth of the promoters and the uninspiring nature of the charity. It was the second time that Booth experienced his talent for loosening purse-strings.

Booth's first regular work as a saviour of souls began about two years after his conversion, when he was recovering from an attack of fever. He was in a very serious condition, when he got a message from Sansom, telling him that he had started an open-air mission in the slums and that Booth must get well again quickly and join him in the work. This message proved a wonderful tonic, and as soon as he could get on his legs Booth was back at his work, and joined his friend in the evenings.

Booth already formed the conviction that human misery was the result of sin. The speeches of visiting political orators seem to have made very little impression on him, but when the great revivalist Caughey came to Nottingham, he attended all the services he could. In the course of his work he no doubt found that the pawnbroker's business thrived on the publican's.

The misery in Nottingham in the thirties and forties of last century was at least comparable to that of the distressed areas at the present time. In spite of prohibitions, important secret processes had been smuggled over the water, and the weaving trade was suffering acute depression from French competition. The lace industry was still in its infancy. The stocking trade was further depressed by change in fashion, 'Vandyke hose' being no longer popular. The weaving of stockings was a home industry, and all day long and far into the night the characteristic hockety-hockety-shee of the ~~machines~~ was to be heard in the streets of Nottingham. The

looms which the people worked were hired from a capitalist, and their miserable earnings of seven or eight shillings a week were increased in many cases by an addition of two or three shillings from the rates. In the year of Queen Victoria's accession a special collection made for the relief of the distress provided food for two hundred men with families averaging four persons, who were on the roads without any shelter at all. About one in fourteen of the population was being relieved from the rates.

It is hard to imagine anyone trying to launch a campaign for the salvation of souls on present-day Tyneside. One important factor distinguished the misery of Nottingham from the economic misery of the present day. If it was often more squalid, it was in patches more colourful. Spirits were cheap and potent. We can gaze in fascinated pleasure at Hogarth's *Gin Lane*, while the stubborn suffering of Strube's Unemployed Man gives us cold in the marrow. The spectacular failure of the attempt to abolish drink in the United States makes us lose sight of the prodigious change which has been effected more gradually in the drinking habits of Englishmen. When William Booth was preaching in the streets of Nottingham, men still remembered the gin-den advertisements "Drunk for a penny. Dead drunk for tuppence. Straw for nothing." The straw, of course, was provided for customers to sleep off the effects.

Drinking is both a cause, and, when cheap, a consequence of economic misery. In an atmosphere of drink other vices flourish. William Booth was not interested in economic theory; throughout his life he stood aside from political movements. He saw in sin the prime cause of all human misery. In his time every city in England could boast of one or more picturesque drunkards, whose deeds were retailed with a sort of civic pride. Such men were occasionally the subjects of

spectacular conversions, in which an unconscious desire to maintain their notoriety may have played a part. When William began his preaching, a pedlar of brooms nicknamed 'Besom Jack' was one of the best-known characters of the district. His wife went begging used tea-leaves from door to door. Besom Jack was returning from the pub penniless and fuddled, to vent his ill-temper on his wife, when he passed Booth preaching at a street-corner. "Bloody lot of lies," grumbled Besom Jack, and then more aggressively, "Nothing but f—— lies." William stopped and looked at him. "Friend, it was for you He died; stop and be saved." Besom Jack was not only saved himself. He became a valuable assistant in the little mission, a powerful sheepdog to keep the flock together. In a short time he was much more than a sheepdog; he became himself an evangelist, who brought in new members to the fold. Through this case there was stored in Booth's mind an idea which was to grow into the most effective driving principle of his organization.

When Booth's apprenticeship came to an end, he would have liked to have become a candidate for a regular commission in the service of his Master, but the Methodist authorities did nothing to help him. "The leading men in the Church to which I belonged," he recalls, "were afraid I was going too fast, and gave me plenty of caution, quaking and fearing at every new departure, but never a word of encouragement to help me on. But I went forward all the same." Without assistance it was not possible for him to qualify for the ministry. He could have remained on with the pawnbroker, whose confidence he had secured after a successful dispute on a matter of principle. The week-end is a very busy time in the pledge business, and his Unitarian employer wanted him to come to the shop on Sunday mornings. Booth said he was prepared to work until Saturday

midnight and to return Sunday midnight, but he would not do any work on the Sabbath. His master was irritated by such obstinacy and dismissed him. A week later he recalled him, having accepted Booth's terms, and when he went away, he put Booth in charge of the business over the heads of his seniors.

However, when he had completed his term, Booth did not stay with his master. For a year he vainly sought other employment in Nottingham. "Those months," he records, "were among the most desolate of my life. You may say, Where was the Church to which I belonged? Where were its rich business members who might surely have found employment for one who was already giving promise of a useful life? Yes: well, it was the question we asked. For no one took the slightest interest in me . . . I had to move away."

With a few shillings in his pocket Booth moved away to London at the age of nineteen.

In that straightforward, unpretentious style, which is characteristic of all he said and wrote, Booth has recorded his first impressions of London:

"The sensations of a newcomer to London from the country are always disagreeable, if he comes to work. The immensity of the city must especially strike him as he crosses it for the first time and passes through its different areas. The general turnout into a few thoroughfares, on Saturday nights especially, gives a sensation of enormous bulk. The manifest poverty of so many in the most populous streets must appeal to any heart. The language of the drinking crowds must needs give a rather worse than true impression of all.

"The crowding pressure and activity of so many must always oppress one not accustomed to it. The number of public-houses, theatres and music-halls must give a young enthusiast for Christ a sickening impression. The enormous numbers of hawkers must also have given a rather exaggerated idea of the poverty and

cupidity which nevertheless prevailed. The Churches in those days gave the very uttermost idea of spiritual death and blindness to the existing condition of things; at that time very few of them were open more than one evening per week. There were no Young Men's or Young Women's Christian Associations, no Pleasant Sunday Afternoons, no Brotherhoods, no Central Missions, no extra effort to attract the attention of the godless crowds."

It is interesting to compare Booth's impressions with those of Dostoevsky\* on a short visit to Victorian London:

"In London," Dostoevsky writes, "may be seen multitudes in such numbers and in such surroundings as you will see nowhere else in the world. For instance, I was told that on Saturday night half a million working men and women with their children spread like a flood over the whole town, for the most part gathering in certain districts. All night, it is said, up to five o'clock in the morning, they celebrate their holiday, that is they fill themselves like cattle with food and drink and so make up for the whole week past. These people bring here their weekly wages, all that has been earned with hard work and curses. In the butchers' shops and in the eating houses gas begins to flare in great jets, brightly illuminating the street. It is just as if some ball had been arranged for these white negroes. The people crowd together in the open taverns and in the streets. There they eat and drink. The beer houses are decorated like palaces. Drunkenness is everywhere, but it is joyless, sad, and gloomy; a strange silence seems always to prevail. Only now and then do abuse and brutal fights disturb this uneasy silence which weighs upon you so heavily. The whole crowd make haste to become intoxicated as quickly as possible, and to the point of unconsciousness. The women are in no way behind, and get drunk along with their husbands while the children crawl and run about among them . . .

"The Anglican clergy and bishops are proud and rich. They live on their ample incomes and grow corpulent in perfect ease of conscience. They are great pedants, highly educated men, and in a pompous and joyless way they actually believe in their own moral smugness. They preach a self-satisfied morality in order to wax fat, and to stay where they are for the benefit of the rich.

. These professors of religion have a particular diversion of

their own, *i.e.*, foreign missions. They go out into the depths of Africa to convert a savage, but they ignore the millions of savages in London."

Booth's sister Anne had preceded him to London, where she was married to a hatter. Unfortunately this link proved of no use to Booth, because the hatter had become an aggressive agnostic with a taste for strong drink which his wife had come to share. The hatter, in his cups, jeered at Booth's religion, and Booth returned no more to the house.

Booth had no other link in London, and he found that there was no way in which he could earn a living except at the business in which he was trained. Although his father had made a mess of his own affairs, he had shown sense in the choice of his son's calling. Booth had no difficulty at all in getting a berth as a pawnbroker's assistant.

Booth's London master proved to be as unsympathetic to his religious activities as his Nottingham master had been. "All he seemed to me to want," says Booth, "was to make money, and all he seemed to want me for was to help him in the sordid selfish task. So it was work, work, work, morning, noon, and night. I was practically a white slave, being only allowed my liberty on the Sabbath, and an hour or two one night a week, and then the rule was, home by ten o'clock, or the door will be locked against you." Unlike the Nottingham pawnbroker, this master was a professing Christian, a regular communicant of the Church of England. Still, his attitude to the young assistant was typical of the Victorian employer, and it was impulsive of Booth to expect his employer to be interested in his spare-time activities, because they happened to be religious.

At this time Booth's Church was being rent by domestic disputes. The Methodist Conference, its governing body, was attacked in virulent anonymous pamphlets, called *Flysheets*,

which freely libelled individual members of the Conference. Unable to discover the authors of these pamphlets, the Fathers of Methodism were exasperated into passing a kind of Test Act, whereby every minister was required to answer certain 'brotherly questions.' Three prominent ministers refused, not necessarily because they were implicated in the authorship of the *Flysheets*, but because they regarded the measure as tyrannical. These ministers, one of whom had been William Booth's pastor at Nottingham, went out to found the New Connexion.

Booth was too obscure to be much concerned in these disputes, and he was too busy in the active work of saving souls. If he was not in on the stroke of ten the door would be shut against him. His work took him as far as Greenwich, and to be home in time he sometimes ran a part of the way back to the shop at Walworth. His ambition was still to become an ordained minister, but his sermons as a lay preacher did not quite please the authorities, who said that they smelt too much of the shroud, and that in any case they had enough ministers for their pulpits.

The driving force behind his work was the thought that every day hundreds of the unsaved were passing from this world to eternal perdition. Belief in 'the everlasting punishment of the wicked' was to be an article in the brief statement of doctrine to which Salvation soldiers had to subscribe.

He was himself afflicted with diffidence because of his lack of education, and wrote to a Nottingham friend: "Upon becoming acquainted with my congregation, I am surprised at the amount of intellect which I have endeavoured to address." He thought of becoming a pastor on an Australian convict ship, where he could deliver his message without the frills of theological learning, but the necessity to send remittances to his mother deterred him from taking this step.

And when he was not in a despondent mood, he described as 'theological pomposity' that passion for nice points of doctrine which has been characteristic of Scotsmen and of English Nonconformists.

As a mild protest against the spirit of faction which was diverting the energies of his Church from their proper purpose, Booth resigned an honorary position in the Walworth chapel. The chapel authorities decided that he was unsound, a Reformer at heart, and at the end of the quarter they declined to renew the ticket which every Methodist requires to maintain his membership of the Church.

Booth would now have been adrift as far as his spiritual activities were concerned, but his sermons at Walworth chapel had favourably impressed a wealthy member of the congregation, who had joined the Reformers. Mr. Rabbits, to the very name, was a perfect example of a type which has played such an important part in English Nonconformity. With a borrowed capital of a few shillings he had built up a boot-making business which had made him worth about sixty thousand pounds. Sermon tasting was his only relaxation from the production of superlatively reliable boots. Mr. Rabbits supported the Reformers; hearing of young Booth's plight, he sent for him to make him a proposal.

William Booth was told that he must leave business, and wholly devote himself to preaching the Gospel, to which he replied that he could not live on air. "That is true, no doubt," admitted Mr. Rabbits, with the slight reluctance of a man who had himself almost succeeded in living on air, when starting up his business. "How much can you live on?"

"I reckoned up carefully," records William Booth. "I knew I should have to provide my own quarters and to pay for my cooking: and as to the living itself, I did not understand in those days how this could be managed in as cheap a



fashion as I do now. After a careful calculation, I told him that I did not see how I could get along with less than twelve shillings a week.

“‘Nonsense,’ he said, ‘you cannot do with less than twenty shillings a week, I am sure.’

“‘All right,’ I said, ‘have it your own way, if you will; but where is the twenty shillings to come from?’

“‘I will supply it,’ he said, ‘for the first three months at least.’

“‘Very good,’ I answered. And the bargain was struck then and there.”

Booth at once gave notice to his master, who was very angry, and said that if it was a question of money that need not part them, to which Booth answered that “all he wanted was the opportunity to spend his life and powers publishing the Saviour to a lost world.”

He found two rooms in the house of a widow of Walworth at five shillings a week with attendance. He bought some chairs and a bed and a few other necessities, after which he “felt quite set up, and fully prepared to settle quietly down to work.”

He records that three things marked the day that followed the one on which he “shook hands with my cold-hearted master and said Good-bye. One of which proved itself of no little importance, both to myself and to the world at large in the years that followed.

1. The first day of my freedom was Good Friday.
2. It was also my birthday, the 10th April.
3. The third, and most important of all, was that on that day I fell over head and ears in love with the precious woman who afterwards became my Wife.”

## CHAPTER II

### HOLY LOVE

CATHERINE MUMFORD, who afterwards became Booth's wife, belonged to the intellectual aristocracy of Methodism. She was the remarkable daughter of a remarkable mother, whose maiden name was Milward. Miss Milward, engaged to be married to a man, whom her parents considered a perfectly desirable son-in-law, made an unfortunate discovery regarding her intended husband's past life. She broke off the engagement; her lover sought an interview, but she refused to see him, and the suitor rode from her door in such a fury of desperation that his horse collapsed under him and died. The man himself was soon after confined in a madhouse.

The effect of this episode was to fix Miss Milward's thoughts upon religion. The Church of England, in which she had been brought up, was too tepid, and she joined the Methodists, to whose services her father sometimes accompanied her. Some years later she was impressed with the eloquence of a young lay preacher, John Mumford, a wheelwright. The preacher, as is the custom, was entertained at the house of the most important members of his congregation, for without joining the Methodists Mr. Milward naturally extended some patronage to his daughter's church. John Mumford paid his addresses to the daughter of the house, and these, to the mortification of the Milwards, were accepted. A girl who had sent one lover to the madhouse was not likely to submit to her parents' wishes regarding another; but her father was as strong-minded as she, and when Sarah Milward insisted on marrying the wheelwright, she was sent from home without a penny or a change of clothes.

Five children were born of this marriage, of whom only two survived infancy. Catherine has recorded, as one of her earliest recollections, being taken into her mother's room, when she was not much more than two, to see the dead body of a baby brother. "I can remember to this day the feelings of awe and solemnity with which the sight of death impressed my baby mind. . . . I am sure that many parents enormously under-estimate the capacity of children to *retain* impressions made upon them in early days." This sage reflection, quoted by her biographer, is unaccompanied by any comment as to the suitability of this particular impression for an infant mind. When her own children came, she brought them up as her mother had brought her up, in religion and seclusion, "unspotted from the world."

In the case of Catherine's children the seclusion was quite healthy, because there were several young children together. Catherine herself was a solitary child. She became thoughtful and studious, what used to be called old-fashioned. Before she was twelve she had contributions published in a temperance paper. They were sent in under an assumed name, "lest they should be rejected if it were known that they had been written by so mere a child." At the age of twelve she differed politically from her father on the question of the Catholic Emancipation Bill, as she held that "the way in which Catholics had universally misused political power proved that they were unfit to be entrusted with it." She assessed the relative merits of Cæsar and Napoleon. "I could discover no evidence that Napoleon attempted to confer any benefit upon his own nation, much less on any of the countries he had conquered with his sword. . . . I could not but contrast him with Cæsar, whose efforts for the civilization of the people whom he conquered, together with the laws and public works he introduced on their behalf, seemed to me to palliate the merciless slaughter

of his wars. . . . He appeared to me to desire the good of his country, and not merely his own aggrandisement."

At the age of fifteen, at the same age and in the same year as William Booth was converted, Catherine Mumford found Salvation, after some nights of spiritual anguish and uncertainty. The particular words in which this experience is crystallized are always of special interest.

Catherine Booth tells us that two lines of a hymn which she had read and sung scores of times "now came home to my inmost soul with a force and illumination they had never before possessed. It was as impossible for me to doubt as it had before been for me to exercise faith. . . . The assurances of my Salvation seemed to flood and fill my soul. I jumped out of bed, and, without waiting to dress, ran into my mother's room and told her what had happened." For the next six months she was so happy that she felt as if she was walking on air, as she hummed the words:

My God, I am Thine! what a comfort divine!

What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine!

William Booth, whose conversion was practical rather than emotional, and had God rather than Jesus for its object, did not associate any particular rhyme with the experience; it is interesting to contrast his taste in hymns:

I claim the Blood:

Yes, oh yes,

Jesus died for me.

The abrupt words have the martial rhythm in which the man who is launching an attack upon the fortresses of evil finds his inspiration.

Catherine was a delicate child, afflicted with curvature of the spine. All her life she suffered from pain, which she bore with singular courage. When yet a child she gave

evidence of another kind of courage, and of her singularly compassionate nature. Her biographer, Commissioner Booth-Tucker, tells how one day a man was being taken off to the police-station, followed, as was so common in those days, by a jeering mob, which solaced its own wretchedness by hooting at the more obvious wretchedness of a fellow-creature. "It seemed that he had no friend in the world. Quick as lightning Catherine sprang to his side, and marched down the street with him, determined that he should feel that there was at least one heart that sympathized with him."

Catherine Mumford had for long been as dissatisfied with the complacency of the Methodists as her mother had been with the complacency of the Anglicans. When the split occurred, she hopefully joined the Reformers, and thus made the acquaintance of Mr. Rabbits. Catherine told Mr. Rabbits that she admired the sermons of William Booth. Mr. Rabbits was eager to show his protégé, and asked Booth to come to a temperance meeting at his house, to which he had invited Mrs. Mumford and her daughter. Booth arrived rather late, and Mr. Rabbits, with the undisguised enthusiasm of a showman, at once insisted that Booth should recite an American temperance poem. It was a long poem, and Booth's social sense was affronted at being required to inflict it upon the party. However, after a protest, he recited the 150 lines of *The Grog-Seller's Dream*, to the complete satisfaction at any rate of Catherine Mumford.

Mr. Rabbits had already told Booth that Miss Mumford admired his sermons, and the two young people fell into a conversation in which they discovered a remarkable sympathy for one another.

Mr. Rabbits was also the agent of the meeting on Good Friday, which William Booth has recorded as decisive. He took Booth, again unwilling, to a service of Reformers in the

City Road. Catherine Mumford was there, and after the service Booth masterfully escorted the delicate girl home to Brixton in a hackney coach. "That little journey," Catherine has written, "will never be forgotten by either of us. It is true that nothing particular occurred, except that as W. afterwards expressed it, it seemed as if God flashed simultaneously into our hearts that affection which afterwards . . .

"He impressed me.

"I had been introduced to him as being in delicate health, and he took the situation in at a glance. His thought for me, although such a stranger, appeared most remarkable. The conveyance shook me, he regretted it. The talking exhausted me. He saw it and forbade it."

Booth spent the night with the Mumfords. The conversation was lively, and Mrs. Mumford was nearly as much interested, Catherine says, as she was herself. Next day Booth left the house "feeling that he was wounded." In his precarious position he could not think of taking a wife, and a delicate wife at that. At Nottingham Booth had had a minor love affair, which had been allowed to drop when his ardour abated. But this wound had gone deep. However much Booth may have reflected on the excellencies of Catherine's mind and soul, he was always too much a realist not to have admitted to himself her singular attraction as a woman. In later years Bramwell used to speak with pride of his mother's exquisite hands and feet. She had large, brown eyes and a melodious voice. The strength of her personality emphasized the appeal of her small, delicate body. She was the embodiment to Booth of culture and refinement, and Booth knew that he had won her admiration.

It was not long before they discovered their feeling to each other, but failing the assurance that their marriage would be in accordance with God's will, they refused themselves for

some weeks "what would be deemed even the most trifling familiarities."

They knelt side by side seeking Divine guidance, and opened the Bible at hazard for a text that might instruct them in God's will. "Take one stick, and write upon it . . . Then take another stick, and write upon it . . . And they shall become one in thine hand." The message was plain, and there had been no cheating. It was no hackneyed quotation on a well-thumbed page, but the first passage his eye had lit upon in an obscure chapter of the Prophet Ezekiel.

They could now acknowledge themselves betrothed in the exquisite intimacy of the Divine favour, preparing, as Catherine put it, "for a union perfected in Jesus on earth," which she believed would be "in some peculiar sense recognized and perpetuated in Heaven." But they were to enjoy only for a short time the endearments of lovers, before circumstances forced upon them a protracted separation.

The Anglican Church is the only religious organization wherein a clergyman who has obtained a 'living' is almost immune from interference. In other Churches a minister must be at the command either of his own spiritual superiors or of wealthy laymen who support his ministry, unless he is a free-lance evangelist who draws good gate-money. One of the features of Methodism which appealed to Booth was the fact that Wesley gave it a constitution which keeps the wealthy layman in his place. The Reformers did not hesitate to describe their minister as their 'hired preacher' and denied him every shadow of authority. Catherine felt that they even denied Booth opportunities of preaching, feeling that "he would earn for himself the leadership which they were determined to keep for themselves."

When his three months' contract with Mr. Rabbits expired, Booth did not seek to have it renewed. At this crisis Catherine

advised him to consult a leading Congregationalist, the Rev. John Campbell, D.D. Dr. Campbell was a busy editor, who was reputed to have a short way with callers. Booth hated to expose himself to a rebuff, and, in spite of his unfortunate experiences, he was devoted to Methodism. However, he overcame his reluctance, and went to Dr. Campbell's office.

The Doctor received him cordially. "I like you," he said to Booth, "and believe that the Congregational Church is just the place for you." Booth was tolerably acquainted with Congregationalist theology. He was not prepared to subscribe the doctrine that God has created the greater part of mankind to be predestined to eternal torment. "I asked him," Booth records, "whether my views as to the universal love of God would be any hindrance to my acceptance and success. To this he replied, 'No, you will not be troubled on that score. Go to College, study your Bible, and then come out and preach whatever doctrine you honestly believe you find there.'"

Booth, however, soon learned from the college authorities that he would be expected before the end of his studies to have convinced himself of the truth of Calvin's teaching. To this end he was recommended to read Payne's *Reign of Grace*.

A few pages of this apology for an Omnipotent Being who has devoted the majority of the crowning species in his creation to the tortures of hell caused Booth to fling the book across the room in disgust. He left the college, and gave the last sixpence of his savings to a consumptive girl.

At this difficult moment Booth received an invitation to go to Spalding. The Reformers in Lincolnshire had succeeded in detaching a very large number from the parent body of Methodism. They needed an energetic young pastor for the Spalding circuit, and when they made inquiry in London, Booth was recommended for the position. Methodism has



always been at home in the flat country of Lincolnshire. Booth received an enthusiastic welcome "as though I had been an angel from Heaven," he records. They wanted him to marry right away, and offered to furnish a house, and provide a horse for him to ride about the country. Visiting the scattered villages with their simple and fervent congregations, Booth said that he spent the eighteen happiest months of his life.

Catherine, of course, felt the separation much more keenly than the busy young pastor. She had plenty of leisure to exercise her literary talent in writing letters in which every aspect of her betrothed's life is dealt with, and much sage counsel given. When Booth is feeling elated by the number of 'good cases'—penitents who have been stirred by his oratory to come forward to the communion rail—he is warned to beware of pride; "Try, dearest, to get the ambition of your soul fixed on the glory of your God . . . get low at the foot of the cross, and lie there till God's glory becomes all in all to your soul . . . Do you attend faithfully to private prayer, and how do you feel when *alone with God*. This is the surest test by which to judge of your state, and you never needed it more frequently than *now*; the harass and turmoil of business might be less congenial, but depend on it, my dear, it was not more dangerous to your soul's true interest."

She has a different medicine for him, when he expresses diffidence after preaching to an intellectual audience: "I perceive, my love, by your remarks on the services that you enjoy less liberty when preaching in the larger places, before the best congregations than in the smaller ones. I am sorry for this, and am persuaded it is the fear of man which shackles you . . . Try and cast off the fear of man."

She urges him to try and find more time for study. He must not allow the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Shadforth to become a tie: "It appears to me that as you are obliged to

preach nearly every evening, and at places so wide apart, it will be better to stop all night where you preach. With a little management and a good deal of determination, I think you might accomplish even more that way as to study. Could you not provide yourself with a small leather bag or case, large enough to hold your Bible, and any other book you might require—pens, ink, paper and a *candle*? And presuming that you generally have a room to yourself, could you not rise by six o'clock every morning and convert your bedroom into a *study* till breakfast-time? ”

Booth, who suffered all his life from dyspepsia, tells her that he has taken a little brandy at night for his stomach. This touches a point on which she feels very keenly, and for a very good reason. Her own father, she thought, was becoming increasingly addicted to the bottle, and as a girl she had taken a minister to task on this question, writing that the Bible never approved of strong drink, and that when wine was spoken of with approval, it was the unfermented juice of the grape which was meant.

It was only in the course of the nineteenth century that the cause of Temperance became strongly identified with nonconformity. A Methodist group was actually excommunicated by the parent body for disobeying an order of the Conference which forbade ministers to allow temperance meetings to be held in their chapels.

Catherine was in advance of contemporary opinion in her Church. Warning Booth that brandy produces a reaction by irritating the membranes of the stomach, she sends him the prescription for a mixture which has never failed in her case. He had also consulted her about drinking port, which now yields perhaps the greatest alcoholic value for money, but was then regarded as a temperance drink.

“I need hardly say,” she writes, “how anxious I am that

you should have everything that would tend to promote your *health* and happiness, but so thoroughly am I convinced that port wine would do neither, that I should hear of your taking it with unfeigned grief." It has been recommended to her scores of times by judicious persons, but she has felt that "however much my superiors such persons might be in other respects, *on that subject* I was the best informed." She abominated the hackneyed tale "a teetotaller in principle, but obliged to take a little for my stomach's sake. Such teetotallers aid the cause of intemperance more than all the drunkards in the land, and there are abundance of them among Methodist preachers. They seem a class of men the right performance of whose duties seems to require a pretty liberal assistance from the bottle." She has been sorry to disturb his box, which was so beautifully packed, but she must send him *Bacchus*, so that he can refresh his memory of the passages which she has marked.

The reference to the packing is interesting. Booth was extremely neat and orderly, a quality which proved most valuable on the practical side of the Army work. His wife was less useful in this way, and we find him chaffing her for her lack of common sense. She had been sorting and putting away some private papers for him. "I am surprised," he writes, "you should spend a morning at Mrs. Love's doing so much like the man who locked up, with a patent lock that nobody could pick, his money in a small cash box, and the thieves carried box and money together away . . . But I will write to Mrs. Love and asked her to put them in my box under my bed and there they will be safe from the eye of Bro. D. if he should pry."

We also find Booth giving his betrothed detailed instructions as to the length of cloth she is to get for some night-shirts he needs, but the money seems to have been wanted for

other things, because soon afterwards they are discussing the urgency of new shirts, as he has to sleep in his shirt.

If he wanted a thing badly for Catherine, Booth did not hesitate to plunge. He had a great gift for music himself, and he wished Catherine to share it. He bought her a piano; there was the excuse that it would be an asset in their work, if she could play the hymn tunes. But this attempt to get her to share a taste seems to have had poor success, as he remonstrates with her for not spending more time practising. Mr. Shadforth disapproved of the extravagance, as Booth told Catherine: "He says he wants to see me do well and does not want to see me in poverty all the way through life, and he thinks a comfortable position is only to be gained as he has gained his, by strict economy. *I have my own views.*" But Catherine preferred to express herself in words; perhaps Booth hardly realized then that her idea of sharing his life's work was not by accompanying him at the piano.

On this important question of woman's proper sphere their views at this time were far from identical. Catherine had already, when a girl, written to a minister, who had offended her by preaching that woman's subservient position was the retribution for her conduct in the garden of Eden. In a letter of over 2500 words she explained to Booth that woman was not naturally man's intellectual inferior. As in the question of strong drink, she has satisfied herself that the Bible supports her point of view, and reviews the Bible women, but omits all reference to St. Paul's well-known injunction to the Corinthians: "Let your women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted unto them to speak, but they are to be under obedience."

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he needed to say in this reply. He did not trouble to prove his case from Scripture, but with Johnsonian directness based his case on human experience: "You combat a great deal that I hold as firmly as you do. But as to concede that she is man's *equal*, or *capable* of becoming man's equal, in intellectual attainments or prowess—I must say *that* is contradicted by experience in the world and my honest conviction. You know, my dear, I acknowledge the superiority of your sex in very many things—in others I believe her inferior. *Vice versa* with man.

"I would not stop a woman preaching on any account. I would not encourage one to begin. You should preach if you felt moved thereto: felt equal to the task. I would not stay *you* if I had power to do so. Altho', *I should not like it*. It is easy for you to say my views are the result of prejudice; perhaps they are. I am for the world's *salvation*; I will quarrel with no means that promises help."

Catherine Booth became one of the most remarkable preachers of her day, when for a woman to speak in public was almost unknown. Booth may have been amused to read his letter again at the end of his life, if his biographer Begbie discussed it with him, when his daughters were all famous evangelists.

As the months pass, the strain of separation tells more heavily on Catherine; she becomes more exacting in the expressions of devotion she requires from Booth. She complains that he does not address himself sufficiently to the individual points in her letters, the mere reading of which must have made a very heavy demand on his available time. Pathetically, she says that the "*unexpected* knock of the postman always causes me to bless you with increased fervency of soul, so true is Tupper's proverb, 'A letter timely writ is as a rivet

to the chain of affection, and a letter untimely delayed is as rust to the solder.' ”

When Booth had been in Lincolnshire about a year, a movement was started to amalgamate the Reformers with a senior society of Methodism which, as Mr. Ervine observes, combined the principles of Wesleyanism with popular government. The New Connexion had an ordered ecclesiastical system which appealed to Booth, and he supported this movement for amalgamation. When the negotiations broke down, he told the Reformers that he would leave them for the New Connexion. They were anxious not to lose him, and made an attractive offer, which would enable him to marry at once and settle in Lincolnshire. When he declined this offer, the London Reformers offered him the Hinde Street Circuit with a salary of £100. The alternative was to become a candidate for ordination at Dr. Cooke's seminary, after which he would have to serve four years before he would be qualified to marry, a regulation which is a natural corollary of the fact that under the principle “To everyone according unto his needs” Methodist ministers receive marriage and family allowances.

Booth was much torn between the two alternatives. Catherine's tenacity was probably the decisive factor that caused him to go to school again. Before the passage of the Education Acts education was far more esteemed than it is to-day. Catherine believed that in order to fulfil his vocation, Booth needed to supplement his very casual education. Although she probably realized that he was called to be an itinerant revivalist, she felt that he ought at least to qualify in a more regular ministry, and to have its prestige behind him in his life's work.

If Booth had sometimes shown impatience in his letters from Spalding, it is she who is impatient now, as she puts

aside all personal desire to get married, and makes him see quite clearly the choice that he has to make:

"First, then you are not leaving the Reformers because you fear you would not get another circuit or as good a salary as the Connexion can offer. You are leaving because you are out of patience and sympathy with its principles and aims, and because you believe they will bring it to ultimate destruction.

"Second, you are not leaving to secure present advantages, but sacrificing present advantages for what you believe to be on *the whole* (looking to the end) most for God's glory and the good of souls. And the fact of Hinde Street offering £200 would not alter those *reasons*. If it is right in *principle* for you to leave the movement and join the Connexion, no advantage in the former or disadvantages in the latter can possibly alter the thing . . .

"I wish you prayed more and talked less about the matter. Try it, and be determined to get clear and settled views as to your course. Leave your heart before God, and get satisfied in His sight, and then do it, be it what it may. I cannot bear the idea of your being unhappy. Pray do in this as you feel in your soul it will be right. My conscience is no standard for yours . . ."

Booth was depressed by the business of trying to master Greek verbs; he prayed in the British Museum reading-room for resolution to pursue his studies. At the same time he was given opportunities for preaching, and made his first acquaintance with East London, feeling "much sympathy for the poor neglected inhabitants of Wapping, as I walked down the filthy streets and beheld the wickedness and idleness of its people."

The Principal of the college, whose daughter was converted at one of Booth's sermons, was much pleased with his pupil. He made the extraordinary proposal to the Conference that Booth should be appointed Superintendent of a London circuit,



without undergoing the usual four years' probation. The Conference accepted this proposal unanimously. But Booth had no wish for episcopal functions. What he wanted was active work in the field, and it was arranged that he should be assistant to an older man who was appointed Superintendent. This arrangement was made possible by Mr. Rabbits who proposed to pay the salary of the second minister, provided that the second minister was Mr. Booth, a fact which is recorded by Mr. Irvine, and omitted by Harold Begbie, who could not forgive Mr. Rabbits for having been the patron of the young man in whose friendship Begbie basked in the glorious evening of Booth's days.

Throughout his life Booth was subject to attacks of gloom and despondency, and when he wrote to tell Catherine of these arrangements and that the Conference had agreed to allow him to marry in twelve months, he said that for some unaccountable reason he felt no gratitude and the news did not elate him. Catherine accounted for his ingratitude "on the ground you once gave me, namely that blessings in *possession* seem to lose half their value." Fortunately, this was not to be true of their marriage, when at last it was achieved.

In the meantime the young couple were to suffer a further fourteen months of separation. Booth's power as a preacher was becoming widely known in Methodism, and requests for him to hold special services came from places as far apart as Lincoln, Guernsey and Bristol. He was glad to escape from his Superior in London, who was "stiff, hard and cold, making up in part for the want of heart and thought in his public performances by what sounded like a sanctimonious wail."

These months established him as a leading revivalist, and made him some enemies amongst the resident ministers of the places which he visited, who found fault with the methods

by which Booth filled to overflowing the chapels which they left half empty. Booth himself always maintained a very practical attitude towards the emotion generated at these services. He writes to Catherine from Burslem: "Last night twice or thrice I became alarmed . . . The cries of distress were thrilling, piercing, running through to your finger ends. Some were violent, commenced shrieking, clapping the forms, &c., these I stopped directly . . . If I doubted, as in two instances, sincerity, I stopped them authoritatively; if I had confidence in them I poured on the balm of Jesus' salvation and the sweet promises of His Word, and they soon turned their tears and wallings into joy."

He wondered whether it was right, whether it was the best way: "Perhaps I was severely tempted to believe it all a delusion? Perhaps it was my own unbelief, but it was strange that these thoughts should be passing in my breast while I stood upon the form, the calmest and at times the most unmoved in all that dense assembly, directing and controlling every movement of the meeting so far as such a number of beings could be controlled and guided.

"The people are more *ignorant* here than in other places I have visited, many who come are backsliders, and they wring their hands, and strike their breasts, and beat the communion-rail enough to melt and break hearts of stone."

It was during this campaign in the Potteries that Booth developed two complementary principles which distinguished his work from that of other revivalists, so that he created a world-wide organization which is still carrying out the work of the founder. The first principle was to get sinners soundly saved. Those who came up to the penitent-form, as the communion-rail came to be called, were not allowed to go until they had truly confessed their besetting sin. And they were not left to relapse into their old way of life when the emotions

of the meeting were spent. Secondly, Booth charged some of the saved with a special responsibility to guard the penitents against backsliding. He often found a hardened sinner the most suited to this purpose, and of course the responsibility itself acted as a powerful deterrent against the temptation to backslide.

Booth wrote to ask Catherine for ideas for sermons on the Flood, on Jonah, on the Judgment. Christ weeping over sinners produced only one penitent, but when he preached about the harvest and the wicked being turned away, numbers came. The people "must have hell-fire flashed before their faces, or they will not *move*." Catherine, pleased to be asked to help with his sermons, writes: "Your note has, like joy's seraphic fingers, touched the deepest chords of my heart, and what I write is but like the trembling echoes of a distant harp . . . God lives and loves us, and we shall be one in Him, loving each other as Christ has loved us.

Thus by communion our delight shall grow!

Thus streams of mingled bliss swell higher as they  
flow!

Thus angels mix their flames and more divinely glow!

Harold Begbie apologizes for Booth's letters as being those of a great man in the making, while he regards it as the greatest tribute to his character that Catherine Mumford deemed him worthy of the letters which she wrote to him at this time. It is true that Booth did not attempt to achieve her heights of lyrical emotionalism—he protested once against her use of "thou" and "thee"—but his letters are never marred by the consciousness of literary merit which emanates from so many of Catherine's. His letters have that quality which is essential to greatness; the words are the complete and accurate expression of what he has in his mind.

Some letters deal with practical anxieties. Mr. Mumford's weakness is straitening Catherine's family finances, while Booth has had to give his mother £5, and his sister has been out of work for months. He is "reduced to 15s., but expects a *little* from Burslem, and wants a coat when he can raise the money." A successful meeting yields £5 less £1 5s. for expenses. He complains of the premium charged by the insurance company on his £300 policy. Actuarially Booth was not a good life. His digestion was hopeless, and he suffered from dyspepsia all his life. Like John Wesley and other great and good men, he seems to have prolonged his life by making demands upon his body that might have been expected to shorten it. Great saints with the poorest expectation of life in their youth have passed the three score and ten on the barest sustenance and consumed by incredible labours, so that many believe they must have been able to draw direct upon divine sources of strength. Booth, who lived to be eighty-three, was such a man. But such cases are the exception, even amongst devout men. In the admirable sketch of early Methodism, which is included in his biography of "God's Soldier," Mr. Ervine records that mortality was exceptionally high amongst the early Methodist preachers by reason of the hardships which they suffered.

In June, 1855, the protracted correspondence between the young couple was drawing to a close. It was as well, as Booth said: "For we are so felicitous at misunderstanding one another." He indulged his gift for practical detail in the purchase of material for Catherine's wedding dress: "Write me per return how much black silk you will want for a flounced dress, and whether you would prefer that to a satinet or satinture—I intend having a first-rate one. If I buy without your letter I shall get black silk and 16 yards." His last letter closes with a perfect expression of his feelings, and with a

significant reference to the fits of despondency with which he was always afflicted.

“My whole soul must lie open before your gaze. And thou [the use of this word is touching after his rebuke] art to be my guardian watcher. And we are to commence our life *together* in one united and, I trust, continued sacrifice, for God’s glory and the welfare of our fellow-men. And yet in it I trust we shall be happy. Mutual forbearance, affection, heart-love, will do all things . . . You know me: I am fitful, *very*; I mourn over it, I hate myself on account of it. But there it is: a dark column in the inner life of my spirit.”

On 16th June, 1855, they were married in Stockwell, London, by the Rev. Dr. David Thomas. They were both twenty-six years old.

## CHAPTER III

### TRUSTING IN GOD ALONE

THE officers in the Christian churches—those for whom the practice of religion is a whole-time employment—may be divided into two kinds, pastors and evangelists. The pastor has his cure of souls, just as a doctor or a lawyer has his practice. He is there to minister to the spiritual needs of the Christians in his district. In a Christian land all people are officially Christians, and the pastor is probably hardly aware of the non-Christians. The evangelist does not recognize this legal fiction. His message is to the unsaved; his text “Go out into the highways and byways.”

It is recognized that a Church which ignores this text will wither and decay; but the true evangelist is rare, and the governors of a Church have to guard their flock from the ministrations of the bogus evangelist, the quack doctor of souls, who is all the more common, being so often a restless, ambitious man who is self-deceived. Whether the true evangelist, when he comes, shall infuse new life into his Church, or whether he shall disrupt it, will depend upon the discretion and insight of those having authority at the time. Those who have left behind them work of enduring value have parted with sorrow and extreme reluctance from their parent Church. Christ said “I am come not to destroy the law but to fulfil it.” John Wesley died in the Anglican Communion. Many Catholics claim that both Wesley and Booth, had they been born Catholics, would have founded militant Orders within their Church, like the Saints Dominic and Ignatius. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that the lifework

of the creator of the Salvation Army would have taken a very different form if it had been carried out within the framework of any organization, however liberal.

Her historic prestige has made it possible for the Catholic Church to allow her children great latitude in the practice of religion, and the political prestige of the Anglican Church has been able to tolerate great latitude of doctrine. Other Churches, after the death of their founder, have often found their reason for a continued existence in a rigid insistence upon some esoteric doctrine. Degenerating into a narrow sectarianism, they have felt themselves to be peculiar peoples, and, enclosing themselves in the wall of a special jargon, they have found their credentials in qualities precisely the opposite of catholicism.

Wesley devised the rules of his society with the special object of maintaining evangelistic vigour. Ministers were not to settle down amongst a community, like the Anglican vicar in his parish. They must keep on the move. Three years was laid down as the maximum period of service in any one circuit.

But whatever ingenious regulations the founder of a Church may devise in order to keep the evangelistic impulse alive, the machinery of the organization which he leaves will, sooner or later, be adapted by the more powerful unconscious ingenuity of any human society, until it settles down into some kind of parochial and episcopal system. This adaptation had proceeded with great speed in the Methodist Church, because it supplied a special need in the changing social fabric of England. The Establishment was closely identified with the landed classes; the men who were coming to the top in the industrial revolution found in the Methodist Church a religious organization in which they could exercise their influence and

authority, without having to subscribe to the esoteric theological doctrines of other dissenting bodies.

Even though he served for only three years, the Methodist minister became the parochial parson of his district with the most wealthy Methodist layman in the place of the squire. The evangelistic or missionary work was increasingly left to the less-educated lay preachers; a feeling began to prevail, although it was not expressed, that militant revivalism was a work unbecoming the dignity of a highly trained, properly ordained minister.

Ministers with a tendency towards a militant Christianity began to be looked upon with disfavour; at any rate, for a young minister quiet pastoral work was considered more seemly than sensational revivalism. It is true that the Conference had welcomed Booth into full connexion upon the most exceptional terms because of his gifts as a preacher; but now that the danger of these gifts being at the disposal of another organization seemed to be averted, the envious and the squeamish were gradually able to make their voices heard.

They were not heard as yet. Booth's first work with the New Connexion was determined by a Conference resolution that the young minister "whose labours had been so abundantly blessed in the conversion of sinners, be appointed to the work of an evangelist, to give the various Circuits an opportunity of having his services during the coming year." The activities carried out under this resolution lasted two years, during which missions were conducted in York, Halifax, Dewsbury, Sheffield, Leeds, and other centres.

We can imagine with how much apprehension a middle-aged minister, jogging along in his routine with indifferent success, would await the arrival of the young evangelist, who was coming to his circuit to wake things up, and who would depart after a whirlwind campaign, leaving the chapel with



a few doubtful additional members, while the regular congregation felt it was even duller than before.

Booth had no social graces to mitigate the resentment which his methods aroused amongst his brethren. The gaunt, uncouth young man with the fiery eyes and the black beard, which looked like a piece of crape hitched by elastic to his ears, had no gift for tea-table talk. Mrs. Booth more than once records this fact with satisfaction. From Leeds she wrote to her mother: "The people would pull him to pieces to visit them; but he cannot accept one invitation without accepting others, and, besides, he wants retirement. Thus one of my hidden fears about the future is dissipated, viz., that he would love company, and lose his relish for home and domestic joys."

Booth certainly never gave his wife ground for any of the fears which often haunt the wives of popular preachers. She could enjoy the thrill, as she said in another letter, of sitting "on the platform, next to the star of the assembly, a prominent and proud position," without wondering whether her husband was being gratified by the effect of his eloquence upon any other woman in the audience; their married life at this time was indeed a fitting prelude to the most remarkable life partnership on record, and their letters, when Catherine was unable to accompany her husband, reveal a passionate and harmonious attachment from which all the asperities of a harassing betrothal have vanished, and in which the husband has to make no effort to find words for his devotion, for the desolation of returning to solitude from his work. From Bury, after a depressing meeting, he writes: "As I turned into my lonely lodgings last night, a young gentleman with a lady on his arm knocked at the door of the house opposite mine, and I could not help asking why I was parted from my young and precious wife."

The fact that Booth had no energy to spare from his work for the effort necessary to such a man in order to suffer fools gladly may have been a natural cause for satisfaction to his wife, but it left the field more free for the envy which the success of his campaigns was arousing amongst his brethren. The figures of those who 'sought salvation' give some indication of the success of the revivals. Booth-Tucker has recorded that "in the space of four months no less than 1739 persons had sought Salvation at nine separate centres, besides a considerable number at four or five other places, of which we have no particulars. This gave an average of 23 for each day (a revivalist works seven days in the week) . . . At Longton it was an ordinary occurrence for forty, fifty, and sixty persons to come forward to the communion-rail each night, and at Burslem on a single occasion 101 names were taken."

Active religion has always aroused dislike amongst those whom it leaves cold. This dislike is probably responsible for the allegation that religious revivals are apt to terminate in all kinds of excesses, even in a general sexual orgy. Such statements have as little foundation in fact as the belief which was current in the Roman Empire than the Christians indulged in cannibalism and unnatural vice. That some of those who repent in the heat of a revival will relapse, when the excitement is past, is inevitable. Until Booth had created his own organization, he had little opportunity for following up his conversions; but when this became possible, he made a special point of watching over and reclaiming 'backsliders.' In fact, experience proved that very few, indeed, of those who were 'soundly saved' relapsed into sin. Very often it was the most hardened sinners who proved the most effective evangelists. Booth said that he did not attempt to arrest a man's impulses, but to give them a new direction. If a man had a violent

temper, he did not try to stifle his anger, but to turn it against sin and the devil.

Like all other men who have known great spiritual exaltation, Booth had frequent periods when he felt cold and empty; sometimes he expresses astonishment at the results of his meetings, so poor and ineffective does he feel his message to have been. But he never doubted that his methods were right in principle. From Gateshead he wrote: "If the *results* here had been gained in twelve months' labour, I should have been hailed on every hand as a most successful minister; but because they have been gained in a fortnight, I know many will question and doubt; but I cannot see why they should not be as permanent as if gathered in or brought about by a more tedious and lengthened process."

After a five hours' debate, in which many of the ministers manifested the bitterest spirit, the 1857 Conference decided by a narrow majority to appoint Booth to the pastoral charge of one of their most obscure and least successful Circuits, the mean little industrial town of Brighouse. Booth was certainly expressing just what he felt, when he wrote to Catherine's parents that his principal regret was for the spirit of base ingratitude displayed. "I care not so much for myself; a year's rest will be very acceptable. By that time, God will, I trust, make plain my way before me, either to abide as a circuit preacher, or by opening me a door which no man or number of men shall be able to shut."

The next five years were spent in pastoral work, modified to allow of special evangelistic efforts by compromises that varied with the moods of the successive Conferences. They were years of hardship and difficulty, in which Booth's nature was toughened, so that when he became the leader of an army of workers, he could demand the last ounce of sacrifice from

each one of his soldiers, because there was no fatigue or hardship which he had not endured himself.

For Catherine, too, these five years were of great value, for she now won her first experience of preaching and social work. Booth had quite forgotten his early dislike of women preachers. When they were at Gateshead she wrote a pamphlet at her husband's instigation to refute the arguments of a minister who had been filled with fury by the activities of an American revivalist couple. Her husband constantly urged her to put her theories into practice, but she had shrunk from speaking in public until one evening about three months after the publication of the pamphlet, when she was at evening chapel "much depressed in mind, and not expecting anything particular. As the testimonies proceeded," she wrote to her parents, "I felt the Holy Spirit come upon me . . . I felt it to the extremity of my hands and feet. The Devil said to me, 'You will look like a fool, and have nothing to say' . . . But the Devil over-reached himself for once. I said: 'Ah, that's just the point. I have never yet been willing to be a fool for Christ. Now I will be one.' . . .

"Without stopping another moment I rose from my seat and walked down the aisle. My dear husband was just going to conclude. He thought something had happened to me, and so did the people. We had been there two years, and they knew my timid, bashful nature. He stepped down and asked me, 'What is the matter, my dear?' I replied, 'I want to say a word.' He was so taken by surprise that he could only say, 'My dear wife wishes to speak,' and sat down. For years he had been trying to persuade me to do it."

Catherine Booth also made at Gateshead her first attempts at carrying the work into the homes of strangers. As with her first sermon, she had to make a great effort to overcome her shyness, for in spite of her robustness of intellect, she was

modest and sensitive in personal contacts, qualities which were essential to her success in the difficult forms of social work with which her name is imperishably associated.

Passing through a slummy street one Sunday evening on the way to chapel, Catherine Booth "chanced to look up at the thick rows of small windows, where numbers of women were sitting, peering through at the passer-by." As with her first sermon, the injunction came to her. She should turn into some of these houses, and invite the careless sinners to the service. The injunction "was accompanied by a light and unction which I knew to be divine." She spoke first to two groups in doorways, who accepted quite courteously her suggestion that they should come to chapel. Emboldened, she knocked at the door of the next house, and spoke "to the inmates of Jesus, death, judgment, and eternity. The man, who appeared to be one of the better class of mechanics, seemed to be much interested and affected by my words, and promised, with his wife, to attend the revival services which were being held at the chapel.

"With a heart full of gratitude, and eyes full of tears, I was thinking where I should go next, when I observed a woman standing on an adjoining doorstep, with a jug in her hand. My Divine Teacher said, 'Speak to that woman.' Satan suggested, 'Perhaps she is intoxicated'; but after a momentary struggle I introduced myself to her by saying, 'Are the people out who live on this floor?' observing that the lower part of the house was closed. 'Yes,' she said, 'they are gone to chapel'; and I thought I perceived a weary sadness in her voice and manner. I said, 'Oh, I am so glad to hear that; how is it that you are not gone to a place of worship?' 'Me?' she said, looking down upon her forlorn appearance; 'I can't go to chapel; I am kept at home by a drunken husband. I have to stop with him to keep him from the

public-house, and I have just been fetching him some drink.' I expressed my sorrow for her, and asked if I might come in and see her husband. 'No,' she said, 'he is drunk; you could do nothing with him now.' I replied, 'I do not mind his being drunk, if you will let me come in; I am not afraid; he will not hurt me.' 'Well,' said the woman, 'you can come if you like; but he will only abuse you.'

"As I followed her up the stairs, I felt strong in the Lord, and as safe as a babe in the arms of its mother . . . I found a fine, intelligent man, about forty, sitting almost double in a chair, with a jug by his side out of which he had been drinking that which reduced him beneath the level of the beasts that perish. I leaned on my Heavenly Guide . . . He silenced the demon, strong with drink, and quickened the man's perceptions to receive my words. As I began to talk to him, with my heart full of sympathy, he gradually raised himself in his chair, and listened with a surprised and half-vacant stare. I spoke to him of his present deplorable condition, of the folly and wickedness of his course, of the interests of his wife and children, until he was thoroughly roused from the stupor in which I found him.

"During this conversation his wife wept bitterly, and by fragments told me a little of their previous history . . . She told me that her husband had a brother in the Wesleyan ministry who had done all that a brother could to save him; that they had buried a daughter two years before, who died triumphantly in the Lord, and besought her father with her dying breath to leave off drinking, and prepare to meet her in Heaven . . . that her husband was a clever workman, and could earn three or four pounds per week as a journeyman . . . I read to him the parable of the Prodigal Son, while the tears ran down his face like rain. . . .

"On the following day I visited this man again. He signed

the pledge . . . In a few weeks I succeeded in getting ten drunkards to abandon their soul-destroying habits, and to meet once a week for reading the Scriptures and for prayers."

While Mrs. Booth was taking her first steps in social work, she was kept busy teaching their first steps to four children, who came in quick succession. The eldest, Bramwell, had been born three years previously in 1856. He was followed by a brother Ballington, and then by two sisters, Catherine and Emma, the second of whom was born in 1860, soon after the Booths had left Gateshead.

Catherine was thus qualified to assist mothers whose difficulties were even greater than her own. She describes one such to her mother: "I found a poor woman lying on a heap of rags. She had just given birth to twins, and there was nobody of any sort to wait upon her . . . By her side was a crust of bread and a small lump of lard . . . The babies I washed in a broken pie-dish. The gratitude of those large eyes, that gazed at me from that wan and shrunken face, can never fade from my memory."

Her letters to Mrs. Mumford, of course, contain much news of her children. Less severe than the mother of John Wesley, who was taught to cry softly, she believed in discipline, and wrote of the two-year-old Bramwell: "I have had to whip him twice lately severely for disobedience, and it has cost me some tears. But it has done him good, and I am reaping the reward already of my self-sacrifice. The Lord help me to be faithful and firm as a rock in the path of duty towards my children!" The little boy was left with his grandparents for a short time, but in spite of all the difficulties of their wandering life, Catherine would not have it for long, and wrote to her mother: "The next year (his second) will be the most important in his life with reference to his will . . . I know, my darling mother, you could not wage war with

his will so resolutely as to subdue it. And then my child would be ruined, for he must be taught implicit, uncompromising obedience." Thus was the character of the future Chief of Staff being moulded.

When it came to lessons, Catherine's attitude was in harmony with the ideas of a later age. Bramwell stayed with the Mumfords again when he was five. He seems to have been a bit slow at his books. His mother writes: "It will not mend it to discourage him. If his governess scolds him, I would rather he did not learn anything at all. This would be enough to set any child against his books. Let him do a little at a time, and he will like it better than being forced to pore over it long together."

The matronly equality in Catherine's letters to her mother soon turns to patronage. She sends instructions on various matters—Letty is to unpick the skirt of her merino dress, and she wants her mother to make an old black cloth cloak into a loose jacket for Catherine to wear under her shawl when travelling. Will she look at William's best coat to see the moths are not getting into it, &c. She rebukes her mother for sending too pretty a frock for the baby. "I shall have to give you full and explicit directions in future as to the style, trimmings, &c., for we really must set an example in this respect worthy of imitation."

In May, 1861, the last Methodist Conference that Booth was to attend met in Liverpool. The nature of Booth's future work was on the agenda, and the indications were that this item would be hotly debated. The ministers who had been suffering from Booth's oratory were concentrating their forces, while the Booths were relying on the support of certain wealthy and influential laymen. There was Joseph Love, Treasurer of the Chapel fund, with whom they dined at the Royal Hotel on the eve of the Conference; there was Mr.



Rabbits. Catherine canvassed Dr. Cooke for his support, which was promised. Two hundred converted persons in the Gateshead Circuit sent in a memorial which was supported by the Annual District Meeting at Durham, praying that Booth should "be set apart for the work of an evangelist."

The Assembly of the League of Nations has not a nicer sense for the details of procedure than the Methodist Conference. After the preliminary amenities and formal business had been disposed of, the Conference settled down to the question of foreign missions. In view of the very large sums which Methodism succeeds in collecting for this purpose, it is natural that Conferences allot a great deal of time to the discussion of their allotment. But to Catherine Booth this was time wasted so long as there were millions of white savages waiting to be converted at home. A week passed before Booth's request "that he be relieved from a circuit minister's obligations and be set apart as a special evangelist of the denomination" came up for discussion. Daily the forces of initiative had been wilting, or had been brought unconsciously into tune with the Conference rhythm. The calm routine of a Conference exercises a hypnotic influence upon the most aggressive. Booth's friends, the strong business men, were reduced to impotence before the Fathers of Methodism. Love never spoke, and Rabbits was feeble. Booth himself made some impression, when he read the letter which he had sent to the Annual Committee about his future work. Then Dr. Cooke rose to speak. To Booth's astonishment and dismay the venerable ex-President proposed a compromise—that Booth should be appointed to the Newcastle circuit with permission to arrange with its officers to be seconded, when circumstances permitted, for evangelistic work elsewhere.

Catherine Booth's biographer relates that at this point Mrs. Booth, who was watching the proceedings from the

gallery, shouted "Never!" whereupon Booth left the hall to join her outside and severed his connexion with Methodism from that moment. Booth, who never spoilt an effect in the interests of accuracy, left the story to circulate, until it achieved a fame nearly as great as Luther's apocryphal "I can no other." It has duly appeared in Begbie's official life of William Booth, and it has been left to Mr. Ervine, who has brilliantly unravelled the actual story, to refute it.

The true course of events is more interesting, because it reveals the gravity of the problem with which the Booths were faced. Seventeen years were to pass before Booth crystallized into the name 'Salvation Army' a work which had been building up for fourteen years before that. The young minister with a delicate wife and four children—a fifth was on the way—did not go out into the wilderness with an irresponsible melodramatic gesture. Such a man would not have created an organization which has carried its flag into every quarter of the globe; more likely he would have disappeared without trace like most of the many itinerant evangelists of the nineteenth century.

Although less dramatic essentially, such condensations of struggle and uncertainty into a single incident usually embody some truth which has impressed itself upon the popular mind. In the difficult months which led up to the final breach, it was Catherine who kept the issue clearly before her husband, and who nerved him to the actual decision. Booth is the only family man who has launched a religious Order. Of the three married men who have launched important religious movements, Mahomet married a wealthy widow much older than himself; Luther's important work was done before he thought of marriage; Wesley was married only in the sense indicated by lawyers when they write the word "marriage" in quotation marks. Catherine Booth is unique in the history of

religion as the helpmate of a man who evangelized the nations and the mother of seven children whom she brought up—three men and four women—to carry on his work.

Booth had found that he could not work under the yoke of a wealthy patron. He believed, when his spirit was vigorous, and when the dark moods came his wife confirmed the belief, that God had called him to preach the Gospel to the unsaved, and he wished to carry out this work, if he could, in the New Methodist Connexion. This would depend on the spirit in which the Newcastle Circuit authorities interpreted the Conference resolution. It very soon became clear that Booth would have to go out in order to get on. Catherine wrote to her mother that she did not wish her to think that she would run precipitately into the position they contemplate. "But I have no hope that *God will ever assure us that we shall lose nothing in seeking to do His will.* If He had promised *beforehand* to give Abraham his Isaac back again, where would have been that illustrious display of faith and love which has served to encourage and cheer God's people in all ages? . . . If my dear husband can find a sphere where he can preach the Gospel *to the masses*, I shall want no further evidence as to the will of God concerning him. If he cannot find a sphere, I shall conclude that we are mistaken. But I cannot believe that we ought to wait till God guarantees us as much salary as we have hitherto received."

Booth took the interpretation of the Conference resolution into his own hands, and it was not long before a complaint was made to the Conference that he was neglecting his Circuit. The President wrote urging him "to enter upon the ordinary pastoral duties of the appointment." This was a sharp rebuke, implying that Booth had not even commenced his ordinary duties. Booth immediately sent in his resignation. He first rebutted any imputation that he had acted in bad faith, point-

ing out that he had informed the President what he was doing, and had since received two letters on Circuit business, in which no objection was raised. "I clung to the idea that my connexion with the Conference might be retained another year without sacrificing my convictions, and I thought the arrangement with the circuit would secure this. In this hope I find by your letter that I am mistaken, and that no plan is open to me by which I can work out those convictions and retain that connexion. One or the other I must give up. The former, my duty to God and souls, I cannot forego; and therefore, intensely painful though it be, I must place my resignation in your hands . . .

"Trusting in God alone, I offer myself for the evangelistic work, in the first instance to our own connexional churches, and, when they decline to engage me, to other portions of the religious community. I offer myself to co-operate in conducting special services, or preaching to the outlying crowds of our population, in theatres, halls, or the open air."

## CHAPTER IV

### ITINERANT EVANGELIST

THE eminent Catholic, Count Apponyi, has observed that our age offers a fruitful soil for unbelief, but not for heresy. Booth's name is often coupled with that of Luther; but these two great men had little in common. Booth was a campaigner, not a thinker.

An essential difference between the Catholic and other Christian Churches is that obedience to authority is doctrinal in the Church founded upon the commission to Saint Peter, while in other Churches it is only a condition of membership. Booth terminated his brief contact with doctrinal perplexities by hurling a book on Calvinism across the room. He left his Church on a question of Order, not of Faith. Trusting in God alone, he went out to do the work which he believed that God had given him to do.

He had saved a few pounds of his salary, and, as Mr. Ervine is the first to have pointed out, his Church allowed him to withdraw the amount which he had contributed towards the superannuation fund during the eight years of his ministry, which sum could legally have been retained. He was also allowed the free use of the minister's house for a few weeks after his resignation had been accepted.

He sent his wife and children by sea from Newcastle to the Mumfords in London. The Irish nurse insisted on remaining without wages. A month passed before any work offered. This was an invitation from a Methodist minister to conduct a revival in Cornwall. No definite remuneration was offered, not even the travelling expenses. Booth accepted, and was

joined in Cornwall by his wife. This simple and emotional people, infused from the earliest times with a strain of Semitic and other Mediterranean seafaring blood, responded so violently to the religious appeal of the Booths that Booth himself doubted whether the scenes which took place at his services were altogether edifying. "Again and again," he wrote, "I endeavoured to secure order, but it was of no avail, and at length I concluded to let it go for the evening."

Catherine did not share his misgivings. She thought it was much better to have twenty people smiting their breasts like the publican in the parable than to have a congregation of equally guilty sinners sitting with stiff propriety. She was happy when "the rail was filled with great strong men, who cried aloud for mercy," and when "hearts were breaking, or being broken in every direction." She was by this time a practised revivalist herself, and was once so wet with perspiration after the ardours of a late meeting that she spent the night at a friend's house for fear of catching a chill on the walk home.

Folk came from miles around to her meetings. Many would start on the previous night, bringing a little food with them. These had to walk all night again after the meeting in order to be at their work on Monday morning. The men of Cornwall rowed eight and ten miles at night to the towns where William Booth was preaching. Business in some towns was completely suspended for days.

The commotion caused by the Booths' campaign was upsetting the regular pastors in the Duchy, and the Booths showed no sign of any intention to move elsewhere. They had been in Cornwall about eighteen months when the Wesleyan Methodists held their Annual Conference at Camborne. "The perambulations of the male and female" Booth were considered, and it was resolved to "pray

Conference to forbid the use of their chapels to Mr. and Mrs. Booth." The Conference accepted the petition, and soon afterwards the Primitive Methodists followed suit, so that the houses of God which had been built through the religious revival brought about by similar methods scarcely a generation before were now closed to the spiritual successors of John Wesley.

At this desperate stage of their circumstances, when the money they had started with after leaving the Connexion was pretty well exhausted, Mrs. Booth gave birth to another child, the third son, Herbert. There was still, however, another Methodist Church which had not damned the Booths, and they received an invitation from the Free Methodists to go to Penzance. But most of the chapel doors were bolted against them, and they soon left for South Wales, having converted some seven thousand Cornishmen.

Soon after their arrival at Cardiff we find Booth has made friends with a wealthy shipowner, Cory. He may have been encouraged by Cory to come, and perhaps Cory helped him to rent a circus for a fortnight at seven pounds a week. This use of secular buildings, to which Booth first had recourse because the parson had the key to the chapel, was to be a most important element in the development of his work later on. When Booth had popularized the idea, it was possible for star evangelists like Moody and Sankey to come over from America, rent large halls, and, having taken a free-will offering, find a substantial sum left in their pockets after paying all expenses. Booth's audiences were drawn from the very poorest classes; and a letter from Mrs. Booth to her mother makes it clear that he did not then suspect what large sums can be drawn from the very poor when their heart is fired by a cause. At this time he must have depended on the help of men like Cory, who named a ship after him, and

promised to give the profits from her trading to Booth's work; but the s.s. *Booth* went down on her maiden voyage.

The Booths were now veritable God's gipsies. First, they used Cardiff as a base, visiting all the towns within easy reach; then they embarked on a campaign in the Midlands. At Walsall a large poster announced their arrival, and that addresses would also be given by converted pugilists, horse-racers, poachers and others. The star performer was a man who, on his last arrest, had required six constables to drag him to the gaol. Now he shouted: "The lion's tamed! The Ethiopian's white! The sinner's saved! Christ has conquered!" And he sent his parents, who had never ceased praying for him, his portrait with a Bible in his hands instead of a pair of boxing gloves, which were then an absolute hallmark of a reprobate life. Booth disapproved of all games. Cricket seemed to him an unworthy occupation for beings who were faced with the problem of saving themselves and others from eternal damnation. Logically, so long as a single soul was still in peril of the everlasting flames of hell, all games were damnably frivolous diversions from the only issue.

At Walsall an event occurred which has its importance in the history of the Salvation Army. Little Bramwell was converted. His mother has described the occasion: "He had appeared deeply convicted during the Cardiff services." Conviction, the realization of one's own sinfulness, is the technical term for the first step in the process of getting saved. Violent sinners were often convicted, and well and truly saved, all at one meeting, but the interval between conviction and conversion might be months or years; indeed, the hapless sinner might stick in the stage of conviction without getting saved at all. Bramwell seems to have had an instinct for what was expected of him. A violent or spectacular conversion would have been unnatural in a normal lad of seven, so a little



display of stubbornness would be in order. "One night at the Circus I had urged him very earnestly to decide for Christ. For a long time he would not speak, but I insisted on his giving me a definite answer as to whether he would accept the offer of Salvation or not. I shall never forget the feeling that thrilled through my soul when my darling boy, only seven years old, about whom I had formed such high expectations with regard to his future service for the Master, deliberately looked me in the face, and answered 'No!' It was, therefore, not only with joy, but with some little surprise, that I discovered him in one of my Walsall meetings kneeling at the communion-rail among a crowd of little penitents. He had come out of his own accord, from the middle of the hall, and I found him squeezed in among the rest, confessing his sins and seeking forgiveness. I need not say that I dealt with him faithfully; and to the great joy of both his father and myself, he then and there received the assurance of pardon."

Booth learned a great deal during these years. He was constantly finding that desperate characters, when converted, proved the most effective soul savers themselves. He had always known that fire was more important than erudition; he now found this illustrated by extreme examples. "The thirty-six years," he said later, "whilst I was groping about in vain for a hope and fellowship amongst Churches gave me to understand, as only experience can, what are the thoughts and feelings of the millions in Christian lands, who not only never enter a church, but who feel it to be inconceivable that they should ever do so."

A Hallelujah band came to Sheffield while he was there. Their manner of playing religious music in the streets gave him the idea for what has become for the general public the outstanding feature of the Salvation Army, and he never

forgot the red jerseys worn by these same bands, so that he anticipated the technique of more modern dictators, whose shirts answer the same purpose as the Army jerseys.

Above all, the hardships and anxieties of those years qualified him to demand from his followers that absolute self-sacrifice and devotion to the work which caused those who did not know that he never laid upon his soldiers a task such as he had not carried out himself, to charge him with ruthlessness and tyranny.

At times the wandering life was beyond the powers of Mrs. Booth with her large family, and then she would go and stay with her parents, so that we have letters between them of this period also. They reveal how forlorn Booth felt when he was deprived of his wife's spiritual support. He kept some special little notes in his purse. Catherine found them and would not restore them. When they were next parted, he begged her to send him "a little love talk . . . You robbed my purse of the bit you sent me to Hyde." In another letter he writes: "I send you *two* kisses; you understand me and will keep your promise with them."

Governesses proved less satisfactory than the faithful Irish nurse. It appears from one of Booth's letters that there was a succession of them. "And we will have a governess, too, with some heart and conscience, if we go on changing one per month for ten years. What a heathen trick of Miss C. Well! I am not sorry in one respect; it has settled you on the propriety of letting her go. We have not regretted parting with any of the *lot* yet. The smooth-tongued shams and hypocrisies."

The letters also reveal their financial difficulties. Booth owes "in all some £85, and then these other things not included." But he adds cheerfully that since they left Cornwall they have not had so much reason for gratitude and

contentment. "With care we can earn all the money we *need*. Our children are in health. We are saved, so far, those gloomy visits to the churchyard which so many other families have to pay." Booth never described the facts of life or death in the jargon of religion. Bereavement is perfectly described by a common action which is incidental to it.

One of the letters gives an impressive glimpse of the stern father. Willie (Bramwell) has been troublesome with the new governess. "Tell Willie that if he does not obey and set his brothers and sisters an example in this matter he must prepare not only to lose his *dog*, but to live in the attic while I am at home, *for I will not see him*. On the other hand, if they are good . . . we will have a great many more nuts and have some nice games, &c."

His children must have been much in his mind, for he writes in another letter that, passing a shop with a large wooden horse in the window, he almost jumped involuntarily and exclaimed "that is the thing for my dear little Bertie."

Evangelists whose names have been household words throughout the English-speaking world have passed away with their generation, leaving scarcely the shadow of a name behind them. Although most of what Booth said or wrote is clear and sincere, it is interesting chiefly in the light of his practical achievement. We rarely find that a man who has the qualities which awaken the latent emotions of an audience has the capacity to give common thoughts or feelings enduring word form. Orators have contributed little to the treasury of human wisdom.

The first need of a going concern is a permanent address; if Booth had remained God's gipsy, he could never have co-ordinated the experience which he had gained in bringing religion to the untouchables of England, so as to found an

organization whereby his experience is being put into practice by an army throughout the world.

As in the case of all men of practical achievement, chance circumstance played an important part in Booth's destiny. He was a provincial with a distaste for London; but his wife was a Londoner born and bred. In the spring of 1865, Mrs. Booth was invited to conduct a mission at Rotherhithe. This would tie her more than ever to London. Booth was at Louth with his hospitable friends the Shadfords. He wrote that he was determined to bring their joint expenditure down to £300 a year. "*You surely did not spend that £6 as well as all the cash I left behind,*" he asks in italics, sending her the half piece of a £5 note pressed on him by Mr. Shadford at a station, and posting the other half for safety to Mr. Mumford, who was thus set the problem how to convert the half of a five-pound note into £2 10s. worth of spirits.

Family and other circumstances combined to bring Booth to London, but the decision to give up the evangelistic life and to devote himself to the salvation of the East-Enders was entirely his own. When he came to London, he undertook to conduct an evangelistic campaign for two Plymouth Brethren, Morgan and Chase, who were the owners of a weekly paper, *The Revival*. The mission was to last for six weeks. He was provided with a flimsy tent which he pitched on the Quaker Burial Ground off Whitechapel Road. He had to get his congregation from the streets, and the tent services were preceded by a street service and a procession with music. One Sunday he took little Bramwell into a crowded gin palace, and said to him "these are the people I want you to live and labour for."

The old tent, although repaired at some cost, was blown down in a storm and rendered useless; the six weeks' mission came to an end. But Booth had decided that his call was to

those whom nothing would induce to darken the door of church or chapel. One night, coming home late from a meeting, he told his wife that he had seemed to hear a voice sounding in his ears, "Where can you go and find such heathen as these, and where is there so great a need for your labours?" Mrs. Booth, who was at this time seven months gone with her seventh child, had herself returned from a service which had lasted almost till midnight at Deptford. The journey meant two trains, a walk and a short cab. Eagerly receptive of any contemporary medical fad, Mrs. Booth used to inhale deep drafts of sulphurous air on the Underground.

Mrs. Booth had to make a special effort to accept her husband's decision, and if necessary to reinforce his resolution. "I sat gazing into the fire," she records, "and the devil whispered to me, 'This means another new departure—another start in life.' The question of our support constituted a serious difficulty. Hitherto we had been able to meet our expenses by the collections which we had made from our more respectable audiences. But it was impossible to suppose that we could do so among the poverty-stricken East-Enders. We had not then the measure of light upon this subject which subsequent events afforded, and we were afraid even to ask for a collection in such a locality. Nevertheless, I did not answer discouragingly. After a momentary pause for thought and prayer, I replied, 'Well, if you feel you ought to stay, stay. We have trusted the Lord *once* for our support, and we can trust Him again.'"

Before they learned how generously the poor will pay for spiritual intoxication, Mrs. Booth was often able to contribute the larger share to the family exchequer. While Booth, tall and gaunt, stood with umbrella in one hand and Bible in the other collecting his audience at a street corner by a Whitechapel pub, sometimes pausing to wipe off a bit of

refuse flung at him by a reveller, his wife would be loosening the purse-strings of a more affluent audience farther West. Many years later he said, "I have been trying all my life to stretch out my arms so as to reach with one hand the poor, and at the same time to keep the other in touch with the rich. But my arms are not long enough. I find that when I am in touch with the poor, I lose my hold upon the rich; and when I reach up to the rich, I let go the poor."

The tent was functioning again, but precariously. Winter was coming on, and Booth felt it was essential to be able to hold services under a roof. He hired a well-known dancing saloon for Sundays. It became a principle with him to secure well-known places of entertainment for his work. He called it using the devil's weapons against the devil, and he could get such places cheap on a day when they could not be used for their legitimate purposes, until the time came when the proprietors saw in him a rival who took away some of their best custom for good.

Having hired the room, Booth had to look for a source to provide the rent, an order of procedure which many of his officers courageously followed later, in spite of the Chief's insistence that the money should be in the till before the lease is signed. Booth wrote to Samuel Morley, a wealthy Nottingham manufacturer, explaining his work and his needs. Morley asked Booth to come and see him. He was already sufficiently familiar with Booth's work, and confined himself to the question of Booth's needs, for his family and for his mission. Booth left with a substantial cheque, free to confirm his lease and to carry out his work in his own way.

## CHAPTER V

### BOUTS WITH MAMMON

"THERE seemed to me, at the very onset, four main principles in my religion: "

"(1) I looked upon the world around me as being in actual rebellion against God; and I always felt even in my boyhood days that the glory of God trailed in the dust, that He was mocked, and scorned, and hated, as when on earth, and I was led to sympathize very much with Him, and said in my young heart that these rebels ought to be subdued to His authority.

"(2) I came to realize that . . . the men and women around me in consequence of their rebellion 'were in great danger' of damnation, and 'that all their miseries, present and to come, were the result of their rebellion against God.'

"(3) I saw clearly what a wonderful remedy there was in the great heart of God and in the sacrifice of Christ for all men."

Thus Booth summed up on his sixtieth birthday the principles on which he had built up his Army.

In the latter half of the nineteenth century belief in democratic principles was at its height. They were held by the ordinary Englishman more sincerely than any article of religious belief, Christianity itself being widely regarded as merely a religious manifestation of democratic principles. It was believed that two heads are always better than one, that the decisions of a committee represent the sum of the wisdom of its members. In no way did Booth show his complete independence of mind more clearly than in his manner of flouting every democratic notion, when he came to deal with

the practical problems of his organization. In this speech at Clapton Hall he said: "They call the government of the Salvation Army a lot of hard names—autocracy—but I reply to them that it is the government that God Himself invented. It was the government of Eden; it is the government of the Mosaic economy. Moses was the General, yet His people were free. I say it is the government of Heaven. But they say the government of the Salvation Army is awful! The General is a fine autocrat! Go and ask my own people what the General is! Ours is a government that satisfies our own people and one which they enjoy."

"Whose service is perfect freedom," said Saint Paul. Hitler conceives his mission to have been the liberation of the German soul. It is the prerogative of dictators to confer 'true freedom,' but in Booth's day such a notion ran counter to all prevailing sentiment, and his autocratic methods drew criticism from every quarter. He made it a rule, which he often had difficulty in imposing on indignant followers, to get on with the work and not to argue with critics; it was only when criticism came from near home that he was moved to break this rule. In his youth, he said, he literally worshipped Methodism. To him there was one God, and Wesley was his Prophet. When, therefore, a prominent Methodist, Dr. Henry S. Lunn, wrote an article attacking his autocratic methods, Booth sent for him, and dismissed him with the words: "If you get to heaven, Lunn, you'll find a General there."

Booth did not set out to found a dictatorship. The constitution which he finally gave to his organization was the result of his attempts to work with wealthy individuals, with conferences and with committees. He began the Christian Mission at Whitechapel with a council of influential men, including Samuel Morley, M.P., Captain Fishbourne, R.N., C.B., Messrs.



Morgan and Chase, a member of the Stock Exchange, three secretaries of important societies and two prominent ministers. It was because he could not bear to waste time in the routine of committees, in the ritual of procedure so dear to the self-important, and because he did not wish to spend energy on persuading the obstinate or the timorous, that he sloughed off his committees in the course of time, as the caterpillar sloughs off its skin.

In his early days, especially, Booth repeatedly had to resist the temptation to solve his difficulties at the price of putting himself under the domination of rich men. There was the gentleman of Norwood, for instance, who had founded a mission, but was quite unable to attract an audience even with the offer of free teas and no collection. Having heard of Mrs. Booth's success in getting audiences without bribing them, he persuaded her to come and put some life into his Mission. When she left to give birth to a child, the Mission relapsed into its former condition, and the Norwood philanthropist asked Booth whether he would make a Preaching Station of his hall. The owner retained the right to control any evangelists whom Booth might appoint to the Station. This proviso brought the arrangement to an early end.

Booth's relations with another philanthropist were more important. Henry Reed was a very rich retired Tasmanian sheepfarmer who lived at Tunbridge Wells. The Booths made his acquaintance while Mrs. Booth was recuperating there. It ripened almost into friendship after Mrs. Booth had conducted a service at his mansion, Dunorlan. Reed showed a cautious interest in the Whitechapel Mission, but the preliminary fencing between these two strong-minded men made it clear to Booth that Reed would not part with money unless Booth surrendered power. At this time Booth was receiving about £12 a month from the Evangelization Society, and with his

other sources of income he felt pretty secure in maintaining his thirteen Preaching Stations with accommodation for 8000 persons, in which 140 services, outdoor and indoor, were held each week. He was thirty-nine years old, and his Christian Mission was established.

Booth's independence and his success, which he was now able to publish to the world in his own paper, the *East London Evangelist*, were causing the Tasmanian to sit uneasily on his money-bags. A few months after their last interview Booth received a telegram to come and see Reed at Tunbridge Wells. Reed had made up his mind to do the big thing. He told Booth that he had heard of a site near Mile End Waste which could be secured for £3-4000. On this site he proposed to build a hall at a cost of £6-7000 which would seat 2000 persons. He added that he disapproved of Booth renting theatres or dancing-halls, as the money helped the owners to give their 'soul-destroying performances' on week-days. Now Booth had discovered the publicity value in using well-known places of entertainment. The curious were much more likely to drop into a building with which they were familiar than to follow out complicated instructions to turn first right, second left, etc., and there was the additional attraction of sitting without charge in seats for which they normally paid.

But Booth also badly wanted a hall of his own. He had been negotiating unsuccessfully for the purchase of a large building called the People's Market from M'All, a sympathizer, to whom it was a white elephant, but who had declined to swallow the loss involved in accepting £2500 offered by Booth in the knowledge that it was a burden to the owner. Booth was, therefore, much tempted to accept Reed's offer, which included the settlement of a generous sum on him and Mrs. Booth for their personal maintenance. But the conditions of the offer were very definite—that Booth

should not work anywhere but in the hall, and that Reed reserved the right to resume possession if, at any time, he disapproved of Booth's methods. Booth did not accept the conditions and next morning he received a letter from Dunorlan in the following terms:—

My dear Brother,

My dear wife and myself have talked over matters. The result is, we dare not move any further, and I write at once that your mind may not be unsettled.

To expend £10,000 at least of the Lord's money is a step so important that unless the way is clear as the noonday sun we dare not take it.

Your views and ours differ so much that to attempt together such a work would be unwise. You say, if we had only three months' experience on the spot our views would change. It might be so. Still, I must be ruled by the word of God according to the light that I have. At present I am not fully persuaded in my own mind.

I am so glad you came down. I need not say we shall continue to pray for you, and rejoice to hear of a year of great blessing, and that thousands may be gathered in by the Good Shepherd.

Yours in Christ,

HENRY REED.

Brother M'All was still unable to rid himself of the People's Market. After a further nine months' haggling, Booth purchased it from the demoralized owner for £1750, the committee having been advised that "the arrangements entered into between Mr. Booth and Mr. M'All were perfectly binding on Mr. M'All under his present embarrassed circumstances."

Booth was less fortunate in his dealings with Brother Pite, the architect employed to carry out certain structural alterations. As so often happens in building operations, estimates had been exceeded, limiting instructions ignored, contractors employed without regard to competitive tenders, and, as also happens to the constant bewilderment of the layman, the client was liable for the bill which the architect presented. Booth

had to find £1500, and at this time the grant from the Evangelization Society had ceased.

Booth was in a very tight corner, and he applied for help to Reed, who had shown a non-committal good-will to the Mission by conveying seventy of the principal workers to Dunorlan and providing them with a meat tea. Reed's answer is too long to be given in full, although it deserves to be, as a classic letter of that kind.

. . . Surely there must be some mistake; still your letter I have before me . . . Again and again you have assured me that nothing would induce you to go into debt; you engage all helpers by the week, with a distinct understanding they must go unless funds come in . . . I have boasted that you have adopted the principle of no debt, not one penny . . . Such a violation of your word . . . Above all, such conduct has grieved the Good Spirit, and is grieving Him . . . I do not worry at the knowledge that you were ill.

You ask what can I advise; I can give you none, I can only say what by God's Grace I would do.

He then tells Booth he should at once dismiss all his helpers and terminate all leases.

Then I should put my own house into the hands of a respectable house agent for sale, taking the first reasonable offer . . . hundreds of clerks have to live upon £100 a year . . . I would therefore resolve that £100 a year should cover *everything, rent and schooling, everything* . . . Cooking would be only for the necessities of life. Your wife would have to give up taking halls and leaving home (I never saw this to be the path of duty) . . . all this retrenchment—now, then, how are the debts to be paid? . . . In a smaller house you would want less furniture, I would sell every stick I could do without . . . I would begin by confessing my sin and folly . . . but it is no use confessing without honestly turning from it, and do all in my power to pay every man his own . . .

My beloved Brother—for I still love you and feel a deep interest in you—lay all that I have said before God. My great fear is your wife . . . but for her to give up all and come down to a plain loving wife and mother willing to stop at home, send her children to a humble day school—Mrs. Booth nothing and her

family nothing . . . My mother came much lower with a family of little ones; the best school I was at was, I think, 20s. the year, the one before 2d. the week. She worked and with a little sister washed and laboured and brought us up, and was never ashamed of it . . .

Of course, you will call together the trustees of the Hall and place everything before them, for even the coppers belong to the Hall . . . and then you will lay before the Mission Committee, all, all, all, and hear what both parties say. Trustees and Committees, unless a reality, are a delusion,—you act without consulting them to a great extent, I am afraid . . . If you have them, they must be a reality for the future. Shams of every sort are not in accordance with God's Word. Do not answer this for a week, read it over with prayer again and again, then let your wife read it.

Begbie thinks that Dickens would have thanked Heaven for a sight of this letter; but its self-righteousness is redeemed by a tang of reality which is absent from the effusions of Chadband or Stiggins. The homely virtues of his mother were the counterpart to the fortune which the son had laboriously amassed. Booth's predicament reassured Reed as to the solid worth of his own achievement, when contrasted with the spectacular work of Mr. and Mrs. Booth.

The sympathy of Dickens, whom he found intolerable as a writer, dismissing him as a 'port wine philanthropist,' would have been odious to Booth; and there is no evidence that he felt any resentment against the Tasmanian for refusing to hand over a share in the trusteeship of the Lord's money. Booth had lost that round, but it was not the last. The contest between these two determined men was only terminated by Reed's death, before which he had settled £5000 to secure Mr. and Mrs. Booth against want.

## CHAPTER VI

### A QUEER LOT

"THE Booths are a queer lot," is a remark which William Booth was often heard to make throughout his life. He had no doubt heard his father make it before him. Most families of the middle class cherish the tradition that they are a queer lot, much as the Jews, who have never been a powerful nation, have cherished the idea that they are a peculiar people. It is usually a rather secret tradition, which takes the place of a heraldic pedigree, and is rarely alluded to except in family circles, although it may become vocal when a family is thrusting up from obscurity. That William Booth was addicted to this remark is an indication that he had a strong dynastic instinct.

It was a strange household that lived at 3 Gore Road, Victoria Park, Hackney, a detached, double-fronted house, which Booth, who had an extraordinary capacity for failing to notice any sign that his wife was feeling the strain, had taken just in time to prevent her complete physical prostration. The household consisted of the Booths, their eight children, and two lodgers, Miss Short and Miss Billups. Booth was enabled to ignore Mr. Reed's counsel to sell up his home by making some arrangement with his committee under which he personally took over responsibility for the soup kitchens in the People's Hall. He was also fortunate in receiving some large donations about this time. Within a year of the receipt of Brother Reed's letter the People's Market stood clear of debt. In six months £2000 had been raised, to which Samuel

Morley contributed £500 and 'An Old Disciple,' who was believed to be none other than Henry Reed, £500.

The children were growing up. Ballington gave early signs of a wilful nature. He came home one day wearing a ring which he had bought for a shilling. The other children, excepting Bramwell, who maintained a dignified silence, shouted "Ballington's a backslider!" "Silence!" boomed the General—this being originally the nickname by which he was known in the household—"his mother will deal with him later." When the meal was over, Ballington spent ten minutes with his mother; he returned, says Miss Short, "with very red eyes and without the ring." Mrs. Booth believed in keeping her children unspotted of the world; they were educated as much as possible at home. Their slang was the jargon of revivalism; as games they acted—for they inherited their parents' sense for drama and showmanship—little plays in which the only property needed was the penitent-form, and the action led up to the conversion of a stubbornly impenitent doll.

Bramwell took no part in the nursery theatre; his ambition was to be a surgeon, and he would spend hours in dissecting the body of a mouse. He once dissected a recently converted doll, and when his sister burst into tears, on seeing the sawdust streaming from its trunk, he rebuked her disdainfully, "Silly child! Do you think you can have an operation without blood?"

Bramwell soon discarded such early dreams in which an old penknife and a small rodent were transformed into the surgeon's knife and quivering human flesh. In that house it was impossible to think long of devoting one's life to any other cause than the salvation of the world. Mrs. Booth used to say that even her bedroom was an office. The house was becoming the headquarters of a great movement.

Scarcely a day would pass without news of a victory or a reverse. In 1868, three years after the purchase of the People's Hall, the Christian Mission established its first station in Scotland. Meals in a house where everybody was coming and going were haphazard affairs, but whenever the family sat down together the discussion between father and mother would be of weighty decisions; at breakfast Mrs. Booth would report her social triumphs of the previous evening, telling how God had singularly blessed her in opening the heart, not to say the purse, of some great lady in the West. The General would develop his theories of the futility of conducting a campaign through a committee. Sometimes a meal was interrupted, while the General dropped on his knees and addressed the Almighty.

Wonderful, wonderful parents. It is natural that the children should have grown up in the belief that they were wonderful too. They were indeed a singularly gifted family, and the children inherited in varying degrees their parents' power to move audiences. They soon discarded other childish ambitions in favour of the one which would give them their part in forwarding the great movement at the hub of which they were living; and nothing could have accorded more perfectly with the notions of their parents, especially of their mother, who had dedicated them all to the Cause before they were born. It was a happy situation, in which the parents were relieved of harassing consultations on the choice of a career and the means available for training, while the children were relieved of years of drudging apprenticeship. Enlistment in the war against sin provided a solution similar to that offered to many a youth who was feeling in 1914 that his academic achievements were not likely to be commensurate with the sacrifices being made by his parents.

The war against sin offered its own prospect of honourable



wounds, while it was open to the enthusiasts of both sexes alike to take God's shilling as soon as they were well into their 'teens. Definite offers were made more than once by wealthy admirers to subsidize the education of the young Booths, but such offers were always declined by their parents. Very much later Booth accepted the *testamentary*, and therefore not variable, bequest of Henry Reed, but he made it a rigid rule, which he enforced on his followers, not to accept any personal gifts from those who admired his work.

As the campaign became more aggressive, there were plentiful stories of gallant encounters to fire the imagination of the adolescent Booths. There was stocky little Cadman, 'the sober chimney-sweep,' who seemed to delight in attracting the attentions of roughs, and whose letters the General would read out to the admiring children: "The publican came out and blackguarded us. He then sent out half a dozen drunken fellows, some of them six feet high, who commenced knocking me about, and one of them laying hold of me, ripped my trowsers very nearly in two, another one knocking my hat off and kicking it in double. Thank God my head was not in it . . . I was like a tortoise under the many feet, but they were too thick for my legs to get back to do much kicking . . . At night we had a glorious time of it, and sinners weeping came to Jesus. We are often pelted with dead cats and rats while processioning in the streets." The letter was signed "Yours in the King's Army," a phrase which was to prove very fruitful to 'the General.'

Of the young Booths Ballington and Catherine were the most active in street warfare, and Ballington had inherited in a supreme degree the capacity to rouse the religious passions of an audience. He had a commanding presence, a mane of dark hair, appealing brown eyes, and his lips were an opening rosebud in the pallor of his face. When he was barely twenty,

he wrote his mother an account of a Holiness Meeting which he conducted. "Then God Almighty began to convict and strive. Some began to weep, some groaned, some cried out aloud to God . . . Many more were smitten. We dropped on our knees again. One dear man took his pipe from his pocket and laid it on the table, resolved that it should stand between his soul and God no longer . . . One young man, after struggling and wrestling for nearly an hour, shouted 'Glory! Glory! I've got it.' One young woman shook her head, saying, 'No, not to-night,' but soon was seen on the ground . . . Three or four times we cleared the tables and forms, and again and again they were filled. And all joined in singing the words,

I have thee, oh! I have thee,  
Every hour I have thee;

and one brother said, 'Oh, oh! if this ain't heaven, what'll heaven be?' Another brother said, 'I must jump.' I said, 'Then *jump*.'"

Bramwell's gifts were suited for staff rather than for field work. At the age of thirteen he worked a stretch of seventy-two hours without sleep, and elucidated a discrepancy in the Mission accounts which had defeated everyone else. The committee subscribed to make him a present of £5 for this achievement. His father allowed him to keep ten shillings, saying that he wanted the balance for the rice pudding which was the family's staple article of diet.

The Minutes of the Mission were at first kept in a very casual manner, and it was natural that after such a feat Bramwell should be appointed Secretary. At the age of sixteen he was manager of the Food-for-the-Million shops, a short-lived venture which had grown out of the soup kitchen. By the time Bramwell was twenty he was in fact, if not in

name, his father's chief of staff, and his father, in a long letter to Bramwell, reduced to writing a relationship which, terminated only by the General's death forty-six years later, worked to the perfect satisfaction of the son, who could always soothe the smart left by the irritable outbursts provoked by his bureaucratic complacency with the thought that he was secure in the reversion to the supreme command.

Before Bramwell was twenty, he had to shoulder the main responsibility for the Mission's affairs for nearly five months, while both his parents were ill. It was a critical time in the organization. Booth had not yet hit upon the name which acted as a patent in later years. It was easy for an evangelist, trained under the Christian Mission, to set up on his own as soon as he had worked up a following in a provincial station. Booth's problem indeed was the same as that of the Methodist Committee in dealing with Booth—a comparison, a comparison which was indeed made by one of his rebellious children.

There had already been trouble at Brighton, where the evangelist, secure in the support of a local magnate, had defied the Committee in London, and defied Mrs. Booth when she called on him, only to fulfil Mrs. Booth's prediction that he would die in a ditch, for he soon fell foul of his patron, deserted his wife and children and left the country in discreditable circumstances.

Similar trouble now broke out at Portsmouth; this schismatic evangelist was defeated by the Christian Mission establishing its legal right to the hall. Bramwell also fell ill under the strain. He went to Scotland to recuperate, leaving the Mission headquarters in the charge of Railton, the most fervent and single-minded of Booth's helpers. But although Railton was to prove his genius as a fighting leader in many lands, he lacked the unfeeling decisiveness which makes for

effective staff work, and Bramwell found a peck of troubles waiting for him when he got back to the office. Sister Stride wanted to marry. She had been behaving strangely and it was simple to tell her that marriage rather than soul-saving seemed to be her vocation. Brother Watt had resigned, and claimed arrears of pay. He was told that he was in debt to the Mission, as he had received some pay during illness on the assumption that he would continue in the work. The appropriate action taken, the files speedily came to rest in their pigeon-holes, and the machine ran smoothly again.

The year 1878 stands out in the history of the movement for two facts. In that year Booth enrolled his first deed poll, which registered his autocratic control over the Christian Mission, and in the same year the name Christian Mission was changed to Salvation Army.

Booth's assumption of sole power was preceded by two conferences. To the first of these Booth announced the revolt of the evangelist at Leicester, one Lamb—who also came to a bad end after his rich backer had deserted him. Having got the conference thoroughly worked up over Lamb's insolent letter, Booth developed the traditional arguments in favour of one-man responsibility. Would anyone think of entrusting the conduct of the Russian war to a committee? In the war against the devil it was even more necessary to have the power to act promptly and decisively. Booth did not put any resolutions affecting his powers to this meeting. His object was to prepare their minds for the vital proposals which would come before the Annual Conference.

In the intervening period Booth's ideas were discussed; it became clear to him that some of his most loyal and valued helpers had misgivings about completely abandoning the principles of democratic government in the Mission. He thought it well to call his evangelists together once more before the

Conference which should register the vital decision. He enumerated the practical difficulties inherent in all committee work. Some of the more experienced brethren worked hundreds of miles away; it seemed impossible to get a really representative committee together. Then, his piercing glance passing quickly from one of his preachers to another, "If you are in any trouble, you don't want to go to a committee. You come to me and say, 'I want to see you alone.'"

The findings of a committee in no sense represent the sum of the individual wisdom of its members, since their attitude as individuals differs from their attitude as members of a body. A minister returning from a visit to foreign capitals will give a much more real account of his impressions to a trusted leader than to a cabinet committee. "This is a question of confidence between you and me," Booth concluded, "and if you can't trust me it is no use for us to attempt to work together. Confidence in God and me is absolutely indispensable both now and ever afterwards."

Finally, through the *Christian Mission Magazine*, he drummed into his followers the simple slogan "No More Conference!" "There have been more than enough conferences," Booth wrote, "and congresses, and committees, and deliberations. It is time to act . . . No more conference . . . We are all called to be saints. We are called to be brothers and sisters of Jesus, to fight with Him, for Him . . . That is enough. No more conference!"

The meetings of the Annual Congress, held from 3rd-8th August, were perfectly stage-managed. The preachers met in an atmosphere of drama, for the movement was by now attracting organized persecution in various parts of the country. Encouraged by hostile magistrates, the police connived at the actions of roughs employed by the drink interest. The smell of battle was in the air, and the *Magazine* thus

describes the opening of the Congress: "The Christian Mission has met in Congress to make War. It has glorified God for the conquests of 1877-8. It has organized a salvation army to carry the blood of Christ and the fire of the Holy Ghost into every corner of the world."

It is significant that the first time Booth printed the words 'salvation army' he used small letters. The famous name was simply a description of the movement which he had launched. The Mission activities were being described more and more in military phraseology. Elijah Cadman, the first evangelist to style himself 'Captain,' had recently placarded the town of Whitby with bills announcing:

WE ARE RUSHING INTO WAR

THE BATTLE IS BEGUN

THOUSANDS KILLED AND WOUNDED

A FEW HAVE BEEN SAVED FROM DEATH

ANOTHER POWERFUL ATTACK WILL BE MADE ON MONDAY, JULY 8TH  
CAPTAIN CADMAN WILL LEAD HIS ARMY INTO THE FIELD OF BATTLE,  
AND WILL THROW SOME HOT SHELL INTO THE DEVIL'S KINGDOM

A REINFORCEMENT OF

THE MIDDLESBORO' ARTILLERY  
IS TO ARRIVE AT 9.30 A.M., WITH THEIR BIG GUNS

But a successful invention is obvious only after its discovery, and to name a work is beyond the power of anyone but its creator. There are certain elements which, inert in themselves, induce chemical action in others. Bramwell was an excellent catalyser to his father. They were in his father's bedroom, and Railton was reading out the proofs of an article. The Volunteers had recently been formed, and were the subject of cheap humour in the press. "We are a volunteer army," read Railton. Bramwell Booth, with a glance at his father, exclaimed: "Volunteer! Here, I'm not a volunteer. I'm a regular or nothing!" Booth stopped walking, looked

thoughtfully at his son, and then went to the table. Leaning over Railton's shoulder, he took the pen from his hand, crossed out the word 'volunteer' and wrote above it the word 'Salvation.'

After a series of Love Feasts, All-night Prayer Meetings and Holiness Meetings such as had never yet been known in the history of the Mission, the dazed evangelists unanimously passed the resolutions which constituted Booth dictator of the Salvation Army with absolute power to appoint, promote, degrade and dismiss all officers, to dispose of the Army's property at his sole discretion in the furtherance of religion, and to nominate under a sealed envelope the person who should succeed to his office.

The religious exercises were interspersed with much solid advice and instruction regarding the activities of the Army, and there was a special warning for any budding Röhm: "If they keep secrets from me, they may be sure I get to know it; little birds come to me in the midnight hour with such secrets, and they will be found out; indeed, I can tell pretty well with my eyes and ears who are not with me. They do not grasp my hand so heartily."

The powers and responsibilities of the Second-in-Command, Bramwell, automatically increased with those of his father. Complaints and problems which were not disposed of by him were sifted by him before they reached his father. He became the channel of communication between the Army and its General.

Upon Bramwell, as the first-born, there also devolved the duty to advise and encourage his younger brothers and sisters, as they became old enough to enter upon the work. The letters which have been published by his devoted daughter reveal that in all the pressure of business this special duty was never absent from his mind. Most generous in their

praise, these letters go too far in their self-abasement to carry conviction in print, and they can hardly have carried conviction to the recipients at the time, although the insincerity between the correspondents took years to explode in conscious strife. In his constant depreciation of his own powers as a preacher, when writing to his mother, his father, and his brethren, Bramwell was no doubt sincere, and the high-flown language of his letters was common to all the Booths of the second generation, although Bramwell excelled them all in an epistolary style which was an exaggeration of their mother's. But the iteration of a deficiency somehow cancels it in the mind of the writer, and, having thus lamented away his qualities as a preacher, Bramwell must have felt that he was supreme in the field of organization. When, therefore, he wrote to the seventeen-year-old Herbert that he looked upon this younger brother as the *future General*, underlining the words, the lad must have felt puzzled.

He wrote letters anywhere, in trains and trams and during meal-times. His biographer, writing in the knowledge that his two brothers and his most gifted sister left the Army before their father died, and that another sister was instrumental in Bramwell's deposition before he died, questions whether the results justified the toil. But these letters do not reveal any toil beyond that of sliding a nib over paper, and many of them were dictated. All the well-worn phrases of endearment are there, interspersed with the clichés of an inherited religious jargon. Two examples must suffice; that they are typical can be verified by reference to the *Life* by his daughter. To his sister Emma:

"I *never change*. The flowers only bloom to fade; the summer hastens away into winter, even every day of our lives is bearing away for the night, the rivers and seas and rocks are changing, passing away, but *I never change*."



To his sister Eva: "He is *worthy*, Eva, to receive that strange treasure of your heart which is both loss and gain. I am afraid, darling, you have never given him *that*, really without reserve, and been willing that he might make it not a treasure if He would. *Have* you?" Perhaps already Bramwell sensed Eva's opposition to himself. Bramwell rang the changes on the endings to these letters: "Yours in tenderest love for ever." "Eternal greetings and assurances of evergreen love and trust." When he was at a loss for a phrase, he filled up half a line with a string of Loves or Evers.

William Booth did not write like that; he gave words life by filling them with meaning. The letters of his son Bramwell convey nothing of the mind of the writer; he used up the words and phrases of great minds, to his own pleasure no doubt, but so that they affect the reader like perished leather.

His father often used to remark, and all those who knew both agree, that Bramwell was more like his mother than any of the other children. This kind of resemblance sometimes arrests us in men of the most masculine countenance. In old age especially Bramwell had a strangely womanish face—womanish rather than feminine, reminding one of the sentimental pictures of good peasant women which have become popular in Germany during the last few years.

When he addressed Herbert as the future General, Bramwell showed a feminine intuition in divining that the third son, rather than Ballington, might be a rival to himself or to his descendants for the Army caliphate; fifteen years later, in the letter, to be opened after his death, covering the document which appointed Bramwell as his successor, General Booth wrote: "You will follow the general directions just given as to the selection of your successor.

"So far as I at present know the Army, I think, in the first instance, your choice should fall on Herbert . . . Other officers

even more capable may rise up . . . It may be that God may raise up a member of your family duly qualified for the command."

A year after this letter was written, Herbert had left the Army. Herbert was the most gifted of Booth's children. He inherited his father's love of music, the only thing other than religion to which William Booth accorded any value. William Booth never saw fit to express himself in this medium, but he encouraged the gift in his son, and Herbert became the song writer of the Army. The Salvation melodies have in them that strange quality in which religion and music meet, harmonizing the storm and stress of the individual's life into the repetitive essence of the race. Festivals of the seasons, having a ritual with which the individual is familiarized in childhood, so that its performance in later years seems to carry him back to the remote past of humanity itself, have always been of great importance in the life of religion. For various reasons Protestantism has been hostile to such Feasts, and succeeded for a while in suppressing Christmas itself not only in Scotland but in England also. Salvation Army music awoke memories of something of which the people had been deprived. In its strange blend of monotony and triumph, it is akin to religious folk music throughout the world, from the clearings of the African jungle to the plains of Asia Minor. Herbert Booth gave a religious folk music to the tribes of industrial Britain; the tunes awoke a response in the hearts of Finns and Indians and Japanese. No-one can estimate how many men and women of every clime were brought to the Army by the strains of one of his songs heard at a street corner, evoking early memories without provoking the resentment often aroused by a verbal appeal to childhood's innocence.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE ARMY AND THE PUBLIC

PALLAS ATHENE sprang fully armed from the head of Zeus. When Booth's work found its name, an inchoate movement was launched in full manhood upon the world. The name *Salvation Army* unified the members of the Christian Mission into a living body. In the days of the printing press the sign that a movement has come of age is the production of an organ. The Christian Mission had had its magazine, but this was a tame affair produced eight or nine times in a year. To celebrate the birth and full majority of the Salvation Army, the General issued on Boxing Day, 1879, the first number of *The War Cry*.

"The paper," wrote the editor, "will be the Official Gazette of the Army, and will, therefore, require the close attention of all who wish to understand and carry out the General's wishes." With the substitution of 'Fuehrer' for 'General,' an almost identical injunction appeared in an early number of the similarly named *Anruf*.

The paper, which sold at a halfpenny, proved an immediate success. Its lay-out, which looks sober enough now, was actually the earliest departure from the drab methods of presenting events which prevailed until the end of the nineteenth century. Selling it in the streets and public-houses was an activity which appealed strongly to the ardent soldier, as Railton has frankly stated: "I immediately discovered that apart from religion altogether there is wonderful refreshment to the spirit in standing so before the ever-shifting crowd of a public thoroughfare, to press upon their attention 'something

really cheap and good.' I could understand as never before how the London street tradesmen could keep up so merry a chirrup hour after hour." An urchin bought a copy, attended a meeting at a neighbouring hall, knelt at the mercy-seat (the new name for the penitent-form) and much later founded the first halfpenny daily. At dinner on an Atlantic liner a member of his party made a disparaging reference to the Army. The news-lord struck his glass to impose silence, and said: "I'll not sit at table with any one who dares to say a word against that grand old man William Booth or the splendid movement he has brought into being. As you know, gentlemen, I don't profess to have a great deal of religion, but all I have I owe to that splendid man and his Army."

*The War Cry* provided the General with a convenient medium for praising the valiant, and for goading the half-hearted. Under the heading 'Boston,' readers are told that "Boston is a pretty quiet town. It does not like to be disturbed. Captain Taylor has disturbed it all." But in the Black Country, which has been coveted ground, "Our operations have not so far been very spirited. Neither Wolverhampton nor Dudley has produced results to boast over." Under the heading 'Seize North Wales' is a minute: "*The General to Railton*, I authorize you to raise a special force for the salvation of Wales, to be called 'The Mountaineers,' upon the terms you propose." The General was laid up, having skinned his leg coming out of a railway station. "Where is the General? What is he doing? That's right. A very proper inquiry. Look him up. 'He ought to be at work as well as us.' And so he ought if he is able—and I hope he ever will be—and that with all his might." He acknowledges the many letters he has received during his indisposition, and states that he will employ the same means for acknowledging the personal letters of his soldiers in the future: "My friends far and near

must now and forever absolve me from the pleasant duty of what is known as personal correspondence."

In a very short time *The War Cry* attracted attention in distant parts of the world. Acting Commissioner de Lautour Tucker read a copy, resigned the Indian Civil Service, and left India to enlist in the Salvation Army. Three Germans wrote from a village in Prussia: "Hallelujah! Amen! We are saved! We were three German sinners, Jakob, Peter, and Hans, but are soldiers of Jesus. One day we found a paper called *The War Cry*, and as we were able to understand a little English, we read how we could get to Jesus, and we have been happy ever since we have read it, and intend to spread it to all we meet. We pray, and have many fights with the Evil One, but, through our Saviour, we can always drive him away.

(Signed) Happy Jakob,  
Heavenly Peter,  
Saved Hans."

Clothed with its name, and armed with its paper, the Salvation Army became suddenly known to the general public throughout the length and breadth of the land. The attacks upon the preachers of the Christian Mission had been individual affairs, the punishment invited by men who interfere with their fellows by thrusting intimate advice upon them unsought. The punishment inflicted, the incident was slept off; there was nothing in the name *The Christian Mission*, other than the prefix, to suggest an organized attack directed by a single man. Now, when Sunday afternoon repose was disturbed by sounds of sacred music in the streets, when the stroller met Maenad lassies with their tambourines going before the brass bands in the streets, when the question "Are you saved?" was whispered into the ear, or bawled at the street corner, or thrust on a sheet of paper into the hand of the worker hurrying or of the reveller staggering home, when the

citizens of a town awoke to find their hoardings placarded with announcements of a Holy War, the resentment aroused had a name to concentrate upon.

There were two sets of persons interested in organizing this resentment, the Churches and charities who were supposed to be doing the Army work, and the purveyors of those pleasures which the Army attacked. The Army was entering its necessary period of persecution as an organization. The drink interest found magistracy sympathetic to the view that the noisy religionists rather than the roughs who attacked them were the disturbers of the peace. Throughout the country men and women soldiers were cruelly beaten, while police looked on indifferently, and sometimes took the Salvationists, not the roughs, into custody for occasioning breaches of the peace. A captain was sentenced to two months for playing a concertina in the street at Truro; Eva Booth was arrested while holding a meeting at the Triangle, Hackney, where hundreds of Army meetings had been held; Ballington served a short sentence for committing a breach of the peace.

In Sheffield, the Salvationists, brutally dispersed by organized ruffians, the 'Blades' of Sheffield, returned again and again to the assault, and William Booth decided to hold his Council of War in the Albert Hall of that city. The meeting was widely advertised, and on a Monday afternoon a monster procession, organized by Elijah Cadman, set out for the hall preceded by a brass band. Mr. and Mrs. Booth were pelted with mud, dead cats and refuse, and stones were flung at them, but missed them. A mounted Salvationist was struck between the eyes with a stone, on the head with a brick, and on the back with a cudgel. Two tough guys were trying to pull him off his horse; he said afterwards: "I could hardly help laughing all the while they were doing this, for as they were pulling both legs at the same time, the harder they

pulled the safer was my seat in the saddle. Finding they could not get me off, one of them sprang up and gave me a terrific blow on the back with his fist. This was hard to bear, for big as the man was, if it had not been for the grace of God I should have jumped off my horse and proved myself equal to half-a-dozen such men as he." Finally, half-stunned by other blows or missiles, he was held in the saddle until the Albert Hall was reached, where he fainted, murmuring "I hope they'll get saved." He spent some weeks in hospital in danger of death.

But a Liberal Government was in power with Mr. Gladstone as Prime Minister, and it was the day of great progressive editors. These editors were anxious to justify their claim to be leaders of opinion by championing a movement which was worthy, which was being persecuted, and which looked like coming through persecution to success. The Salvation Army seemed to satisfy these requirements, and it attracted the favourable attention of John Morley and of W. T. Stead. When, therefore, the Home Secretary approved the attitude of a magistrate in encouraging the police to connive at assaults upon Salvationists, he had to climb down, and he took the opportunity soon afterwards of rebuking the Mayor of Basingstoke for saying that he was unable to protect Salvationists from the attacks of drunken ruffians. This was the first important recognition of the Army by higher authority. Answering a question in the House of Lords, Coleridge, L.C.J., said: "I take it that walking through the streets, in order and in procession, even if accompanied by music and the singing of hymns, is absolutely lawful, in the doing of which every subject has a right to be protected."

The Churches were hostile because the Army shamed them by doing work which they themselves were neglecting. Booth provoked more explicit hostility by his uncompromising atti-

tude on Sacraments. While the Bishop of Truro rejoiced that Booth did not deem it part of his business to administer them himself, he was grieved that Booth forbade a soldier who was already a member of the Church of England to communicate in that Church. The sensationalism of Booth's methods offended the æsthetic sense of many a fastidious prelate. Their feelings were perfectly expressed by the Governor of the Central Provinces of India, when he tried to suppress the work of Tucker and his soldiers as "their degrading burlesque of the religion of the ruling power."

The Church attacked Booth by calumny. Charges of all the other kinds of unseemly practices excepting cannibalism, of which the early Christians in Rome were accused, were now preferred against the Holiness Meetings of the Army, as they have been preferred wherever emotional Christianity has been communally practised. A popular jibe was that the Salvationists "groped after Jesus in the dark." In the Upper House of Convocation the Bishop of Hereford stated that two of his clergy "who are well disposed in the main towards the development of unusual methods even of arousing religious feeling among those who are commonly called the masses, have told me that from their own knowledge very disastrous consequences—I need not further explain what I mean—have followed the teaching of the Army."

Booth successfully challenged the calumny, in support of which his Lordship of Hereford was able to adduce only that a woman Salvationist was alleged to have borne a bastard in a workhouse in his diocese.

The Salvation Army benefited by this unwarranted attack upon the morals of its members. Its work had already gained the approbation of the great social reformer Cardinal Manning, whose Church can survey the activities of all 'unofficial' Christians with lofty impartiality. In the Church of England



there were men of imagination who realized that Booth reached sections of the population whom they were unable to touch. Archdeacon Farrar contributed £5 to the Army funds—a courageous gesture. Dr. Davidson, who was then chaplain to the Primate, and later Archbishop of Canterbury himself, initiated negotiations with Bramwell, in the hope that the Salvation Army might be converted into a sort of light infantry to the Anglican Church. He and Bramwell proved congenial to one another, but the General was determined that his Army should not serve as a conduit from the slums to the Anglican pews. He was “willing for the two organizations to run side by side, like banks of a river, with bridges thrown across over which the members could mutually pass and repass.”

A prominent Methodist went to plead with him in the cause of Christian reunion. General Booth may have thought that reunion, if it were desirable, would be more likely to result from the drive of a new Christian organization than from the diplomatic efforts of a Wesleyan who had at heart the recognition of the Wesleyans by the Anglicans, who were in turn achieving a measure of recognition by the Orthodox Church, this Church being recognized by the Holy See as possessing valid Orders. The General pointed out that in not considering that the sacraments are essentials of Salvation, he had with him some of the most eminent members of the English Episcopal bench. With reference to our Lord's intention to institute them as permanent ceremonies in the Church, he replied that there were other ordinances, apparently commands of a similar character, which the Church had universally agreed in not observing. The most striking example was the command to wash one another's feet: “I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done to you. If I your Lord and Master have washed your feet, ye should also wash one another's feet.”

Then he stated his objection: "We have found the existing notions with reference to these ordinances seriously interfering with the inculcation of right views of penitence and holy living. Men and women are constantly in danger of putting their trust in ordinances, and thinking that baptized communicants are in a secure position, no matter how inconsistently they are living . . . We attach great importance to that wonderful statement of John the Baptist, 'I indeed baptize you with water . . . but . . . He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.'"

The last serious attack which Booth had to meet came from the lay intelligentsia, the Victorian scientists and social reformers. It developed as the social work of the Salvation Army grew in importance. Although he was essentially a divinitarian—to use a word invented by a Catholic writer to distinguish from non-believing humanitarians those men whose love for their fellows is inspired by the love of God—Booth decided that it is no use trying to give a man spiritual food so long as his belly is empty. Throughout his life he exerted all his powers to maintain the emphasis upon the work of changing men's hearts, but he also elaborated several schemes of social regeneration through which the Army has rescued countless human derelicts.

There is one kind of social reclamation which has earned for itself the term 'Rescue Work.' This was pre-eminently a field for the Army's efforts. The work was started in a small way by an excellent couple, the Cottrills. Cottrill was a baker and converts' sergeant in the Army. His wife turned the front room of their little Whitechapel home into a temporary shelter for girls. The good woman won their confidence and affection and soon the work was hampered for lack of space. In view of the importance of the work, it was decided that the Cottrills should move, and that the work should be placed

in the charge of the wife of Bramwell Booth, who was now married.

Mrs. Bramwell would speak to her husband all night of the terrible facts which she learned in the course of her work. Her daughter says: "It was more possible to speak of the things of which she had to tell under the friendly shelter of darkness." She persuaded Bramwell to investigate for himself, and he "wandered about some neighbourhoods *incog*." After three weeks, he wrote to his wife: "It has seemed, many a time, a sin to *think* even of my precious one at all—but my heart when sickened and appalled has turned to you and worshipped, in gratitude to God, the spotless purity and tender love which are yours and yet are mine also . . . because I feel you will have wondered whether this dreadful familiarity with things of which I knew nearly nothing may not have hurt the pureness of mind which you love in me as I love it in you. I think not—I have been *kept*."

The vice question was specially engaging the public attention at this time. Josephine Butler was fighting for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts, and W. T. Stead, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, was agitating for a Bill to raise the age of consent. The corruption of little girls and their sale for immoral purposes had specially shocked Bramwell. He appealed to his friend Stead, and for weeks Stead came over to Bramwell's office in the evenings, and after they had prayed together for half an hour or more, they would sally forth on their investigations, sometimes assisted by a converted brothel-keeper.

Finally, they hatched a plot which should rouse public opinion to a sense of the reality of the evil which they were combating. The converted brothel-keeper, Rebecca Jarrett, arranged with Stead to purchase a girl under thirteen. A shiftless couple, called Armstrong, parted with their

daughter Elisa to Jarrett, who had made inquiries in the neighbourhood through a friend with whom she had worked in the recesses of Claridge's Hotel. Elisa was taken to a midwife who certified her *virgo intacta*. She was given chloroform, which was ineffectively administered. Stead entered the room, and she woke up, and shouted "There's a man in the room." She was hurried out of the country through Bramwell's assistance and was brought up in the care of Salvationists in France. Stead published the story in the *Pall Mall Gazette* under the title *The Maiden Tribute to Modern Babylon*. It caused an enormous sensation and doubled the circulation of his paper. Opinion was divided between those who considered Stead a stunter and notoriety hunter, actuated by an unhealthy interest in the vices he was denouncing, and those to whom he was a genuine crusader against a cruel social evil. Such was the popular excitement that on two or three occasions top-hatted City merchants, strolling with their children, were attacked by a mob shouting 'Immoral purposes!' and an elderly gentleman, walking with his thirteen-year-old daughter, was followed and arrested by two plain-clothes policemen.

Stead and Bramwell saw that if they failed to get the legislation through after all the excitement they had aroused, a generation might pass before another effort would be possible. A gigantic demonstration was staged in Hyde Park. The French jurist, Hector France, has described the meeting of about 250,000 people *sur les vastes pelouses, entre les arbres biséculaires* of the park. Every sort of temperance and social purity league was waving its banners. W. T. Stead was borne in a chariot through the crowds.

Groups of merry young women and lads twitted the girl standard-bearers, suggesting that their virtue was not equal to the honour of their office; a bevy of drunken prostitutes

tried to storm a carload of temperance ladies who beat them off with umbrellas. From a neighbouring carriage an orator inveighed against the morals of the whole House of Lords and the Prince of Wales, who was no better than a Frenchman. France was solemnly and categorically accused of having corrupted England, and Paris was denounced as the sink of every vice.

As the sun went down, carriage-loads of *Innocents*, robed in white and garlanded with flowers, were drawn in procession to the Marble Arch, surrounded by a gay medley of roughs, drunken prostitutes and vendors of obscene pamphlets. The smaller girls, smiling with delight at the festival, waved their handkerchiefs and blew kisses to the crowd, while the older girls stood erect, gazing round them large-eyed, as though wondering about all the things they had heard.

The Booths took no part in this demonstration. Throughout, the General stood somewhat aloof from Bramwell's purity campaign; he definitely disliked Bramwell's close association with Stead. Although Stead had been one of the first men to champion the Army in the press, Booth always kept him somewhat at a distance. Stead was a social campaigner first and a Christian afterwards, and Booth never quite trusted him. As the Armstrong case developed, he regretted still more that Bramwell had become involved in it.

Stead's publicity methods achieved their purpose in legislation, but the results were not so good for the parents of Elisa, who were taunted by their neighbours with having sold their daughter to pimps. Whatever Mrs. Armstrong may have thought, when she handed Elisa over to Jarrett, she had not bargained for all this publicity. If she thought the girl was wanted for an immoral purpose, that purpose had not been carried out. Anyway, she felt she had been tricked, and she

decided that Stead and his friends ought to return Elisa to her mother. She called on Bramwell, and demanded her daughter.

Bramwell felt that the Army had acquired a moral obligation towards Elisa, but he did not say to the mother that she was not fit to have the care of Elisa; instead, he said that he and his friends had incurred great expense over the child, and demanded £100 as reimbursement. "Not a penny less than a hundred pounds," said Bramwell, and went on signing his papers, when Mrs. Armstrong said that £5 was the largest sum of which she had any experience, and that since he claimed to have acted in the name of Jesus, he should apply to Him for the out-of-pocket expenses. Elisa wrote an affectionate letter home from the Dauphiné, containing the artless verses :

"As I was lying in my bed,  
Some little thoughts passed through my head.  
I thought of one, I thought of two,  
But more than all I thought of you."

The receipt of a letter may have caused Mrs. Armstrong to feel that the conspirators were weakening. She returned to the charge, and succeeded in recovering her daughter, and a payment of fifty shillings, this sum being double the wages which had been agreed with Jarrett. Bramwell also offered to pay a doctor's fee to have the girl examined, but Mrs. Armstrong said she was perfectly satisfied with her daughter's account of her experiences.

Mrs. Armstrong's success in attaining her practical ends sharpened rather than assuaged her thirst to obtain satisfaction for the wounds to her dignity. When she handed over her daughter to Jarrett, she may have been careless about the girl's ultimate fate, but she had stipulated that Elisa should write home a weekly letter; the payment she had received was trivial for a virgin, and she felt that she had done nothing

which entitled Bramwell and Stead to treat her as a woman who had sold her daughter into debauchery. *Lloyd's News* was jealous of the success of its rival, and exploited the ill-will of the Armstrongs. The machinery of the law was set in motion; Stead, Bramwell, Rebecca Jarrett, Miss Coombes the Salvationist who took Elisa to France, and the midwife were arrested, and in due course appeared at the Old Bailey on the charges of abduction of a minor, indecent assault, and the administration of narcotics. Crowds thronged all the streets near the Court. The purity campaigners were unpopular. Dragged from an ordinary cab, and rescued by the police, Bramwell was glad of the security of a 'Black Maria' on his subsequent visits to the Old Bailey.

Mrs. Booth was frantic that her son should find himself under such an odious charge. She rushed about the country, interviewed the prominent, telegraphed at great length to Queen Victoria. The General did his best to put a brake on these activities. "You must be careful," he wrote, "there's some sort of a threat to bring an action for libel and damages against all concerned for asserting that Mrs. Armstrong sold her child . . . Anything like votes of sympathy of Soldiers or anybody else with Superior Officers is unwise and prejudicial to discipline . . . Anyway it does not seem dignified for an Army meeting to sympathize with the Army." He hated all this litigation, and the time it consumed; the best thing they could do was to get on with their work.

Bramwell was acquitted on the ground that he had believed that the Armstrongs had parted with their child willingly, and for the purpose of her obtaining employment at Claridge's Hotel, however difficult such belief may be to reconcile with his attitude to Elisa's parents. Stead got three months; Jarrett, to the mortification of the conspirators, got six months; Mourez, the woman who examined Elisa, and certified her

*virgo intacta* was convicted on the additional charge of corrupt conduct, and was given six months with hard labour. On the Queen's intervention Stead was made a first-class misdemeanant; Rebecca Jarrett resumed her work in the Army with a faint aura of martyrdom to add to her prestige, but no-one troubled to extend any sympathy to Mourez, the one victim of this frame-up, after she had done her hard labour.

In the end, Bramwell's association with the Maiden Tribute affair enhanced the Army's prestige, and gave a great impulse to its social work. Even the evangelical philanthropist, Lord Shaftesbury, who had demonstrated in Booth's early days that the letters in Booth's name produced 666, the number of the Beast, relaxed his hostility.

John Manson, who has written an able attack on the Army, suggests that its social work has been pushed in order to obtain funds from the public which other religious bodies obtain from their own members. He succeeds in showing that the officers, *i.e.*, the whole-time workers in the Army, are not supported by the privates, whom he compares with the lay members of a congregation. This line of criticism would be justified if the Salvation Army were a sect, that is a religious community professing a special doctrine, which appoints officers and erects buildings for the purpose of worshipping within the terms of that doctrine. But the Army is not a sect; it is a Christian mission, established on as wide a doctrinal basis as possible. Foreign missions of all denominations are mainly supported by the contributions from the home country. The Salvation Army is a militant mission to the heathen of Great Britain.

General Booth had in a supreme degree the leader's quality of calling out self-sacrifice in his followers. His ruthlessness in this respect may have owed something to his early training



as a pawnbroker, but he owed his success to his soldiers' knowledge that if he was hard with them he was no less hard with himself throughout the long years of his work. In the days of the Christian Mission, he discovered that his family by going without pudding and putting the cost of what they had not eaten in a box, could provide quite a tidy little sum by the end of a week. This principle became the basis of the famous Self-Denial week, whereby Salvationists throughout the world raise about £1,000,000 each year through their own sacrifices and those of their sympathizers. Herr Hitler applied the same principle with great success throughout Germany to provide funds for the relief of the needy.

In 1890, Booth published a book which described the main features of the social work of the Army, and in which he asked for £100,000 to develop the work in the future. It was called *In Darkest England and the Way Out*. As frontispiece, it had a folding coloured print like the coloured print *The Broad and Narrow Way*, which illustrates the path of sin leading past theatre, beer-garden, gambling-house, Sunday train to hell, and the path of virtue which leads past Sunday School, deaconesses' institute, through meadows in which children play sea-saw, under a rainbow to the Celestial City. At the foot of Booth's print is a stormy sea. The waves in which a mass of humanity is floundering, are labelled Despair, Misery, Drunkenness, Workhouses, Harlots, Betting, Rape, Breweries, Treadmill, Infanticide, Want, Wife desertion, Profanity, Jack the Ripper, &c. In the centre is a lighthouse labelled Salvation, and in its rays are the words "The City Colony. Hope for All." Above the lighthouse, little round pictures illustrate the city work of the Army. A soldier is bearing food to a long table at a cheap-food depot; a man is slouching in at a shelter; a woman soldier is welcoming two girls in wide-brimmed hats to a rescue-home; a soldier at a desk is taking

particulars from a matronly woman at an inquiry office; father and mother are holding out their hands to a young girl on her knees—children returned to parents. A little higher are workers making match-boxes, carpentering, building. The top third of the picture illustrates the goal to which all these activities are to lead, the Farm Colony. It was Booth who started the cry "Back to the Land," and there is a small picture of a cottage, five acres and a cow. At the top of the picture steamers are leaving—"Emigration for domestic servants," "Emigration to Canada, U.S.A. and all parts of the world"—a land on the top right-hand corner of the picture; while at the top centre is a country with the sun setting in glory behind it called "The Colony Across the Sea." The colony across the sea remained Booth's dream for the rest of his life. It was to be composed entirely of Salvationists, a heavenly kingdom on earth. Its site varied, as his hopes were raised by pro-consuls or empire builders; but although the Army did important work in assisting emigration, the colony of Booth's dreams never materialized.

The book opens by demanding for broken-down humanity the standard of the London cab horse. "When in the streets of London a cab horse, weary or careless or stupid, trips and falls and lies stretched out in the midst of the traffic, there is no question of debating how he came to stumble before we try to get him on his legs again . . . It may have been through overwork or underfeeding, or it may have been all his own fault that he has broken his knees and smashed the shafts . . . Merely in order to prevent an obstruction in the traffic, all attention is concentrated upon the question of how we are to get him on his legs again . . . Every cab horse in London has three things: a shelter for the night, food for its stomach, and work allotted to it by which it can earn its corn."

Booth was horrified by the anonymity of city life. The

artisan, suddenly depleted of his funds by one of the many accidents of life, the widow suddenly called upon to face life without the support of her man, rarely find the neighbourly help which may see a good man or woman through a crisis in a village. What was wanted was a 'Household Salvage Brigade' which would bring the same intelligence and co-operation to the mutual wants of each that prevails in the small community. Booth hated waste in any form, and a chapter in the book is devoted to a scheme for utilizing all the material that goes to waste in a great city, a theme which moves him almost to poetry: "But the waste bones of London; who collects them? I see, as in a vision, barge loads upon barge loads of bones floating down the Thames to the great Bone Factory." Like several of the other lines of endeavour in this book, Labour Bureaus, Industrial Schools, this line of work has since been undertaken by public authority.

But there is one sort of social salvage, in which public authority can do little, and in which the Army has been pre-eminent in the last half-century—restoring self-respect and reputation to men and women who have lost them. There are many benevolent persons who are willing to give a new start in life to a gaol-bird or to a prostitute; but they are shy, or do not know how to set about it, or they are frightened to take the risk. At the prison gates the Salvationist is waiting to give the discharged prisoner a helping hand back to citizenship; its homes have been for many a prostitute the first step to a useful existence. For a course of work at an Army shelter is a now recognized means whereby a social outcast can get a 'character,' and resume his place in the routine of industrial life.

The Army activities soon provoked the hostility of what we now call organized labour. The trade unions accused the Army of undercutting and sweating, and although

these charges were refuted, the hostility persisted. It was the same kind of resentment as that of the much-tried labourers who worked in the vineyard throughout the heat of the day, and received the same pay from their arbitrary master as those who began work in the late afternoon. Men who had not yielded to human weaknesses, and who had kept the ranks, sometimes in the face of great difficulties, felt that their greater efforts or better fortune were discounted, when those who had fallen out were picked up by an officious ambulance and restored to compete with their fellows reinvigorated by a ride. Those who think it very funny that a bricklayer considers himself socially superior to a window-cleaner, while they see nothing funny in a Guards officer despising an officer of the line, will not easily appreciate with what jealousy families, who day by day have to strike their compromise between taking enjoyments within reach in their own life and securing an ampler life for their children, see their fallen rivals competing again with the help of outside aid. A pauper or a prisoner is almost only a consumer; therefore, to the workman he seems to be not a competitor, but actually a patron. It is so easy to fail to see that behind the prisoner's or the pauper's consumption there stands a large volume of 'capital' which has been diverted from ordinary channels in which it would have employed independent workmen who are far more effective consumers than those who have lost their freedom. A man who is restored to a trade out of which he has dropped, intensifies the competition in that trade, but eases it in all the trades whose products he buys.

Booth's success in raising the £100,000 also provoked the hostility of the scientific sociologists. Their most formidable spokesman, T. H. Huxley, had acquired first-hand knowledge of social evils as a medical officer in East London, but his attitude to the question was summed up in the complacent

statement that "Undoubtedly harlotry and intemperance are sore evils, and starvation is hard to bear, or even to know of." He blandly accepted "That a certain proportion of the members of every great aggregation of mankind should constantly tend to establish and populate such a Slough of Despond is inevitable, so long as some people are by nature idle and vicious, while others are disabled by sickness or accident, or thrown upon the world by the death of their bread-winners."

In the arm-chairs of the Athenæum, Huxley and his friends elaborated the comfortable philosophy of *laissez faire*, a euphemism by virtue of which they settled down to the enjoyment of the fruits of their fathers' labours, and, extending the principle to natural science, they attributed all the wonders of the universe and life itself to the fortuitous combinations of atoms—the philosophy which Lucretius expressed with melancholy grandeur in the summer of the Roman Empire.

But their averages and statistics took no account of the fact that the slough may be drained by the efforts of a man like Booth, until it is a fertile field, or it may be left to spread and stagnate until it pollutes the whole land.

Huxley's attack was launched as a series of letters to *The Times* which he afterwards collected for Macmillan's to publish in book form. There is an affectation of absence of expert knowledge, which, offset by the imprimatur of the august newspaper and publisher, amounts to no more than an assertion of Olympian detachment from the 'corybantic Christianity' whose leader Huxley is attacking. To his contemporaries the urbanity of style might mask the malice of certain references that are hardly relevant to the main issue; but as the style was merely that of contemporary fashion, it seems dowdy and pretentious now, and the ill-nature of Huxley's jeering references to the Maiden Tribute and the Eagle Tavern cases obtrudes unpleasantly.

The Eagle was the most famous pleasure resort in East London, and the pleasures it offered were the subject of many popular rhymes:

Up and down the City Road  
In and out the Eagle,  
That's the way the money goes,  
Pop goes the weasel.\*

In the trellised bowers of a spacious garden behind this tavern its patrons could forget the dust and din of commerce while they enjoyed the endearments of ladies who were on easy terms with the management.

In 1883, seven years before Huxley's attack, Booth decided to secure this domain of the devil and turn it to God's use. The transfer caused a sensation, but Booth was not allowed to enjoy his triumph unchallenged. He had acquired the licence to sell intoxicants, and if he did not exercise the licence its renewal would be jeopardized to the detriment of the lessor. In the course of the protracted litigation that ensued, the judge of first instance made certain remarks on Booth's conduct of the negotiations, which accorded rather with popular prejudice in the case than with judicial impartiality; Huxley quotes these observations with relish and in the security attaching to any libel emanating from an officer of justice. The end of the matter was that Booth let off part of the building as a public-house, but *William Booth* was the licensed victualler whose name adorned the 'pub' doorway.

Huxley's chief criticism was directed against the despotic character of the Army organization and finance. Booth had throughout the country ten thousand men who were at his absolute command. Huxley compared the Army with the Society of Jesus, for the name 'Jesuit' was still as much a term of abuse in England then as the name 'Bolshevik' is

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\* Pop=to pawn; weasel=watch.

to-day. Actually, the Jesuit Order, whose General is elected, has a constitution which is democratic compared with that of the Army. Huxley's knowledge of history was sufficient to show that such societies, even when founded by men of lofty aim and noble nature, have fallen under the rule of greedy hypocrites or blatant tyrants, who have perverted the founder's aims within an astonishingly short period of his death. In short, he regarded the Salvation Army as a menace to the liberty of Englishmen, and as a secret society which might become a powerful ally of those forces which were working for the overthrow of society.

There was one branch of the Army's activities about which Huxley was moved specially to warn the public. Through its contacts with the outcast all over the world, it had been remarkably successful in restoring lost relations to their families, and it was no less zealous in tracking down those who had no wish to hear again from persons with whom they had once been intimate. One such case was reported triumphantly in *The War Cry*. "We hunted up the man, followed him to the country, threatened him with public exposure, and forced from him the payment to his victim of £60 down, an allowance of £1 a week, and an insurance policy on his life of £450 in her favour." In suggesting that organized blackmail was an Army recreation, Huxley was making an irresistible appeal to his respectable fellow-citizens.

He alleged that the Army employed similar methods to victimize any soldier who left its ranks. He described quite correctly the hard terms of service under which the field officer had to work. Ten per cent. of all local collections, the whole collection on the first Sunday of each month, the proceeds of any special meetings which Headquarters called for, had to be sent to divisional headquarters. The local captain had to pay the rent, light, heating, and repairs of his hall; he

was taxed at so many copies of *The War Cry* each week, which he had to pay for, sold or unsold. If, after meeting all these expenses, he had twenty-five shillings left at the end of the week, he might keep them, but he might not keep more; and while he had to send in any surplus to headquarters, he had no claim to arrears of pay. If he got his hall clear of debt, the General had the right to mortgage it at any time, and put the local corps under a rent charge again. And, as if all this were not hard enough to bear, old campaigners had to endure the insufferable patronage of the young Booths in what was simply a family concern. Huxley quoted one such malcontent and added: "I would particularly ask intending contributors to Mr. Booth's army chest to contrast the pure simplicity of his plain tale with the artificial pietism and slobbering unction of the letters which Mr. Ballington Booth addresses to his 'dear boy' (a married man apparently older than himself), so long as the said 'dear boy' is facing brickbats and starvation as per order."

The answer to Huxley's charges was, that hard though the conditions of service were, few soldiers left the Army, and even of the two or three malcontents whom he quotes one returned to devote the rest of his life to it. The conditions were made quite clear on the form of enrolment, and if loyalty was maintained after the first enthusiasm had worn off, such devotion could be inspired only by selfless devotion at the top.

It was General Booth's principle to ignore criticism, but he felt that Huxley's attack upon the Army finances must be met. He invited *The Times* to appoint a Committee of Investigation. The members of this committee included Walter Long, Sydney Buxton, and the President of the Institute of Chartered Accountants. Lord Onslow was chairman, and Mr. Charles Hobhouse honorary secretary. The committee found: "During the twenty-seven years (including the Christian



Mission) the Army has been in existence the General has not drawn any income from its funds; nor has he derived, nor arranged to derive, either for himself or for any member of his family, any material profit or benefit from the working of the Social Scheme.

“He has set aside the entire profits of his book *In Darkest England*, amounting to £7838, for the benefit of the Funds.” The report went on to state that every item of expense was vouched for in a business-like manner, and that the accounts were audited by a firm of high standing; that none of the moneys contributed to the Social Scheme had been used for the support of the spiritual side of the Army; that no travelling expenses of the members of the Army had been borne by the Fund, neither had any member of the Booth family drawn any sums for their personal use from it. The report concluded: “Some members of Mr. Booth’s family draw salaries from the Spiritual Wing of the Salvation Army and a list was put in from which it appears that Mr. Booth himself has received nothing from either side of the Salvation Army. He has a small income partly settled on him by a personal friend and partly derived from the sale of his literary works, the amount and nature of which he explained to the committee, and which seemed to them commensurate with the maintenance of his personal establishment.”

## CHAPTER VIII

### GENTLEMEN AND LADIES

HAVING followed the Army through persecution to its recognition as a national institution, we will go back to the family in Hackney.

In 1881, an advertisement appeared in *The Christian* stating that Mrs. Booth sought a young lady having a knowledge of French, who would accompany her daughter to France as a companion. The advertisement was seen by a young lady, Florence Soper, whose father, a doctor in Wales, had sent her to school in London, and who but the Sunday before had been taken with the other girls in the top form to hear Mrs. Booth preach at the Steinway Hall. At the end of the sermon, which was the last of a series, those who had received blessing were invited by Mrs. Booth to testify, and Florence found herself on her feet, saying with much trembling that she had never before understood what serving Christ meant, but that she wished to give herself to Jesus, and would Mrs. Booth pray for her. Mrs. Booth said a few kind words, but the headmistress, perhaps feeling that her action in giving the girls the uncommon experience of hearing a woman preach might lead her into difficulties, hastily collected her flock and left the building.

Dr. Soper was indeed much upset when he heard that Florence was interested in the work of the Salvationists, whom he considered as vulgar eccentrics, quite unfit to be the companions of his daughter; but her father's attitude counted for nothing when Florence, who excelled at French, caught sight of the providential advertisement. She answered it, was

asked to call, and satisfied Mrs. Booth as to her suitability. One morning, as she was entering the house to discuss with Mrs. Booth how she should obtain her father's consent, Bramwell, hurrying to his office, passed her on the doorstep. He noticed that the cornflowers in her hat matched the blue of her eyes, and the picture of her recurred to him during the day. It was the first time he had noticed a woman since, in deference to his parents' wishes, he had broken off relations with a Hallelujah lass of Whitechapel some two years ago. In the evening he asked his mother who the caller had been, and the question did not pass unnoticed.

Kate Booth, on whose behalf the advertisement had been inserted, undertook to visit Blainau in order to secure the consent of Florence's father. In this she was successful, subject to the proviso that Florence should accompany her in a personal capacity only, and not join the Army. Kate was the most remarkable of the Booth girls. She had begun street-preaching at the age of thirteen. Before she was seventeen she was conducting evangelistic campaigns lasting three weeks or a month in various parts of the country. She had a genius for the key phrase which would turn the ringleader of a gang of roughs into a champion of her own. In a northern town about two hundred blades had occupied the whole gallery of her hall, determined to nullify the effects of her eloquence. For about ten minutes she spoke, ignoring insults and obscene catcalls. Then she paused a moment. Suddenly her silvery voice filled the building, as she sang:

"The rocks and the mountains will all flee away,  
And you will need a hiding-place that day."

There was a faint note of mocking caress, as she looked straight at the toughs. They felt their knees weaken under them, coughed and shuffled uneasily. Before she had finished

the song there was complete silence. She spoke for forty minutes to the fifteen hundred people in the hall, and called for volunteers to begin the new life. "I'll make one!" shouted a great husky from the gallery, and he was followed by thirty others to the penitent-form.

Her father was always glad to have her at hand at a difficult meeting. "Put on Katie," he said; "she's our last card. If she fails we'll close the meeting." He named her his Blücher, which name may have satisfied the father better than the daughter.

Kate was now twenty-three. In view of the strange notions which then prevailed in England regarding the habits of the French, the decision to send Kate to France was as courageous as it was imaginative, and it was wholeheartedly supported by Kate's mother, despite the warnings of the Countess Cairns and other friends. Her father or mother may have known that unwanted attentions are rarely pressed on a girl in a city; what was needed was the spirit to persist in the face of indifference and the amused, sometimes embittered curiosity of the most hard-boiled proletariat in the world. Without the capital of confidence won by her victories in England, even the most ardent religious faith would not have carried her through the long weeks before her first convert was made; if she had not been a Booth, the discouragement of applying to headquarters for the essential funds to carry on would have weighed upon her spirit even more heavily than it did.

It was a hot evening, and the Belleville hearties who had turned up for the sport of baiting the *Capitaine* were even more uproarious than usual. A beefy virago, known as 'the devil's wife,' was in specially good form; with arms akimbo she cheered on a small group who were beginning to dance. The situation seemed hopeless when the *Capitaine*

had an idea. "My friends," she shouted, "I will give you twenty minutes to dance, if you will then give me twenty minutes to speak. Are you agreed?" A tall, dark workman, who had been most regular in his attendance, and was the accepted ringleader, said: "Citizens, it is only fair play," and the bargain was accepted. The same man, standing, watch in hand, shouted "Time's up!" when the twenty minutes were over. Catherine held the audience for an hour and twenty minutes. The workman who had come to her help had been sitting motionless at the back of the hall, staring vacantly before him; when she finished, he remained where he was, while the others went out of the hall. Kate went to speak to him, and the conversation is thus recorded by her biographer, Dr. James Strahan:

"Thank you," said the Capitaine, "you have helped me to-night. Have you understood what I have been saying?"

"I believe that you believe what you say."

"Oh! of course I believe."

"Well, I was not sure before." He sighed, and then asked, "Have you time to listen?"

"Yes, certainly."

It was midnight, and they were alone, as he told her his story in a soft voice. "I had the happiest home in all Paris. I married the woman I loved, and after twelve months a little boy came to our home. Three weeks after, my wife lost her reason, and now she is in an asylum. But there was still my little boy. He was a beautiful child. We ate together, slept together, walked and talked together. He was all the world to me. He was the first to greet me in the morning, and the first to welcome me in the evening when I came home from work. This went on till the sixth year struck, and then . . ." His lips twitched and he turned his face away. Katie softly said, "He died." "And then," continued the man, "I went

to the devil. Before the open grave, with hundreds of my comrades about me, I lifted my hand to heaven and cried, 'If there be a God, let Him strike me dead.' "

"But He did not strike you dead? "

"No."

"He is very gentle and patient with us all. And now you have come here to-night. Does it not seem to you a strange thing that you out of all the millions of France, and I out of all the millions of England, should be alone together here at midnight? How do you account for it? Isn't it because God thought of you and loves you? . . . Do you ever pray? "

"I pray? Oh, never! Perhaps I prayed as a child, but never now."

Catherine knelt and prayed for the two of them. It was indeed a double prayer, for she felt that her work in France was at stake. If she failed now to gain this man's soul, her courage to go on would be exhausted. When she opened her eyes, she saw tears on his cheeks.

For seven years the man was her best helper. His conversion was soon followed by that of 'the devil's wife,' who a few evenings later knocked down a man for saying an obscene word to the Capitaine. The conversion of these two stalwarts caused a sensation in the neighbourhood. Soon the English girl was holding large audiences in the toughest quarter of Paris, and no-one even mocked her foreign accent.

The next step was to produce a French version of *The War Cry*. The right title had to be found. The Capitaine's first idea was to call it *Amour*, but she was dissuaded from a decision which would have meant her crying "Amour, un sou," on the Paris boulevards. The Capitaine then hit on the title *En Avant*, the most successful of the many titles which *The War Cry* has found abroad. Cederström has caught in a famous picture the indulgent look of a

sprawling workman who is distributing an enormous body on a tiny chair in a *bistro*, as the Capitaine approaches through the doorway, pale and ethereal, carrying a bundle of *En Avants*. Once a stroller with whom Kate got into conversation, hopefully asked for an assignation. "*Devant le trône de Dieu,*" answered Kate, and he went away quickly.

Florence Soper had not kept her promise to her father about not doing Army work quite strictly, and the Booths did not take human pledges seriously where they conflicted with the work of God; but Florence, as a new recruit, did not preach or pray in public. She performed with zest the more humble tasks of selling *En Avant* and parading the boulevards between a sandwich poster.

Bramwell, to whom Kate had introduced the girl with the cornflower eyes before they left, had been giving her much thought. For some time before he had met Florence he had been corresponding with his mother on the question of marriage. Indeed, all the women of the family were much exercised about this question, and used to correspond about it frequently. His mother wrote to him "All you want now is a wife, one with you in soul with whom you could commune . . . God will find you one, and I shall help Him . . . and you will feel twice the man.

"As soon as you are prepared to give one a due amount of consideration and *time* I will find you one. There *are* just such loving sensible devoted women as you need, but then *such* women want a husband in return and not a working machine."

When the Chief of Staff suggested that he ought to pay a visit to Paris, as the work was developing, some of his family smiled. He told Kate, when they were alone the first evening, that he had deliberated and prayed about his feelings for Florence during the previous six months,

and that he believed that their marriage, if she would accept him, would have the divine blessing. Later in the evening Kate told Florence that she might have to make up her mind on an important matter in the near future, and that if she took a certain course it would give great joy to Kate.

Nevertheless this hint conveyed nothing to Florence, who has recorded: "I had never looked upon Bramwell Booth as an ordinary mortal, which indeed he was not . . . When he made the revelation that he had chosen me after a time of careful consideration, I had the greatest surprise of my life . . .

"I listened to him without making any remark. I remember my heart began to beat violently and I was conscious that my view of him radically changed. He had always seemed to me to be on a platform of holiness and service infinitely above me, like some angelic being, but in those few moments he became human, a man who had suffered, who was lonely.

"When at last I was compelled to speak, I rose and went close to him and while speaking took hold of a button of his coat, which button I found wrapped in white paper some months after we were married."

When Bramwell got back, he went to see the doctor at Blainau. Dr. Soper thought it was a friendly visit to talk about his daughter's work in Paris; when he gathered that Bramwell was asking for his daughter in marriage, he was too much surprised to do more than to make some general observations to the effect that Florence had no dowry, and that Bramwell could talk to his wife, Florence's stepmother. Bramwell left, convinced that while the old gentleman was much grieved at the prospect of losing his daughter, he had quite accepted the matter in principle. He wrote to Florence in a tone of complacent pity for her father: "The Doctor



was quite *sad*, and I felt like a thief and robber entering the fold to steal the best of the flock."

Bramwell's mistaken optimism was due to two causes. He did not understand that a quiet man would simply avoid argument with someone who was distasteful to him, on a matter about which he felt deeply; and, not realizing that this country doctor knew nothing about the Booths' feelings about themselves as the leaders of a great movement, he had no idea of the horror with which the doctor had heard his proposal.

The Army in London had for some time been attracting persons of family and education who felt called to devote themselves to altruistic work; and, as has been the case from the time of the early Christians onwards, the ladies so attracted were more numerous than the gentlemen. This excess did not much trouble General Booth, for, as Mr. Ervine puts it, "some of them would wive with his sons."

Mrs. Booth, after addressing a fashionable congregation, would be greeted with honeyed inquiries from charmingly earnest young creatures who had heard the eloquence of the younger generation, after the really too marvellous Ballington or the too divine Bramwell. Unfamiliar with the easy phrases of lionizing ladies, the fond mother imagined that her glorious sons need but condescend to the drawing-rooms of Mayfair to have their pick of wealth and beauty. She had approved Bramwell's choice, because Florence Soper seemed to be sincerely devoted to the cause, but in accepting the daughter of a country doctor as the betrothed of her eldest son she felt she had made but one more sacrifice of the world's prizes on behalf of Bramwell.

Mrs. Booth wrote the Doctor a letter which was kind, but firm. It was foolish to resist in a matter which was of God; that it must be of God she believed because for years she had

prayed in faith that God would save her boy from being influenced in such a choice by any consideration other than His glory and Kingdom. Remembering the dazzling heiresses from whom he had been saved: "If I were at liberty to tell you the temptations (from a worldly point of view) from which he has been delivered, you would be not a little surprised."

At last Dr. Soper gave a grudging consent. The bride requested that the wedding should be quiet; but the marriage of the Chief of Staff, the eldest son of the General, was an occasion on which no such personal wish could be entertained. The wedding was an Army occasion, attended by over five thousand soldiers, who paid a shilling each for admittance. Dr. Soper was present, too, and, as his granddaughter observes in her *Life of Bramwell*, he "must have experienced conflicting emotions when the brass band marched down Linscott Road to meet the bride and bridegroom, returning at their head and playing them into the hall."

The General used to mingle playfulness with serious admonition on these occasions. When marrying a leading Commissioner, he gave his wife a resounding kiss, and said "I like my own best." Such roguish family banter makes us wince as much as our grandparents winced at obscenity; but to Booth the whole Army was his family, and the simple soldiers rocked with mirth at these sallies. There was something more pertinent than Barriesque archness, when he made Bramwell flush with uneasy regret for the Hallelujah lass, as he put the jocular question to the bridegroom "You have not been married before, I suppose?"

In his address the General gave frank expression to what was uppermost in his mind, as he married his eldest son: "In this union we have a further pledge as to the permanence of this movement . . . People are saying, 'What will happen when the General is gone?' By the blessing of God, although

the generalship of the Army is in no sense hereditary . . . nevertheless, after the General, the son would step into his place; and, should he do so, there would rally round him, I believe, as cordially and as thoroughly the hearts of the thousands and tens of thousands composing this organization as they have rallied round me."

Then he expressed the misgivings, the unconscious resentment, which he was already feeling, that power must pass from his hands to the generation which would succeed him. "By and by, another race of warriors will arise . . . They won't push us out of the field—no, we will fight to the last—but as the colours fall from our hands we will welcome them to come and take them up and bear them along."

In the meantime Ballington had lost his heart in White-chapel, but to the daughter of an Anglican clergyman, not to a native. Maud Charlesworth was the daughter of a Christian gentleman who had allowed his rectory garden to be used by the members of the Christian Mission at a time when the magistrates would not allow them to meet in the streets. Booth's methods had never been entirely to his taste, and he stated in a pamphlet which he printed later for private circulation, in order to refute false statements which the Booths had circulated in the course of the dispute over his daughter, that when the Christian Mission was changed to the Salvation Army, he "observed a great deterioration in its character."

He was therefore distressed when his sixteen-year-old daughter began to take a keen interest in the work of the Army, and to prefer the society of the Booth family to that of her own. His attitude was naturally shared by Mrs. Charlesworth, but after her death the rector found it necessary to print in his private pamphlet a letter from his late wife, in order to refute allegations which the Booths had "made public in newspaper letters and plat-

form addresses that she thrust our child Maud on the Booth family, and that it was her wish that Maud should unite herself to the Army for life as an officer, and even that it had been her dying desire that she should marry one of Mr. Booth's sons, on which pretence he came to me and claimed her hand in marriage . . . I was by her bedside with my three children the whole of the last week of her life. Not one word was ever said justifying any of these assertions; on the contrary, I have the letters during the last six months of her life. The separation of her child from her father, her sisters, and the home and Church of her youth, would have been abhorrent to her." He quotes the following letter, written by Mrs. Charlesworth in July, 1881: "Do not come home too full of the Booths and the Army. I do so hope you will try to keep your mind from being taken up with this one subject. I have not called on Mrs. Booth, and I do not think we are likely to know any of the Booths."

Fourteen months later Mr. Charlesworth had occasion to write to William Booth from the Lake District, to express his concern that his daughter's affections had been "called forth towards a gentleman, much her senior in years who occupies a prominent position in the Salvation Army movement. This I could not credit, because any intercourse must have been brief and only at religious meetings. I could not assume that any Christian gentleman would avail himself of such an opportunity to draw forth the affections of a mere child, only sixteen years of age, unknown to her father."

Whether one's sympathies are with the defensive class-consciousness of the rector or with the insurgent class-consciousness of the Booths, the story throws up strongly the case for celibate clergy, since a man's class emotions are most easily roused through his female dependants.

The rector was fighting a losing battle, but he was more

tenacious than Dr. Soper had been. The details make painful reading, and the rector's struggles make Mr. Ervine, who has included in *God's Soldier* the essential portions of Mr. Charlesworth's diary, as impatient as they made the Booths. In answer to the remonstrances of Maud's father Mrs. Booth stated that Ballington was already engaged to be married to a lady with a large fortune, "But when," Mr. Charlesworth records, "I then appealed to Mrs. Booth to tell my child that her son's affections were already engaged, she refused to do it."

Such was the position, when Kate returned for Bramwell's wedding. To Maud the Capitaine was even as wonderful as she had expected Ballington's sister to be. She could never hope to be like Kate, but if she could help her in her work, she might learn something from her example, to fit her to become the helpmate of Ballington. Much as her father disliked the idea of his daughter crying the *Salutiste* literature in the streets of Paris, any arrangement was welcome which would separate her from Ballington, and it was agreed that she should accompany Kate to Paris. Kate was to be paid £100 a year to cover Maud's board and lodging and other expenses. To the rector's dismay the first quarterly payment of £25 was announced prominently in *The War Cry* as a contribution from the Rev. Samuel Beddowe Charlesworth to the funds of the Salvation Army.

Kate returned to Paris with the title Maréchale, and she had not been back long when she received orders to proceed to the conquest of Switzerland. Maud accompanied her to Geneva.

Political exiles of every shade of opinion found a refuge in Geneva at this time, especially anarchist and socialist fugitives from the Czarist regime, and the authorities were most liberal in granting asylum to every sort of crank. Geneva was a kind of club in which these theorists could plot and

plan. It never occurred to any of them to try their nostrums on the Genevèse. When a young Englishwoman, who styled herself *Maréchale* of an *Armée de Salut* called upon the Genevèse to repent, her action roused extraordinary resentment. This resentment was fed by the international traffickers in illicit pleasures who found Geneva as convenient a centre as the international politicians, while the anarchists and communists had that prejudice against any sort of Christianity which has characterized all revolutionaries since the French Revolution.

The *Maréchale* held her first meeting at the Casino on 22nd December, 1882. A band of students, one of whom confessed later, on conversion, that he had been hired by the vice interests at twenty francs a night and unlimited whisky, had taken up key positions, and did their best to break up the meeting. But the *Maréchale's* clear voice rang through every lull in the cat-calls, until at last she had gained the sympathy of a sufficient audience to start a hymn. She sang a French hymn of her own composition, and the slight foreign intonation added a curiously moving appeal to the timbre of her voice:

“Reviens, reviens, pauvre pécheur,  
Ton Père encore t’attend;  
Veux-tu languir loin du bonheur,  
Et pécher plus longtemps?”

At that first meeting she had her penitents at the form.

On Christmas Eve the *Maréchale* addressed a meeting of three thousand persons in the *Salle de la Réformation*, in which the delegates of ninety-five per cent. of the sovereign states of the earth have since protested their devotion to Peace. She had secured her audience by making serious inroads upon the clientèle of cabarets and theatres. Her success stimulated her

opponents to greater efforts, and the brawling became more dangerous and furious. The Maréchale applied for a greater measure of police protection.

Now the République de Genève, which has jealously retained the title of a cantonal republic within the larger republic of the Swiss Confederation, was administered by an intensely conservative patriciate. For the high Genevese the orthodoxy of Calvin was as sacred as any Christian doctrine to a Catholic.

A valiant Calvinist noblewoman wrote to Lord Shaftesbury denouncing the Salutistes in language which any Catholic might employ about heretics: "L'erreur, comme la vérité a ses apôtres; même elle a ses martyres.—Cela change-t-il quelque chose à l'erreur? . . . Et la publicité: Faire remplir les journaux de sa personne, de son nom, de ses actes, de ses gestes!

"Et la vie d'aventures: émeutes, vociférations, allocutions, flots redressés, flots abattus!

"Et parader, et s'étaler!

"Que voulez-vous? . . . Il nous est impossible de nous pâmer devant ces abnégations-la."

This lady's attitude was typical of the *haute bourgeoisie* of Geneva. When the Maréchale's application came before the Grand Council, M. Hérédier, President of the Department of Justice, said: "We have been petitioned to call out a company of gendarmerie to protect these foreigners, and to prevent brawls and rows. I will not consent to take such a step. There are already eight policemen in these places every evening who have a very hard time of it . . . these men might be doing more useful work elsewhere, and I am just about to withdraw them."

Although she was thus delivered to the caprice of the mob, the Maréchale continued to hold meetings of three thousand people, and more; the authorities grew more and

more hostile. They fined some Salvationists for annoying a drunkard in a neighbouring village, by singing so as to interfere with his own song. Finally, a cantonal decree was promulgated forbidding the *exercises de l'Armée de Salut*. The Maréchale appealed to the Grand Council and impressed her lawyer by her technical ability in drafting the document, leaving very little for him to do.

When she appeared before the Geneva Sanhedrin, the senior Councillor said: "You are a young woman; it is not in accordance with our ideas and customs that young women should appear in public. We find it offensive."

Amongst those listening in the public gallery were Mr. Charlesworth and his daughter Maud. He had been increasingly disquieted by the news which reached him in London of disturbances which the Salvationists were causing in Switzerland. In allowing Maud to go abroad with Miss Booth he had, like Dr. Soper, imposed the condition that she should do so in a personal capacity only, and should not join the Army; but he had no confidence that he could rely upon this undertaking.

As he stole a glance at his daughter, who leaned forward slightly, when the Maréchale, an English Portia in her close-fitting uniform, rose to address the Council, he felt utterly alone. Pale, her eyes shining with exultation, Maud was as unconscious of his presence as she was of the Genevese sitting on her right.

He felt even more forsaken, as he saw Maud's cheeks flush with pride when her heroine named her as a comrade in her opening remarks: "Listen to me, I beg of you, sir. It is contrary, you tell me, to your sense of what is right and becoming that young women should preach the Gospel. Now, if Miss Charlesworth and I had come to Geneva to act in one of your theatres, I have no doubt that we should have met



with sympathy and approval from your public . . . We could have dressed in a manner much less modest . . . Members of the Grand Council, Monsieur Hérédier himself and others would have come to see us act; we should have got money. You would have brought your wives and daughters to see us, and they also would have applauded. There would have been nothing to *froisser* you . . . Now you have expelled us; but still there are those multitudes in Geneva who are dark, lost, unsaved; and you know it. There they are; they exist. What will you do with them? Say—what will you do? Are they not a danger? Does not their lost condition cry out against you? ”

The Maréchale's eloquence cowed the Councillors, but they did not reverse the decree, and she had to carry on her meetings across the frontier, adding a different fame to the home of the sage of Ferney. Voltaire's shade may have been diverted to watch Swiss detectives hovering with notebooks in the trees round some pleasant glade, where the Salutistes were conducting their exercises.

In the Maréchale's absence, an Ulsterman named Clibborn, who held the rank of Colonel in the Salvation Army, kept the movement going in Geneva in the teeth of savage persecution. In this work he displayed personal courage, resource, and industry. He had all the qualities of the ideal manager, as well as the romantic charm of an Irish gentleman. After having trained the prospective brides of two of her brothers, Kate's thoughts naturally turned towards finding a mate for herself. Colonel Clibborn seemed in every way suitable, and in the royal manner she indicated that he could add the name of Booth to his own.

Expelled from Geneva, the Maréchale turned her attentions to the neighbouring canton Neuchâtel. The authorities were as unfriendly as those of Geneva, but confined themselves at

first to forbidding afternoon meetings. The town rowdies, licensed to be unpleasant, paraded in force outside the hall in which the Salutistes met every morning at six o'clock. As the noise outside grew louder, the Maréchale said to her soldiers: "Wait here and pray; I will go and meet them." She was immediately surrounded by a crowd of threatening ruffians.

"Go away!" shouted one, "we've got our own pastors."

"My friend," she answered quietly, "you don't do them much credit."

"It's our money you want," shouted another.

"You say that again. Say it! You daren't; you know it's a lie." And taking the man by his shirt collar the Maréchale pulled him into the hall, right up to the front seat, where she dumped him, and addressed the meeting for two hours. A large bunch of penitents came to the mercy-seat at the end of the meeting.

The Maréchale found that her presence was needed in France. While she was away, the Neuchâtel Cantonal Government decreed that all meetings of the Salvationists were forbidden. The Maréchale decided to test the force of this decree by disobeying it. On a Sunday afternoon in early September she held a meeting of five hundred Salvationists amongst the pine trees of the Jura above the lake of Neuchâtel. A sentinel soon reported that the Prefect of Police in his carriage was approaching with a squad of sixteen men. The Maréchale told her followers, and they proceeded with their religious exercises while the Prefect came up quietly and stood by the Maréchale, who was leading a prayer. For two hours they stood by, while testimonies followed prayers, and hymns followed testimonies in the still autumn air under the pines. A soldier, recognizing a member of the Prefect's posse, said,

"That policeman over there knows me; he took me to jail; but now I am a changed man."

At the end of the service the Prefect produced his warrant, and when the Maréchale asked him why he had not served it before, he said that he could not, and added: "This is a magnificent work, it it does but last. You do nothing but good. I beseech you not to hold me responsible for this act. I, like others, had judged you without seeing or hearing you."

The Maréchale was brought before the President of the Council of State—his title was no less impressive than her own, although he had the bizarre name Monsieur Comtesse. The President said to her in language which had an appropriately Biblical flavour: "It is my duty to have you locked up this night." The Maréchale had just received a telegram that a young Salvationist, who was to be buried the next day in a village near Geneva, had expressed the dying wish that she should speak at his grave. M. Comtesse granted her permission to attend the funeral on bail.

The Maréchale was speaking in the little orchard where the man was being buried, when the Mayor of the Commune came up with a warrant for her arrest for disobeying the order banishing her from the canton of Geneva. A rough peasant, he went straight to the open grave, and laid a horny hand on her arm. She shook it off indignantly, saying: "Hands off. This is holy ground. Don't you see that we are in the presence of the dead? I finish this service, and then will speak to you." The Mayor stood aside, until the service was finished. When he returned to the charge, the Maréchale said that he could not arrest her, as she could not be in two prisons in two cantons at the same time. The rustic Mayor admitted the prior claims of Neuchâtel, although he might have refused to take cognisance of the act of another canton, and the Maréchale surrendered to her bail.

She spent twelve days in the medieval gaol of Neuchâtel, suffering some discomfort from mice and bad air. She had the company of her Lieutenant, Kate Patrick, who had volunteered to go to prison in order that she might attend the Maréchale, who suffered from spinal trouble.

She was much affected by being suddenly cut off from all the turmoil and excitement of her ordinary life. Within the massive walls of her prison she was thrown upon her own broodings. In London a huge meeting was held in Exeter Hall to celebrate her martyrdom, but, cut off from all the progress of life outside, enduring that strange passivity of the prisoner, whose body is something that is kept functioning by Authority, she could think only of the malevolent shafts of fame. An article by a Swiss pastor's wife which accused her of vanity and of conduct unbecoming to a woman haunted her, and, since her situation forced her to introspection, she felt that her mortification at these accusations was an indication that they were just.

In order to combat these broodings she roused her spirit to action. There was a little slate on the wall of her cell; she wrote on it a list of things which she should be able to suffer for the sake of her Master—to be deprived of health; unjustly to lose her reputation. Before the day of her trial, she felt that she had attained that resignation which may be found in prison, and that she could honestly write 'Yes,' and sign her name to the questions on the slate.

She was not cut off from letters. Her father sent her cuttings from *The Times* and other papers: "We were awakened by telegraph messenger with a wire from Geneva to say 'Blücher detained till trial. Patrick with her—cared for.' The last sentence fills us with relief. We interpret it to mean Patrick is with you as your secretary or maid, and you have all your wants supplied and no *hardships* . . . Enclosed is

this morning's *Times*. All the papers have notices of it, so that it is flying all over the world. *If you do not suffer in your health, I don't care.* It will all work out for good. But your health is of more importance to me than all Switzerland." A frank letter from a man of action, who is proud of his child and helper.

Her mother's letter with its note of parental solicitude, lest her daughter should get too much of the limelight, is no less sincere. Kate had told her that she would conduct her own defence. Catherine Booth wrote: "I quite see with you as to God's hand being in all this . . . God wants the attention of the people, and this is the best way to secure it, no doubt . . . Perhaps you are right about pleading your own cause, only you should have someone at your elbow who knows the law . . . I feel it is a great thing to have a child in prison for Jesus' sake; there could be only one greater, namely, to be there myself . . . That the Lord comfort and keep you and reveal *Himself* to you more and more and make you a mother of nations, prays your loving and sympathizing mother."

The letters from the younger members of the family are more fulsome, as is fitting to the hero of the hour. The newly wed Mrs. Bramwell feels that Kate has mounted to a land where she can call her Kate no more. "But I will say, and I do say in my heart of innermost hearts, my Saint Catherine, counted worthy to suffer. Will you send me word just to let me know—just your Flo—if it is as bad as a prison cell, and is it doing your body the *least* bit of harm?" Clearly a suspicion here that her sister-in-law is enjoying a martyrdom de luxe.

The public prosecutor of Neuchâtel approached the matter from an entirely different angle from his confrère of Geneva. Indeed, with a hit at the neighbouring canton, he invited the jury to consider how much harm the fanaticism of Calvin had

done. He might have been a disciple of Moscow pleading with the jury in the sacred cause of rationalism, as he warned them against this attempt to plunge the people back in the darkness which had prevailed before the days of Voltaire and Rousseau. After the other prisoners had been heard, and counsel for the defence had advanced their legal arguments, the Maréchale addressed the Court. Her speech, which lasted two hours, was directed to show the concern felt by the authorities themselves at the flood of demoralization which was rising higher and higher. Instead of seeking to destroy the causes of this deluge, they were taking away one of the dams.

“Ah! The question of all questions, the question which every intelligent man ought to face: What are we to do with the masses? If they are not reached by the power of the Gospel, a day will come when they will turn round against you, and awful will be the consequences. Then, gentlemen, you will have reason to regret your action in this matter. If these disturbers are capable of manifesting such hatred, such rage against citizens who pray to God, they will also be capable of manifesting the same rebellious spirit against any other opinions, or any other law, which may not please them.”

The Maréchale's speech won the day. The jury found the prisoners guilty of having violated the decree, but also found curiously that they had not acted with culpable intention. The prisoners were accordingly discharged.

Maud Charlesworth had taken no part in these adventures, for her father insisted that, since she had involved herself in undesirable notoriety in Geneva, he would not risk her coming into conflict again with the authorities in a foreign country. Although she told him at Lausanne that she was still in love with Ballington, the unhappy man took her back to London, where she left his house at the first opportunity, and went to

stay with the Booths. After four days the rector went to Clapton, accompanied by his eldest daughter, to recover Maud. "While she was upstairs packing," he records, "I sat with Mrs. Booth. I told her that Maud had confided to me at Lausanne, and asked her to tell my child, in my presence, that her son was already engaged. She angrily refused, adding, 'For aught I can tell there are fifty young girls connected with the Salvation Army feeling towards my son as your daughter does.' I immediately rose and left the room."

Maud kept to her own room at home, appearing only at lunch and dinner, when she scarcely touched the food which was placed before her, and spoke of ending a bodily existence, which had no more meaning for her, so long as she was prevented from engaging in those spiritual activities, which alone had reality for her now. Her father, having that refinement which restrains a delicate nature from an action which would not in any case assist its purpose, and perhaps because he could not bring himself to reveal the bad taste of his daughter's friend Mrs. Booth, had refrained from telling Maud that Ballington's affections might be engaged elsewhere. At the same time, he craved definite information on this point, and he therefore sought an interview with General Booth, hoping that if Ballington were indeed not seriously interested in the affections of Maud, the General would have compassion upon a fellow-father, and would use his authority with Ballington to determine the futile aspirations of a young girl.

The meeting is described by Mr. Charlesworth: "It was difficult to realize that the war-like, authoritative, rudely outspoken man, with exuberant beard and moustache, was the gentle, courteous man of shaven face and humble attire who eight years before had come to me in my church vestry to ask for the use of one of my schoolrooms. Between whiles we had never met or spoken together. As a father I pleaded, but

I soon found that the stern general bent on the conquest of the world, had no room in his heart for the feelings of a father."

The man of human personality was already submerged in the leader of men, to whom, as his spirit dies in the appetite of achievement, the sense of others as actual human beings, whose feelings have reality and importance, fades out. To Booth this girl was a soldier who wished to enlist under his colours, and his colours were God's colours. In refusing to recognize here the claims of a parent he was acting in accordance with the principle of the Catholic Church, and he believed that his refusal was sanctioned by the text: "He who loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." The question of his son and the girl hardly entered into it. They were both engaged in the work, and if it were God's will that they should carry it on as man and wife, God's will would prevail. Indeed, the rector probably never asked the question he had come to put, feeling like a man who has held a command during the war, and finds one of his subalterns whom he comes to ask a favour, transformed into an impatient magnate.

Maud's health gave him increasing ground for anxiety, and his Christian principles made it difficult for him to refuse her permission to follow her vocation, just as many years before he had been unable to refuse his garden to the missionaries. When, therefore, Maud heard that the Maréchale was back in Paris, her father allowed her to join her friend again. After her return to Paris he heard further rumours of her engagement to Ballington. He wrote to the General to protest, and received a bullying and sanctimonious reply from Bramwell:

Sir,—My father, who had to leave town to-day, charged me to say in reply to yours, simply that being quite weary of your



extraordinary conduct and of the strange return you have so long made for the kindness shown to your daughter, by your own admission, ever since you requested last Easter that she should be allowed once more to be with Miss Booth, he has already felt compelled to tell her that if she is to remain with Miss Booth, who has so many more cares than she is able to endure, she must put a stop for ever to all these inexcusable attacks upon people who have never given you any cause for them.

Jesus carried His cross once on the hill of Calvary; Bramwell and his brethren had an unequalled capacity for representing themselves and each other as permanently on the hill of Calvary on their pilgrimage through life. This dogma was the last to be assailed in their most bitter recriminations.

The General himself had no more than the usual amount of self-pity, or rather the capacity to attract pity, which the man of practical achievement acquires as part of his means of getting others to do his bidding. He was remarkably free of the professional self-pity of active Christians, and the letter which he had occasion to write to Mr. Charlesworth a few days later has a very different ring.

Affronted by Mr. Charlesworth's complaint, Army Headquarters had telegraphed to Paris that Maud must leave. She went to stay with her married sister Mrs. Barclay, who was to achieve fame as the author of *The Rosary*.

Her father went to bring her home, but found her inflexible in her resolution to join the Salvation Army. He wrote to Booth that as Maud was now eighteen, he must leave her to follow her own inclination in this matter, but he made two conditions: "That she does not until of legal age marry without my consent; and that she does not involve herself in any breach of the law in any country where she may be residing." Two days later Maud came home, and harmony seemed to be restored, for the rector narrates: "She met me at the door and kissed me fondly. We had tea together. She

agreed that on the morrow we should go for a fortnight to the seaside."

This reconciliation was broken the following day, when Maud handed her father Booth's reply to his letter, with the words "I have a letter from my General for you." Lacking in personal warmth, the letter was at any rate sincere. The General declined to accept responsibility for the decision regarding Ballington.

Army Headquarters, 101 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

Dear Sir,—I have your letter of the 8th instant, and observe that you now give your consent to your daughter joining the Army as an officer.

I also note the conditions you append to your consent, and think them reasonable.

But I already discern the possibility of circumstances arising of which I hasten to apprise you. You are aware, and have been, I know, for some time, of the strong affection your daughter entertains for my son Ballington. I find that he has been made aware of this, and I can see how probable it is that an engagement may be desired between them, and according to the understanding between us, I inform you of this.

The matter is not in *any way of my seeking*, and I cannot hear of it without your knowledge, and it would be exceedingly unpleasant to me, either now or at any future time, without your full consent.

You must judge, therefore, what course it is wisest and best in the interests of your daughter to take. If you think proper to do so, and can dissuade your daughter from any further thoughts of the matter, I will co-operate with you in any reasonable arrangement that can be made.

I think it best to send Maud with this, in order that there may be some decided course agreed to.

Much as I love your dear daughter, and value her co-operation and strongly as I believe in her disinterested love for the Army, I cannot allow myself to be laid open to any further misrepresentations of purpose and action, with respect to her relation to this enterprise.

Believe me, dear Sir, to be yours faithfully,

WILLIAM BOOTH.

It was perfectly clear to Mr. Charlesworth that he could not now assent to his daughter joining the Army without accepting the possibility of her engagement to Ballington, and

he withdrew the conditional assent which he had given. But a few weeks later he capitulated again, and sent Maud with a letter to Mrs. Booth: "Yesterday she locked herself in her bedroom, and refused to see our family medical man. She states that you only can understand the nature of her illness, and have arranged to take her to an eminent doctor. Therefore I have no course open but to send her back to you. She twice yesterday threatened to destroy herself."

The most painful interview of all was still in store for the distracted rector. The day after a tearful meeting between father and daughter, at the end of which Maud left him in a rage, he had two interviews with Ballington, the second in the presence of his daughter: "For four hours, from one o'clock to five, I had the mental torture of an interview with him. I had retired to rest at ten o'clock when he brought down my dear child nine miles from Clapton, in a cab, to make a further attempt to force from me a consent. After having heard my refusal, both declared that, notwithstanding, they would marry. I then told Mr. Ballington Booth that unless he retracted, I would apply to the Court of Chancery for an injunction. That was the last time that I have seen my poor child, now nearly a year. I have had sorrowful letters from her reproaching me for my cruelty."

Two years and ten months later Maud attained her majority and was married to Colonel Ballington, who was twenty-nine years old. In the absence of her father, the bride was given away by her brother-in-law, the Rev. Samuel Barclay.

The charge for admission to this wedding was half-a-crown.

## CHAPTER IX

### A CHRISTIAN FAKIR

EXCEPT when he sent his own daughter to France, General Booth did not himself transplant his Army overseas. Carried by *The War Cry* or by Salvationist emigrants, the seeds of his work fell in distant lands and sprouted. Enthusiasts wrote from distant lands saying that they were inspired by his example; they asked for recognition.

Booth proceeded with prayer and caution. He had had experience of breakaways. If an organization were to start thousands of miles away with the prestige of the Army name, he must see to it that the Army in that country was controlled by an officer of proved loyalty and devotion. He was faced with the problem, called Gallicanism in the Catholic Church, with which the Pope has had to wrestle throughout the centuries. The Catholic Church grew up within the unity of the Roman Empire; when that Empire split, the Church split also into Eastern and Western. Booth already dreamed of his Army becoming the greatest international force for good since the birth of Christianity. But he founded his Army in a nationalistic era. The frontiers of the Roman Catholic Orders are conterminous with the frontiers of that Church; the Salvation Army is not an Order within any Church. Booth was therefore faced with unprecedented difficulties in achieving what became his most passionate practical purpose, to secure the international character of the Army. And it is the most thorny problem of the Army at the present day.

For two years Amos Shirley and his wife and daughter had been practising in Philadelphia the principles of Army

work which they had learned in the Coventry Corps. They used an old chair factory for their meetings, and mother and daughter became known as 'the Hallelujah females,' under which name a local reporter tracked them down and wrote a favourable account of the proceedings in the *Zion Herald*. The loyal Shirleys sent the account to their General, who was at this time using all his resources to launch the campaign in France and Switzerland. He was "anxious to avoid this (starting operations in America) a little longer . . . We refused to authorize the Shirleys formally to inaugurate our work in the States; but we cannot blame the love and zeal which has driven them, without waiting for us, to open the attack." He saw that he must act, and he determined to send his best man Railton. "WE MUST GO!" he wrote in *The War Cry*. "This news has come upon us like a voice from Heaven, and leaves us NO CHOICE!"

Even Railton was required, before he left, to bind himself by a watertight legal document: "Whereas it has seemed good to the Reverend William Booth . . . to extend to America the operations carried on by the said Salvation Army . . . and it has seemed desirable to appoint a person who shall represent him as his Commissioner to act for him and on his behalf . . .

"Now I, the said George Scott Railton . . . hereby agree that I will continue to be, and to act altogether at all times, under the command of the said William Booth . . . And I further agree that all directions that I shall give to any officer . . . over whom I shall exercise any control shall be subject to the absolute direction, countermand and veto of the said William Booth.

" . . . that all real and personal property whatsoever which shall come to or be held by me in anywise whatsoever, as such Commissioner aforesaid or otherwise, as representing the said William Booth or the Salvation Army, including all

books, plates, moulds, casts, and other things used in connection with the said operations, whether protected by copyright or as designs or otherwise, shall at all times be held for and on behalf of and at the disposal of the said William Booth or other the General of the Salvation Army for the time being."

No sooner had Railton, after enduring great physical hardships and heroic privation, got the Army fairly going in the States than he was summoned back to England by telegram. Twice he cabled, begging to be allowed to stay at his post, lest the fruit of his efforts should be lost. The General was immovable. Railton was badly needed at home, it is true; but above all the General was determined to assert the principle that the work of the Army in any particular country should not become associated with any special individual.

In the meantime, Frederick de Lautour Tucker had decided in India that the Salvation Army would at last provide him with that field of endeavour which he had so long been seeking. He was an evangelical Anglican, for his religious ardour was kindled in the days before Pusey and Keble launched the High Church movement. Before he had heard of the Salvation Army he had caused anxiety to his superiors by engaging in missionary activity in his spare time. But he was an able and conscientious official, and he successfully asserted his right to allot his spare time to such lawful pursuits as he saw fit.

As soon as he earned a long leave, he sailed for England, resolved to offer himself for enlistment in General Booth's army.

The General, realizing that his future relations with this brilliant Indian administrator who proposed to throw up his career for the cause, would be of great importance, listened calmly to Tucker's proposal, and told him that he must first

prove himself to be suitable. He could employ his leave in qualifying for service. Tucker agreed, and at the end of six months the first scholar became a soldier in the Salvation Army. General Booth made the event the occasion of a great demonstration at Exeter Hall, introducing Tucker to his comrades as the grandson of a chairman of the East India Company, and, on his mother's side, of Count de Lautour, General in the Grenadier Guards, whose ancestors were forced from France in the great Revolution. The suspicions properly aroused by this flamboyant description caused Mr. Ervine to investigate the matter, and he has been unable to trace any Count de Lautour in the British Army at this time.

The religious and philanthropic entrepreneurs of the nineteenth century loved to get big names associated with their work. Even a refusal was advertised if the letter bore a coronet. When W. T. Stead launched *The Review of Reviews*, he sent the first number to some five hundred celebrities and printed all the twenty replies he got, including a brief note from the Poet Laureate to the effect that Lord Tennyson had no time for the *Review*. Mrs. Booth wrote often to Queen Victoria, and when Ponsonby sent on behalf of the Queen a polite refusal to contribute to the purchase of the Eagle Tavern, Mrs. Booth printed the letter with as much prominence as if Her Majesty had consented to preside at the conversion of the tavern into a tabernacle.

To the showman Booth, French aristocrats against the background of the guillotine were more glamorous than Tucker's English forebears; but the Tuckers are a much more remarkable family than the de Lautours. Described by the Indian historian Kaye as "a family famous alike for courage and capacity," some had sailed with other Devon adventurers in the time of Elizabeth. Later, they acquired that special blend of piety and adventure which has been characteristic

of so many empire builders from William Penn to General Gordon. Frederick Tucker said of them: "The Tuckers were a godly family, solidly good and quietly religious, excellent examples of the best Church of England fruit. They were loyal to their Church. They loved it and believed in it. In fact, I think my mother would almost have expected the roof to fall in on her if she had attended a meeting in a dissenting place of worship. Not even the wedding of her eldest son would tempt her to depart from this rule." During the Indian Mutiny, his uncle, Commissioner Tucker, was foremost amongst the English at Benares in declining to move to the safety of the nearest fortress. In his admirable *Life of Booth-Tucker*, Mr. F. A. Mackenzie gives a vivid picture of this uncle. Although there were three native regiments seething with sedition, three miles away, Commissioner Tucker insisted, as a member of the local council of war, that a small detachment of white troops, which arrived, should proceed at once to Cawnpore, where the need was greater. He used to ride with his daughter to the most exposed places, and went constantly amongst the natives, armed only with a heavy-handled riding whip and his favourite text, "The Lord is my rock, in Him will I trust. He is my shield and the horn of my Salvation; my tower and my refuge; my Saviour." He said that if the enemy attacked, he would meet them with a Bible in his hand. When the time came for him to leave India, the natives said that the very dogs howled for sorrow.

There was nothing of the crank about the Salvationist Tucker; he showed no predilection for unorthodox or revolutionary ideas as such. But he was a man in whom the special qualities of his race were remarkably intensified. At school he showed a passionate keenness for games, and when a bowler did the hat-trick in a match in which Tucker was



fielding, he ran up to the bowler and embraced him. He was a strong believer in the English public-school system.

Religious by heredity and environment, he became 'converted,' that is, he felt the call to devote himself absolutely to God's work, at a Church service conducted by the Gilbert and Sullivan of religion, the American revivalists, Moody the preacher and his musician Sankey.

When he went to India and employed his spare time in giving lantern-slide lectures on the life of Christ to the natives, his superiors did not consider his conduct so abnormal in an official then as they might have done by the end of the century, and it is noteworthy that after inquiries and a mild protest Tucker was not interfered with. In its early days the Indian Civil Service was leavened by many men of a missionary spirit who, even when they were not protagonists of a particular creed, sought to enter into the life of the people they governed. It is largely to such men that the establishment of British rule in India is due, a rule for which Tucker, while recognizing that its tendency to settle into the lazy routine of unimaginative bureaucracy must be most watchfully resisted, never lost his respect. He summed up his opinion in these words: "The British Government in India is the best Government India ever had, or is likely to have. It is honest, impartial, and free."

Tucker's action in throwing up his career to enlist under General Booth was resented by his family. He had saved nothing out of his salary, for his wife, eighteen years his senior and chosen for her religious and philanthropic qualities, had co-operated loyally with him in distributing his income amongst the needy. Therefore he had no resources of his own to start the work, and Booth's resources were severely strained by the calls of the Army's expanding activities in all

directions. Tucker had to use his wits to raise the money for launching the Indian campaign.

He entered into this with the enthusiasm of a schoolboy, and his act at the celebrations of the seventeenth anniversary of the Christian Mission was an immense success. In native costume he rode an elephant for the diversion of thirty thousand Salvationists, and then set out to tour the country in native costume with the members of the India contingent. Early in 1883 the Tuckers sailed as deck passengers for India, accompanied by Lieutenant Miss Thompson and two male Salvationists. While tens of thousands of Salvationists in England were praying for their safe voyage, the missionaries of India were offering up counter-prayers beseeching God to frustrate the landing of this strange party.

The methods adopted by Tucker differed from those practised by all the other Protestant missions in India. He and his assistants went native—not only did they wear native dress, they went barefoot like the poorer Indians, and ate native food. The authorities, many of whom felt that the activities of ordinary missionaries did not assist in maintaining the prestige of the British raj, supposed that Tucker with his singing processions, in native dress, including an Englishwoman who beat a tambourine, would be even more damaging to British prestige. Tucker was summoned before the Police Commissioner of Bombay and told that outdoor processions were forbidden. Tucker was a trained magistrate, and he had that flair for the true principles of law which is often characteristic of the devout. He pointed out that Hindoos and Mahometans were permitted to hold musical processions, and unless he could be shown any regulation which imposed upon Christians restrictions that were not imposed upon other religions, he would not obey the orders of the Commissioner, which were unauthorized. In the result he and two of his

companions suffered terms of imprisonment in default of paying certain fines imposed on them; but in the end he won for the Salvationists the right to preach the Gospel by their own methods, for he had recourse with success to the time-honoured appeal unto Cæsar, quoting the Proclamation of the Queen-Empress that "We declare it to be our Royal Will and Pleasure that none be in any wise favoured, none molested, or disquieted by reason of their religious faith or observances, but that all alike enjoy the equal and impartial protection of the Law; and we do strictly charge and enjoin all those who may be in authority under us, that they abstain from all interference with the religious belief or worship of any of our subjects, on pain of our highest displeasure." Those who drafted this proclamation can scarcely have imagined that it would be invoked by missionaries of the religion of the ruling power, but the Salvation Army now had powerful friends in London, and the Governor of Bombay was instructed not to infringe its terms in his treatment of the Salvationists in India.

The official persecution which Tucker had to overcome gained him the sympathy of many Europeans; this was urgently required, as the £100 which the Salvationists had brought with them was soon spent, and although they collected from the Indians, they could not get much in this way. Tucker needed money for renting halls, printing the *Indian War Cry*, printing Hindustani hymn books, and all the other general expenses of the campaign.

For their personal needs they would have got ample, since Tucker fixed the maximum subsistence allowance of a Salvationist at 3s. 6d. a week, and the native dress they wore cost about a tenth the amount of European clothes. At first they wore the English boots they had brought with them, but these with the garb of the poorer sort of native produced

an incongruous effect, and often provoked ridicule. Tucker solved the difficulty by deciding that they should go barefoot like the Indian poor. For a European to go unshod in the blistering dust of an Indian summer is torture, and sunstroke can actually be contracted through the soles of the feet. Tucker had to compromise, allowing the Salvationists to wear sandals, but several of them, inspired by his example, went barefoot.

As a civil servant Tucker had got to know and like the Indian villagers; he deplored the fact that so much attention is paid to the thirty million Indians who live in cities to the neglect of the three hundred millions who are peasants. "If one holds a shilling up to one's eye," he said, "one cannot see anything beyond the shilling, and I think the cities of India are rather like the shilling; you hold them up to your eye, and you cannot see the 290,000,000 of villagers." Travelling in the springless oxcarts or in the verminous third-class railway carriages, Tucker covered astonishing tracts of territory. The villagers were often hostile. On one such occasion, he and an Indian Salvationist sat, famished and exhausted, to rest under a tree outside a village from which they had been expelled. They fell asleep. Presently the villagers felt compunction for the manner in which they had treated the poor religious, and some of them went out to see what had become of them. When they saw them lying asleep, it occurred to them that for a European to go barefoot was the height of self-sacrifice. "We will feel his feet to see if they are soft like a European's or hard like an Indian's," they whispered. They found that Tucker's feet were soft and badly blistered, and as they looked at his wasted body under the tree, they turned away still more penitent. After a while, Tucker woke up, and began reading his Bible, while the villagers sat about a dozen yards off, watching silently. Tucker, knowing nothing of their changed attitude, but seeing that

they were curious, invited them to come near, and began to talk to them. They ended by inviting Tucker and his companion to have food in their village and to preach to them.

This started a religious revival in the district, and many thousand people professed Salvation. "So I preached the best sermon I have ever given when I was asleep," was Tucker's comment. Although Tucker had had large and appreciative Indian audiences, he had indeed made disappointingly few converts. The Indians contributed their pice, when the hat went round, just as an Englishman might contribute an anna to a Gunpati procession if he watched it.

In India, Christianity is regarded as the religion of the ruling power, and as connoisseurs of holiness the Indians consider themselves far in advance of any Europeans. When the authorities thought that, by going to the natives with begging bowl, eating native food begged from the Indians, sleeping on the floor in mud huts, the Salvationists would bring the ruling race into contempt, they were quite mistaken. Tucker and his companions were the first since the Jesuit missionaries to gain any respect from the Indians as religious teachers. As Tucker says, "In the eyes of an Indian religion means self-denial. To connect it with self-indulgence and then dress it up in a foreign garb, is to him simply disgusting."

In the course of time he got down the average maintenance cost of his missionaries to two shillings a week. When people objected that the European constitution was not equal to living in the native manner, Tucker was able to point out that the death-rate amongst his officers was lower than that amongst any other Christian missionaries. He resented the ignorant notions that prevailed amongst Europeans regarding the Indian poor, as that they were dirty, because a cook had been caught in a dirty action. "What would you say," he replied, "if I took such a one as a specimen of your nation

and said, 'The English people are so dirty'? As a rule, the natives are very clean. You will find the floors of the poorest nicely cow-dunged and swept, while all round the house and yard everything is kept neat. Their clothes and bodies are constantly washed, and the brass cooking vessels glitter in the sun, without a speck of dirt upon them." To the charge that they could be seen outside their houses picking the lice from one another's heads, he replied: "This applies only to the very poorest classes, who answer to your English lodging-house frequenters. Would you not be indignant if we were to describe the English nation as being infested with vermin because they are?" He has become one of the Indians; the Indians are 'we' the English 'you.'

As he travelled about the country Tucker conversed freely with the holy men of other religions. On one occasion a Mahometan maulvi said to him: "I do not understand why, if you people profess to believe in your religion, you do not obey its commands. God forbade his people to eat the unclean beast (the pig), and yet you Christians eat it." "If it is any help to you," Tucker replied, "I will never touch the flesh of the unclean beast again." Years later he happened to meet the same maulvi on board ship, crossing to Ceylon, and was able to tell him that he had kept his promise.

Tucker was a proficient Sanscrit scholar, and was well versed in the Hindu philosophy; but the merits of other religions never seem to have troubled him in the practice of his own. To cease preaching Christianity because he respected the teachings of other religions would have seemed to him as unreasonable as for a writer to give up the endeavour to express himself in his own tongue because he has perceived merit in another.

In 1887, Mrs. Tucker died, and after her funeral Tucker received a summons from his General to come to London.

During his training for the Army four years before, he had seen something of Booth's second daughter Emma, who had charge of the Women's Training Home. Emma was less effective than Kate or Eva as a campaigner, having a more passive nature; in the family politics she was the complement to Bramwell who found her the perfect recipient of his letters, and her own letters show the influence of Bramwell's manner, although it is more natural when employed by a woman. Her work as a trainer of young officers kept her in very close touch with Bramwell, who took a more effective interest in this than in any other work outside that of his own office, as is indicated in his daughter's *Life*, which devotes a chapter to Bramwell *The Teacher*, which follows the chapter named *The Brother*. In *These Fifty Years* Bramwell says of Emma: "She took the first place with me among my brothers and sisters," and she has the distinction of a whole chapter devoted to herself.

When, soon after landing in England, Tucker became engaged to Emma Booth, men said with a laugh that Tucker had been quick to learn the Army rule of obedience; indeed those who are intractable under their professional superiors are precisely those who prove the most obedient to a leader of their own choice. But although the General was pleased when his sons made suitable marriages, he disliked the idea of his daughters marrying, even if the indispensable condition that the husband was a proved Salvationist were fulfilled. He felt that on marriage a woman must lose some of her devotion to the cause, for it never occurred to him to argue from the case of his own wife, whom he considered unique. But if there were conditions which could make such a marriage desirable, they obtained here. Not only was Tucker the most remarkable Salvationist outside the family, his marriage to Emma might

redress a situation which was already causing the General some uneasiness.

The General was indeed blessed in his children, and his vision of the great movement which should inaugurate a new era for the human race being carried on by his own flesh and blood, under the reign of descendants who would each direct it over an allotted portion of the earth's surface, seemed to be taking concrete form with the divine approval. But the translation of this romantic dream into fact was revealing an essential difficulty which was already causing the General more anxiety than he cared to admit. The ages of his children most actively engaged in the work were: Bramwell, 31; Ballington, 29; Kate, 28; Emma, 27; Herbert, 25; Eva, 22.

Now Kate and Herbert, who had helped starting the work in France, were great friends; Kate and Ballington were friends; and Eva was more friendly with all these than with Bramwell. Bramwell, the heir-apparent, was somewhat isolated; his official manner had already provoked Herbert, when Herbert was in charge of the Men's Training Home, and his wife was an element making for estrangement both from Ballington and from Kate. In spite of the most assiduous practice, Mrs. Bramwell was unable to make a speech without reading it; and this put her at the sort of disadvantage in which a man finds himself who marries into a county family, and has to lead his horse through the gates when he follows the hounds. This deficiency seems to have made her all the more determined to assert her position as Mrs. Chief-of-Staff, and the transformation of Florence Soper, the aspirant of Paris, into Mrs. Bramwell, a power at International Headquarters, could not fail to make a painful impression upon the woman who had practically selected her for the honour of being Bramwell's wife, and who had initiated her into the Salvation Army. For Maud, on the other hand, Kate felt



only an increased affection when she could call her sister. Maud never took lessons in public speaking; she was a natural orator, with a style that was all the more attractive to Kate, since it was not family eloquence. The discrepancy was painful, when Florence and Maud spoke at the same meeting; and it was already tacitly agreed in the family that it was better to avoid occasions which would bring some of the members of the younger generation on to the platform together.

Whatever Bramwell's defects might be, and they were less apparent to his father than to his brethren, for he was in many ways an ideal second-in-command, it was clear to the General that the only one of his children who could hope to direct the varied gifts of the others was the one who had the special claim to command them, as being the eldest. Tucker would obviously carry more weight in the counsels of the Army than any officer who was not a Booth, and therefore his marriage to Emma, Bramwell's friend, should strengthen Bramwell's position.

Although she did not make her first attempt at public speaking until the late age, for a Booth, of seventeen, Emma had a good showing of remarkable stories to her credit before she left the schoolroom. When she was thirteen, she saw a boy belabouring a donkey, and called to him to stop. The boy laughed, and beat the donkey harder. Emma darted away from her governess, caught the donkey-cart, and seized the reins. The boy jumped off and tried to pull the donkey away, but Emma snatched the stick out of his hand, and beat him over the head and shoulders. The lad, impressed by this onslaught and by her tears, promised never to be cruel again, and knelt beside her in the road to ask pardon for his sin. The governess had gone straight home, presumably to get help against the donkey-boy; so the lad, apologizing for having

brought Emma out of her way, offered to drive her back, and she returned home in triumph seated beside her first convert.

Emma was the most useful child in the home, and was the little mother to her younger brothers and sisters. These qualities had borne fruit in the Training Home where hundreds of young women had passed through her hands to become soldiers, by the time Tucker returned from India. Just before he left India Tucker had received a cheque for £5000 from C. T. Studd, one of seven Cambridge blues who went out as lay missionaries to China. The General decided that part of this sum should be used to send out an expeditionary force of fifty Salvationists to India. The selection and training of this force was entrusted to Emma, who was thus brought into daily contact with Tucker.

The ex-Indian civilian was delighted by Emma's efficiency. "How her Lieutenants flew around!" he has written in his *Life of the Consul*, Emma's later title. "As soon as Miss Booth came on the scene, and threw off her cloak and bonnet, her quick eye seemed to take in the whole situation at a glance. On the way from her home she would jot down on a scrap of paper the chief matters requiring attention. Some of these she reserved for herself, but the greater part she would allot to others. In a few terse words she would give her orders . . . In all my previous experience I had never seen such a perfect illustration of the iron hand in the velvet glove. My admiration warmed into something of a stronger and more ardent character."

Tucker was thirty-five, and Emma Moss, who was twenty-eight, was by no means deficient in the qualities which would kindle a warmer admiration. The black hair of the Jewish grandmother, whose name she bore, set off the pallor of finely chiselled features in which her lips glowed a natural scarlet. Her uniform showed the lines of a graceful, athletic

figure. If her physical charms caused Tucker any misgivings, he might feel that the death of his first wife, whom he had chosen against his mother's wish for her lack of appeal to the sensual eye no less than for her virtue, indicated that he had, like Abraham when he built his son's funeral pyre, done all that could be required of him in that direction. One morning, when he came to see Miss Booth at the Training Home, he slipped into her hand a piece of paper on which he had written, "I love you. Can you love me?"

In *The Consul*, which his third wife helped him to write, Tucker has left a moving account of the hopes and fears through which he passed until "at length the citadel of that noble heart was captured, the flag was hauled down, and the beautiful warrior spirit, who has since stood by me through every battle-shock, unconditionally surrendered, 'swore in,' and enlisted for life as my partner in the holy War."

The charge for this wedding was five shillings, and five thousand poor soldiers scraped the money to attend it.

## CHAPTER X

### THE MUSICIAN

MARRIED in the same year as Emma and Tucker, Ballington and Maud left to command the Army in America, where the finances were in some disorder, about the same time as the Booth-Tuckers sailed for India. In the same year Herbert Booth, who was suffering from the strain of overwork, left on a world cruise. Critics noted the fact; if Booth children suffered from the strain, they were given change of air, and the Court Circular, as that considerable portion of *The War Cry* which reported the doings of the family was being called, gave prominence to the fact that a Booth had impaired his/her health by hard work. Although a health voyage was change rather than cessation of work for a Booth, as it was an opportunity for inspecting and encouraging the workers in distant fields, there was a good deal of truth in this criticism. To the General the health of his children was infinitely precious because he identified it with the future health of his Army. He gave prominence to the measures taken to preserve their health, because he expected his soldiers to share his concern. Huxley complained that the Army was a family business, but Booth was perfectly sincere when he said that his children existed for the Army, not the Army for his children. They did not all take a very prominent part, but those who have been mentioned were all exceptionally gifted. They and the Army had grown up together; they understood its working better than anyone excepting a very few old Mission stalwarts—and these had their full share of responsibility—could possibly hope to. Besides, it was only in the last few years

that persons of any education had enlisted in the Army, so that the Booth children, whose mother had seen to it that they were well taught, had the advantage in this respect also. In any case Booth's work and his family were absolutely identified in his mind; his children were obviously a gift of God to the work. It was just because he failed to realize them as individuals, and identified them with the concern that he got into difficulties with them.

To show that he had not left his work behind him, Herbert Booth, who was accompanied by a secretary-adjutant, posted ninety letters at Plymouth, written since he had boarded the ship in the Thames. From there he sailed straight to Australia.

It was seven years since a milkman had met a bricklayer in Adelaide, and the two men, discovering that they were both converts of the Christian Mission, had started up as Salvationists. After these enthusiasts had been working for over a year, they had extracted reluctant recognition from the General, who sent a trained Salvationist to take control as soon as he could. The work had progressed so rapidly that in 1884 ten thousand Salvationists met in the Exhibition Building at Melbourne. The General felt the need for keeping in touch.

Accustomed as he was to the great demonstrations in Britain, Herbert was amazed by the welcome which he received in Australia. The Empire has been colonized largely by successive waves of Protestant sectaries, and the journey of a young Booth in a dominion was already like the progress of a Prince of the Blood.

Herbert Booth, still young enough to find his satisfaction in being the son of a world celebrity, wrote a letter from a small village expressing his naïf pleasure in the fame of his father. "Even in this remote hiding place I could not escape

from my own identity. I was the son of a man than whom there is none better known on earth—and this became to the guard of my train an item of precious information.

“To the loiterer upon the village railway platform; to the farmer who has come in on horseback for his letters; to the rosy-cheeked little ones who run about the mountains like the children of a fairyland, to all and sundry our elated and eager conductor must communicate the startling information(!) that ‘Commandant Booth is in that carriage.’

“I think he must have even sent his news ahead by telegraph, for that night of my arrival the local paper had a paragraph to say that ‘The son of General Booth was arriving, and the village might be favoured with a public meeting.’ Such is life when you’re a ‘Booth.’”

On his return, Herbert was made Commandant of the forces in Great Britain. He was popular with the troops, earning the esteem of his men, as a good officer does, by being to the fore when missiles were flying, and by being at the rear when comforts were being distributed. He went all over the island, sometimes marching thirty miles a day. One night his company billeted themselves in a village church, which was just large enough to hold them. Having seen them all settled, he pushed the last one inside the church door, and was just able to make room for the upper half of his own person within the church. He slept soundly, for they had had a heavy day, but woke soon after midnight, drenched to the skin, as the clouds which had been noticed at nightfall were coming down in heavy rain.

With every post he received he got his packet of instructions from Headquarters, and Herbert did not conceal the resentment of the field officer against the staff, seeing that the staff was merely his elder brother. In due course he received, within a short time of each other, two letters, one from the

Chief-of-Staff, the other from the General. Bramwell wrote: "If we are on diverging roads, no matter how much we may desire it to be otherwise, we shall ultimately find that distance and separation will inevitably follow." His father wrote: "I hear, in an indirect way, you have said to the Chief that obedience to his commands depends on the nature of the commands themselves. Now I cannot think you mean what this implies, and yet you were so understood. If you hold on to that, then it seems to me to be folly for you to hope to go on working under the Chief without that friction which will make it painfully unpleasant for you both and especially to me. And some other arrangement had better be made at once."

The world was still open to the expanding Army, the General was still pliant in his ideas, and the Mother was still alive to temper the supposed requirements of discipline in dealing with his children.

Excellent field officer though Herbert was, his achievement as a religious campaigner is not to be compared with his sister's pioneer attack upon the sceptical French. But as the Army musician, he made an individual contribution to the cause whose value is of a different order than the achievement of any other person who helped the Founder to realize his ideas.

William Booth had a gift for music, and although he never saw fit to express himself in that medium, he considered music to be the most important auxiliary in his work. "We must fill the world with music," he said. Herbert's qualities for realizing his father's wish have been well described by his biographer, Ford C. Ottman. "An appeal to the natural, untrained and uncritical musical instincts of the average man is the informing intention of the compositions making up the bulk of the collection (*Songs of Peace and War*), and, in

order to be designated strictly as 'Songs,' the familiar mode of 'Song and Chorus' is uniformly employed. The composer is uniformly happy in his transitions. A change of time, an adroit turn of the theme, and the piece broadens out into a freer and more expansive manner, while enough of the initial motif is retained to unify the whole. Here the avoidance of the common pitfalls is striking. Cheapness, mediocrity, the sensuous and saccharine, looseness of construction and poor workmanship are absent. This was an achievement. The great majority of popular songs of the nineties was the wretched spawn of an unspeakable sentimentality, in which music shared with words the odium of emotional unrestraint . . .

"The student of these compositions, as a whole, sees at once that whoever harmonized them was a musician who knew exactly what he was about, was equal to a greater degree of elaboration than he customarily allowed himself, but was determined in general to restrain his exuberance in the interest of an untechnical public. Occasionally, however, repression was impossible . . . The harmony in *O Lord of Life and Glory* is an example of this disposition, still held somewhat in leash. Each of the four parts sings itself and exercises all the freedom of development that the law of accommodation allows. Pieces such as this established the precedent for the astonishing liberty the Salvation Army bandmaster sometimes permits the individual supporting parts in band rendition of familiar hymns . . . The altos, clarinets and tubas at times seem to be quite on their own, yet the ensemble, intricate as the pattern of an Oriental rug, is unified and harmonious."

In the meantime Bramwell was assiduous at I.H.Q. in framing rules and regulations for the Salvation Army Bands. In Bandmaster Richard Slater, Herbert found his perfect musical complement. Dr. Ottman wrongly states that for



several years in succession the Salvation Army won the first prize at the Annual Contest of English Bands. The principles of the Army have not allowed it to compete, but in the opinion of experts it has done much to raise the standard of brass band music, in which the English genius for team work finds its finest expression, and when the General heard his picked bands playing his Army music at a Festival, he forgot for a time to look for penitents coming up to the mercy-seat, although the last wave of Slater's baton would bring him back to mental calculations of the value of this asset to the concern.

In spite of Bramwell's misgivings, and the reluctance of the proprietors, the General hired the Crystal Palace for the Army Jubilee in 1890. Herbert Booth had a free hand to direct the greatest music festival that the world had seen. There were three hundred bands from outside London, and these, with the fifteen hundred bandsmen of London, made a company of five thousand instrumentalists. Dr. Ottman thus describes the scene: "The orchestra, like an immense amphitheatre split in the middle, formed the half of a great circle. Around the Conductor, Herbert Booth, on the lower seats, were massed the stringed bands. Next in order, and about the half-circle were the brass instruments carried by members of the Household Troops and Home Office bands. Back of the bands was the first company of singers; they were five hundred in number, each carrying a tambourine, the sound and the sight of which in action was likened by Herbert to the "rattle and glitter of a steel-clad battalion doing musical drill."

Up and beyond these was the main body of singers, to the left twelve hundred male voices, each man clad in a red jersey and holding in his hand a fluttering pennant. On the right there was a corresponding company of female voices, each

lassie robed in the sombre uniform of the bonnet and dark blue, and each holding one of the many coloured pennants.

Above this great choir, fringing the semi-circle at the top, was the junior choir, a thousand girls ranged above the women and a thousand boys above the men. Each of these juniors held a flag, making another brilliant scene of colour.

Bandmaster Fry presided at the grand organ, Bandmaster Appleby was in charge of the brass bands, and Bandmaster Slater directed the string bands. The total strength of the choir, including the orchestra, was five thousand.

At a word spoken by Herbert, Bandmaster Fry struck the keys of the organ, the women singers removed their sashes, then their bonnets, and suddenly the sashes were seen to stretch out into broad folds of pure white, the more splendid to look upon because of the contrast with the flaming red jerseys worn by the men."

That pawky man of letters, the late Sir William Robertson Nicoll, remarked, as he came away, that the Crystal Palace demonstration was worth a million pounds to the Army in making its purpose understood, "and that young Booth showed that the Army can get at the brains of the non-church-going section of the country and make musicians out of blasphemers and low-down citizens. Mon, the Army's made, but it'll have to go wary and not lose its head and become great in its own conceit."

Not long after this triumph, which won from his father the cautious commendation at a council of officers that "Herbert's management revealed a talent for that sort of thing that will be invaluable to the Army in the future," Herbert married Cornélie Schoch. The bride's father was a distinguished officer in the Dutch Army, and was a member of a Swiss noble family. Her mother was also of illustrious descent. She belonged to a Huguenot family who had

emigrated to Holland, and her father, Colonel de Ravallet, had fought with such gallantry in the war against Belgium, that the King of Holland said to him at an investiture "I have no other decoration to give you to mark my gratitude than to hand you my own sword." Cornélie's education was as impeccable as her lineage, for both parents were devout Protestants.

When the Booth-Clibborns' territory was extended to include the Low Countries, the Schochs were amongst the evangelistic patricians with whom Kate became acquainted. Cornélie fell under her spell, and became a Salvationist. She had been brought up to speak several languages, and the Maréchale found her useful as an interpreter. They became close friends, and in due course Corry, as the Maréchale called her, became acquainted with Herbert.

There is no record of the gate-money produced by Herbert's marriage, which took place under the shadow of his mother's last illness. She was over four years dying of cancer, during which she suffered the assaults of this painful disease and several prunings of the knife without permitting the use of any opiate or anæsthetic. "Her sick-bed," writes Tucker, "proved a world-wide platform from which her very sufferings enabled her to preach the most eloquent and heart-appelling sermon of her life." Her illness was indeed a long-drawn-out public act, and in her fortitude Catherine Booth achieved the pinnacle of human heroism. Her sufferings gave her inspiration for a final protest against making the teaching of religion a mere soothing syrup.

Two years before her death she preached her last sermon at the City Temple: "You must preach God's justice and vengeance against sin as well as His love for the sinner. You must preach hell as well as heaven. You must let your Gospel match the intuitions of humanity . . . A Gospel of love never

matched anybody's soul. The great want in this day is *truth that cuts*; convicting truth; truth that convicts and convinces the sinner and pulls the bandages from his eyes."

As Catherine Booth lost grip on the household, the house became more and more like a railway station, in which her children, returning from a triumph, or setting out on an enterprise, became unaware of their sick mother, and carried on their discussions without a thought for her sufferings; but even when she said "Can't you let a woman die in peace," she said it with a smile.

In playing with its victim, cancer constantly tantalizes victim and friends with the promise of death's approach. Several times the stalwarts of the Mission were summoned to bid farewell to the Mother of the Army, but the crisis passed, and merciful death seemed no nearer than before. Fame brought the inevitable lunatics, amongst them two women faith healers who had tramped from the north of England, and a man who besieged the house for days, having a special message from Jesus.

The General, who had always driven his wife as ruthlessly as he drove himself, now realized what she was suffering. She was able to attribute it to the cunning malevolence of Satan, but her agony was often greater than her husband could reconcile with his belief, and he would rush from the room, moaning, "I don't *understand* it! I *don't* understand it!"

He recorded in his diary:

A large part of the breast has fallen off, and Carr has cut it away, and left the gaping wound which is simply one mass of cancer.

She exclaimed again and again as she started with the stabbing pains, which like lightning flashes started in her poor bosom, 'Oh these fiery scorpions! these fiery scorpions!'

My darling had a night of agony. When I went into her room at 2 a.m. she had not closed her eyes. The breast was in

an awful condition. They were endeavouring to staunch a fresh hæmorrhage. Everything was saturated with the blood . . .

Her eyes at times were transfixed, and with violent spasms she struggled for breath. It was the heart. Once or twice it was terrible to behold. The agony expressed itself especially in her eyes; but amidst it all she managed to gasp out "Don't be alarmed, this is only physical. He has got me. He has got me."

With the candour of a great man, he records pathetically, "My mind grows bewildered when I think of the subject, so once more I dismiss it with perhaps the laziest feeling of 'The Lord must do what seemeth Him good in His sight.'"

Booth has also described an occasion when calm succeeded a hurricane of pain, and in waves of exquisite tenderness the whole of their past love was resumed.

By this time she was completely worn out, and I sent them all out, resolving to have the remainder of the night alone with her. What passed that night can never be revealed. It will never be half remembered by myself until the day of Eternity dawns. It was a renewal, in all its tenderness and sweetness and a part of its very ecstasy of our first love. It seemed, I believe to us both, in spite of all the painful circumstances of the hour, a repetition of some of those blissful hours we spent together in the days of our betrothal. Oh, the wonderful things! . . .

I wept, prayed, and believed and exulted. We were in Jordan as it were together. Evidently she could not bear to let me go from her bedside or loose my hand. She had come back, she said, to her first love. I saw how exhausted she was, and again and again entreated her to consider her poor body and try and get a little sleep; and when I made as though I would leave her she upbraided me in the gentlest, most expressive, and most effectual manner, by saying, "Can you not watch with me one night? It will soon be over, and what matters a few hours shorter or longer now? I have done with the body. I shall soon leave it for ever."

When she knew that the struggle was at last nearly over, "She took hold of my hand almost at the very beginning, and took the ring off her finger, and slipping it on to mine, said: 'By this token we were united for time, and by it now we are united for eternity.' I kissed her and promised that I would be faithful to the vow and be hers alone for ever and ever."

On the fourth of October, 1890, the Mother of the Army died at Clacton in her room overlooking the North Sea, in

which a ship had foundered in the night, but whose waves were now brilliant in the afternoon sunshine. Her last word, as the Father of the Army and of her children bent over to kiss her, was "Pa."

General Booth was sixty-one years old.

The Salvation Army does not mourn a soldier who has been 'promoted to glory,' but the phrase must have sounded hollow to the General, although the celebrations merged his sense of loss for a time in the triumphant concrete expression of the work which he and his forty years' partner had created.

Herbert Booth was called upon to compose the music for the funeral. *Promoted to Glory* has become the Army funeral march, and the manner of its composition has been graphically described by Richard Slater :

The printers had reached the limit of time for waiting, and yet no idea for the funeral march had come. I waited upon the Commandant, finding him weary, perplexed, with one officer and another interrupting the interview on important questions, while we spoke of the wanted march. It seemed hopeless to expect that anything could be done in the time, at least anything worthy the occasion. At length, as the shadows of the night fell upon the room, the Commandant sat at the organ as a kind of rest from his thoughts, and said, as he touched the keys: "What I wanted to make was a march something like this." He played. The unlocked feeling of his soul rushed forth, and he went forward from bar to bar while I sat as close to the window as possible to catch the fast fading light, and put down the music as it was proceeding from the organ. Almost without a change of note what was played and what was put on paper that night was the Commandant's now celebrated funeral march called *Promoted to Glory*.

This description by the simple-minded bandmaster of a weary giant giving birth to a great work, while executing his weighty administrative duties, gives a revealing glimpse of the tendency of the young Booths to dramatize themselves.

In their heroic parts they were convincing to themselves and to most of those under their command, but even with the world as their stage, their rôles began to clash, when the autocratic producer-in-chief lost the mediating influence of his stage manager.

Thirty-six thousand soldiers attended the funeral service at Olympia, where a strangely moving device was employed. Catherine Booth's farewell message, printed on a white sheet, passed slowly before the audience, as it uncoiled from a huge upright roller on the right of the coffin to coil up on another roller on the left.

The procession through the City of London to Abney Park Cemetery was a Salvation Army Pageant. Alone, in an open carriage following the hearse, the General stood. For four hours, balancing himself as the carriage jerked in its stops and starts, he bowed his acknowledgments to the cheering crowd. There was some acid comment later that he had accepted the tribute which was offered to his wife.

For a long time discriminating appraisers of emotional religion had been approving Catherine's work at the expense of her husband's. Her methods were less sensational, her appeal was more intellectual, and those who resented Booth's ruthless advance on his own lines used their praise of the wife to disparage the husband. When Booth was in tight corners and Catherine came home with her spoils from the West of London, it was said that Booth clung to his wife's petticoats. He knew the kind of comment which his present action would provoke amongst Nonconformist pharisees and he noted in his diary: "I couldn't see the people craning their necks trying to see me without endeavouring to gratify them. Some may find fault with me, and say I made an exhibition of myself. That is what I have been doing with myself for my Master's sake all my life."

During her lifetime William smiled with his wife when the captious tried to discriminate invidiously between them. When she was dead, this line of attack became an aspersion upon the loyalty of one who was not there to defend it, and Booth finally silenced such criticism in his reply to the Reverend Hugh Price Hughes, coiner of the boomerang phrase "The Nonconformist Conscience."

"I have no unkind feeling," he wrote, "for the somewhat hasty brother (Hughes) who is responsible for the article you send me to read, . . . But I must say that it is sometimes very painful to me when those who wish to humiliate or belittle me before the world cast their stones at me from the graveside of my beloved and sainted wife."

After his wife's death the General was a very lonely man, lonely not only by the loss of a partner with whom he had shared every thought and feeling. The death of the mother severed a vital strand in the union of the family; her absence made the General more remote from his children.

No martinet, keeping the strings of management jealously in his own hands, the General was like the despotic conductor of a great orchestra intensely sensitive to any action not in harmony with his spirit. He once accused W. T. Stead of being a showman, and it was freely retorted that Booth was a showman himself. Booth was a showman of genius, and it was the melodrama and insincerity in Stead's showmanship which provoked his remark. Often, as he sat on the platform, listening to an eloquent son or daughter, he could have screamed when he recognized the intonations or gestures of their mother or of himself reproduced as a grimacing parody of the original. He once interrupted a daughter's speech with a roar "Sit down——!" When the young woman disobeyed, he got up and wrenched the bonnet from her head, as he forced her into her seat.



He was no office general; during the remaining twenty-two of his eighty-two years he was nearly always on the road infusing the energy into the machine which Bramwell operated in Queen Victoria Street, as he formularized into legal volumes of regulations and instructions the principles of his father, perfecting the central control which he was destined to inherit.

## CHAPTER XI

### A FINANCIER

WHILE each year was bringing fresh laurels to one of his brothers or sisters, Bramwell felt that he ought to make some special contribution to the progress of the Army. He began to exercise his ingenuity on financial schemes. On its practical side money-raising was the main activity of the Army. The General seemed to be more reckless than he was, but the calls to expansion were so insistent that he often launched out as soon as the necessary money was on the horizon. Although the gold was always found at the foot of the rainbow, there were many anxious crises, especially for Bramwell, who dealt with, or left unanswered, the piteous appeals of devoted Salvationists up and down the country, who could not pay the rent of their station, or could not even collect enough money to keep body and soul together. "You will never be a great general," Booth once said to an eminent politician who commented on the hardships suffered by some of his women officers, "if you fear to spend your soldiers to win victory."

When he was first starting his organization, General Booth discouraged the acquisition of buildings. He wanted to keep his Army mobile, a force of light infantry who should fight sin and destitution unencumbered by heavy baggage; he also resisted the tendency to devote attention to social work to the neglect of the spiritual work; but the success of his book *In Darkest England*, which was entirely concerned with social problems, and brought him over £8000 in royalties which he handed over to the Army, while it produced over £100,000 from the public for his schemes of social services, showed him

that whatever importance he might attach to religious revival, it was through its work in alleviating distress that the Army would have to touch the public's purse. The need of having 'barracks' in the larger towns for its combined work as a centre of spiritual regeneration and social salvage was fully accepted by the General.

The first limited company formed by Bramwell was "The Salvation Army Building Association." This company had an initial capital of £50,000, increased soon after its formation to £100,000, which was divided into 18,000 shares of £5 each and 10,000 shares of £1 each, the General and Bramwell holding 500 between them. The General was quite glad to have strong independent control in a venture which was not of his own conception, and the board of the company was composed of solid business men who were friendly to the Army.

In *The Salvation Army and the Public* Mr. John Manson has very lucidly described the history of this and similar financial undertakings. *The War Cry* announced:

#### LOANS TO THE SALVATION ARMY.

##### *Of Special Interest to All Seeking for Investments.*

We have just issued an interesting little pamphlet, setting forth the various ways in which money can be invested with the Salvation Army, and all persons looking for a fair rate of interest should write at once for a copy of "*Two-Fold Investments*," which will be forwarded, post free, on application.

Loans may be made either to the *Property, Trading or Social Departments*, and may be invested at rates varying from 3 per cent. to 4½ per cent. per annum.

*Mortgages* are accepted on freehold and leasehold

properties in Great Britain, bearing interest at 4 per cent. to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per annum.

A list of available Securities will be forwarded on application. Legal and Survey Costs are borne by the Army.

All communications treated with the strictest confidence.

It was added that those who availed themselves of this golden opportunity had "the intense satisfaction of knowing not only that their money is being used for the glory of God, but that it is safely and properly invested on substantial property, and at a good rate of interest."

The promotion of this  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. philanthropy proved very successful; the capital was soon subscribed. But after a time the directors were not satisfied that the securities held by the Association were such as adequately to safeguard the investors' interests, since they consisted largely of mortgages on Army buildings, the value of any of which as fabric was substantially less than the amount for which they were pledged. The value of the security depended too largely upon the spiritual vitality of the Army, *i.e.*, its capacity to get subscriptions out of the general public. In fact, the essence of Bramwell's scheme was to capitalize the spiritual life of the Army. The directors had no financial interest in the concern themselves, beyond such few shares as they may have subscribed to show their goodwill, and they drew no fees for their services. They were keenly alive to their responsibility as trustees for the shareholders, and they decided that the shareholders should go while the going was good.

When the General was told of their decision that the company ought to go into liquidation, he endeavoured to thwart them, and put forward a scheme under which the shareholders should hand over their certificates to General

Booth in exchange for his personal bonds; but the directors pointed out the danger of complying with such a proposal, and "declined to recommend to the shareholders to take the dangerous step of exchanging their position as united investors in the Association with proper legal safeguards, for that of separate creditors of General Booth, especially as the proposal gave no assured prospect that such bonds would be convertible into cash at any particular time.

"The very efforts," wrote the Chairman, "which are being made to hinder the directors from carrying out the proposal to repay the capital, and interest, are another proof of the necessity of the step recommended."

The directors could not foresee that the intangible asset would be as good to-day as it was over half a century ago. They may have thought the Army more dependent than it was upon the life of the Founder. In any case, they carried their resolution; the company went into voluntary liquidation, the shareholders receiving their capital and interest in full.

If Bramwell could have felt that his initiative, some individual contribution of his own, had added to the wealth or power of the Army, he would have felt less the need to prove himself the perfect organizer. He received on all hands, except from his father, praise for his tireless industry and his organizing ability; but this phrase has a hollow ring, especially when the organizer owes his place to the accident of birth. Moreover, the General never took Bramwell quite seriously. He knew in a general way that Bramwell was occupied with papers and interviews at home and at the office for fifteen to eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, but he constantly spoke and acted as though Bramwell had practically no real work to do. "Push it in to Bramwell," he used to say cheerily, "push it on to Bramwell," when the details of some new scheme had to be worked out. Yet he was clever, too,

at keeping Bramwell's nose to the grindstone. "It's essential for me to have you at the office when I'm in London," he used to say, knowing that that was the only time when Bramwell felt the least desire to be away from the office.

Whether the General was at home or abroad, Bramwell got the chief brunt of his autocratic irritability. This is the sort of letter Bramwell would get from the General on his journeys: "Nothing but a piece of twaddle about Quebec and two silly pictures. What a ridiculous appearance to the world of a really national tour to which thousands of all classes flock. If it had not been too late, and could I possibly have done it, I would have taken the reporting into my own hands . . . Altogether it shows the value set upon this work on which I am lavishing every item of strength I possess. Never was a big undertaking supported by such a staff. Willing enough—but childish—and the arrangements—well, the less said the better about a good deal of it."

However, his letters were by no means confined to business; there is much candid observation. He writes of American audiences: "It is a peculiarity of the American people, that they will sit and stare at you, looking as solemn as death, not letting you see by the movement of a muscle that they are affected in the slightest degree by what you are saying, although your own heart is in an agony and your words are burning and scathing or otherwise affecting them; and then, when you have done, they will gather round you and in the *politest, kindest, and most genial manner*, bid you welcome, and say how glad they are to see and hear you."

But Bramwell's letters, although lengthy, were not such as to stimulate irrelevant discursions. The General wrote to his wife from America: "I had letters from Bramwell and a short note from Railton. Railton was kind, but Bramwell was OFFICIAL." Unimaginative though he was, Bramwell

inevitably became the recipient of an occasional description of spiritual suffering when the General no longer had Mrs. Booth to write to. "You are my Melanchthon," he wrote once, and although the General was as unlike Luther as he was unlike Wellington, in the relationship the comparison was sound, for there was much similarity between Bramwell and the resentful disciple of the German thinker. When he was concluding a triumphal progress in a distant continent, the General was sometimes assailed by that kind of feeling in which the waking life becomes like the dream of a favourite country or an exhilarating sport, from which all the familiar flavour has vanished. Thus he writes from South Africa: ". . . and have not darling Mamma to help me round the corner, nor *you*, so I have stuck . . . I had a *shadowy, strange* feeling for some months gone—as tho' I were not myself—as tho' my real self had gone out of me."

Soon afterwards another blast arrived, provoked by an issue of a new Army publication. "I saw in a copy of *The Officer* that lay on my table this morning, something as to the *Foreign* Staff appointments and the British Staff appointments. I thought the word 'foreign' was abolished from the Salvation Army language! *The Officer*, I suppose, goes to America. Think how it must jar on them being referred to as '*foreigners*.' On the outer cover is an indication of what we are coming to, viz., boots advertised as '*gents*' and '*ladies*.' Please tell them to leave the gentlemen and ladies to the West End and stick to 'men and women.'"

In Canada he finds great slackness in the accounts, and has met an officer who "makes the remarkable statement *that there has never been an audit of his a/c as yet*. Now that is abominable. I have been supposing that the D.O.'s (Divisional Officer's) accounts were regularly audited every 6 months, and here at least are accounts run on for several years

without being overhauled. Do get some systematic attention to these things. Make some one man *Auditor-General* and let him be responsible direct to you, and thro' you to me, for the correctness of the whole accounts . . . Let him report to *me* thro' you. That will save a great deal of trouble, and we can then stop a lot of wasteful extravagance."

Except for his brief experience as a pawnbroker's assistant, and even then his efficiency got him a pretty free hand, Booth had never been a subordinate. As a preacher he was a free-lance even when he was in the Connexion. His experience did not assist him, and his mind was too much set upon his objective for him to use his imagination to understand how a subordinate feels under criticism. Sometimes even Bramwell turned; in answer to a string of railing accusations he wrote to his father: "I really don't quite understand your letter. I thought I *was* working a system—and sometimes indeed creating one—to a *very large extent*. *How else is it supposed we do work the thing?* Here I am with 300 men directing the movements of 10,000 Officers; we are passing through our hands £7000 a week; besides the trade — doing Religion — money — social — farming — Rescue — Building — Newspapers — clothing, tea — buying and selling almost everything, from shiploads of timber to the contents of the ashpits—making in one way and another most things from baby linen to bicycles—law—banking—Continental campaigns—Jubilees—Self-Denials and *Salvation*—*how* could it be done as it is *largely* without friction and shindies, at any rate so far as London is concerned, if there was not both *system* and *authority* and *confidence*? Really, I know you are a man with a 'hungry heart' to make things better than they are, but I don't quite see that we gain very much by not seeing what *is* done!"

The General was penitent, when he was taken to task for



inconsiderate criticism. His unaccountability was much more trying, for Bramwell never knew what he would come out with next, and, although he tried to be prepared for anything, he often had the mortification of being caught at a loss. Early one morning, before going to the office, Bramwell went to call on the General, who was just back from a campaign. "Quick, alert, cheerful," says Begbie, "he entered the dressing-room, where his father was walking to and fro with hanging braces and stormy hair."

"Here, Bramwell!" burst out his father, without any word of greeting or answer to Bramwell's inquiry after his health, "do you know that fellows are sleeping out at night under the bridges?—sleeping out all night on the stone?"

Even Bramwell felt insulted by this melodramatic question from a man who had been working for forty years amongst the outcast, and had registered "Submerged" as his telegraphic address. "Yes, General, didn't you know that?" he countered.

The General ignored the counter-question. He stopped still, looked at his son in utter amazement as though he now really saw him for the first time, and said: "You knew that. And you haven't done anything!"

Bramwell replied that the Salvation Army couldn't tackle everything, and went on unwisely to speak of the dangers of indiscriminate charity.

"Oh, I don't care about all that stuff," broke in the General; "I've heard it before. But go and *do something*. *Do something*, Bramwell, *do something*!"

Running his fingers through his long beard, he paced up and down the room. "Get a shed for them; anything will be better than nothing; a roof over their heads, walls round their bodies." He paused in his stride, and added thoughtfully, "You needn't pamper them."

Sometimes he rallied Bramwell with a disconcerting levity on matters which to Bramwell were sacred. Bramwell held nothing more sacred than his own loyalty to his father and General. In the exhilaration of his first visit to America, the General wrote to Bramwell from Columbus, Ohio: "I shall soon love this country. I am not sure that if there were to be a quarrel between your herdmen and my herdmen, as with Abraham and Lot, and you were to have the choice of countries and you chose the Old One—I am not sure—whether I should not *very thankfully* take this, but we must have them *both*, anyhow we must have *this*!"

Under its light tone the passage is suggestive of an Oriental despot who, with the smile of friendship, reveals to a man the secret thoughts that lurk in the other's heart, and Booth's natural caution seems to make him retract even the jest, lest he should be taken at his word. After his second visit to America, ten years later, the joke must have tasted bitter indeed.

Ballington and Maud found the American air no less exhilarating than their father had done. They were a great success, and in a few months Ballington was a hundred per cent. American with the result that he developed galloping Gallicanism.

It is hard to distinguish between passionate devotion to one's own sphere of work and glorification of one's own office. When the General visited America, he surprised Ballington and Maud by receiving their enthusiastic accounts of the American work with grunts and raised eyebrows. To the complete absence of commendation was soon added sharp criticism, when he visited important stations. He objected to seeing the Stars and Stripes carried on parades and decorating Army halls. Ballington brought forward his own man-on-

the-spot criticisms of London bureaucracy and lack of understanding of the American nation. The subscriptions of American soldiers, he said resentfully, were being used to finance poor stations in Canada. He had touched a principle on which his father was most sensitive, for that was precisely what the General was determined to do all over the world. Booth called for a map of North America, and drew two straight lines from the north of Canada to the south of the States, saying that the work would be thus divided into three economic regions, so that the wealth of the South should assist the poverty of the North. Soon after this Napoleonic gesture, he terminated a visit which the Ballingtons have described as one of the bitterest experiences of their lives.

The General next visited India with no misgivings about the Ballingtons beyond a feeling that they needed to be kept on the right lines. Had it not been for the dotter of i's at I.H.Q., the tussle would indeed have gone on, but the Ballingtons would have appreciated that there was method in the old man's madness. Principles operated by a powerful personality do not become really offensive until they are paragraphed by his clerk. But in the General's absence Bramwell, who knew his father's principles without understanding the spirit that inspired them, kept sending out his maddening circulars to territorial commanders. Ballington received two fat volumes of *Rules and Regulations* governing the Army to the minutest details in none of which he had been consulted, and when his Chief Secretary resigned, he was compelled to fill the vacancy with an Englishman. Soon afterwards he received orders from London to 'farewell' to America, the technical term for the demonstrations which take place in the Army when there is a change in the High Command.

Bramwell no doubt consulted his father before shifting

Ballington, but the General was sixty-seven, and no-one then expected him to live much into the seventies at the pace he was driving his delicate constitution. Ballington decided to set up on his own. The General was still in India. Herbert and Eva were sent to New York to reason with Ballington. Their efforts were unavailing.

It was once suggested in the Booth family that Herbert's heart was not set to reconciliation, since he coveted his brother's portfolio. He had his share of the Booth vainglory, as well as a candour which caused him to grieve as much over his motives as over his actions. The imputation reached his ears and he brooded over it. It may have been in his mind when he wrote: "The fear lest sympathy should be taken for disloyalty explains and palliates much. I have bowed my head to what suffering it entails, for I cannot hold myself entirely guiltless as regards this matter in days gone by. The dread of being thought disloyal has closed my own lips . . . The same cause has, I fear, at times provoked speech when silence would have been better. I have long felt qualms of conscience over some of my sayings in connection with the Ballington episode."

Eva was untroubled by any pacifist promptings. She saw her rôle plain as the representative of authority calling a rebel to order. Ballington, for his part, treated her as an enemy, and gave orders that she was not to be admitted to the mass meeting of the American Army at which he was to declare their secession. Eva entered a neighbouring house, climbed up a fire-escape and got into the hall through a window. Ballington and his staff were in a committee-room, putting the finishing touches to a democratic constitution which he was going to announce to his soldiers. Eva told the packed hall of the treachery that was brewing, and her eloquence proved so effective that all but a few followed her into the street.

When Ballington and his committee had finished the deliberations, they found an almost empty hall.

His father obtained an injunction to prevent him from using the word Salvation, but Ballington carried on manfully, and his Volunteer Army has flourished through the years, often preaching at one end of the street while the Salvationists preach at the other. His headquarters occupy the whole of an eight-storey building in New York. When, in 1923, the twenty-seventh anniversary of the Volunteers of America was celebrated in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, the General Ballington, and the Little Mother Maud, were presented with illuminated addresses bearing the signatures of the President of the United States, Dr. Manning the famous Anglican bishop, Hoover, General Pershing and other notabilities.

## CHAPTER XII

### HAILS AND FAREWELLS

Soon after receiving the letters which have been quoted from his father and Bramwell regarding his attitude to superior authority, Herbert wrote to the General requesting definitely that he should be given a more distant command. The General replied that he would arrange this in a twelvemonth, if Herbert were still of the same mind. A few weeks later the General sailed for South Africa, and filled with misgivings about the situation which he was leaving behind, he wrote from the ship to Herbert and Bramwell a touching plea to maintain the family unity. "I shall remember how much will depend on *you*, and on dear Bramwell, and on dear Emma. You are all dear to me, how dear I could not possibly write, indeed, I don't know. But what is first and foremost with me is this 'kingdom of God,' which He used poor unworthy me to originate and build up with the help of so many thousands of willing hands and hearts. How is this to fare while I am away? While I am away, not only on *this journey*, but perhaps on a longer journey? . . . And I cannot but see how this 'kingdom' shall fare must depend on you dear children *loving one another* and working together with a *united will*.

"What can I do before I leave to promote this? I cannot use arguments—I feel they are an 'impertinence'—to show the need for this; nay, the impossibility of any great prosperity without this *blessed, hearty unity*.

"At present there is distress and suspicion and other feelings that ought not to be. How can I leave feeling thus? How can I leave this great Army feeling that you two *heads*

of it are wanting in the first principles of the Christianity you propagate—love, *charity*—charity that *hopes*, that endures, that suffers long, that bears and forbears?

“What can I do? The days are numbered. What can I say? What would you say to *your* boys, were you the father and the friend and were you standing in my place? . . .

“Now, we must have a family meeting, and if you don’t want me to go away with a running sore at my heart there must be the creation of a proper family affection and confidence. I don’t ask too much in asking this. May I not expect it?

“I shall show this to Bramwell or write him one like it. But I don’t suppose this will help things at all. What is wanted is another *spirit*, and without that all talking is in vain. I had hoped that some sort of forbearance and love was coming between us all. Something of the feeling that is asked for in the words ‘in honour preferring one another’ and the love that seeketh not her own.”

Except for the reference to Paul’s definition of charity, which can hardly have carried weight with those who knew that the writer prided himself on having disregarded his own spiritual superiors, when they had hindered him from carrying out the work to which he believed that God had called him, the letter is an appeal which must have touched the recipient. It was written before Ballington’s revolt, which, instead of shaking them, had the effect of hardening the General’s autocratic principles. The appeal to confidence touched the real danger-spot. It was the apprehension of what Bramwell might order when he succeeded to the arbitrary power of the General, more than anything which he or their father did order, that operated so powerfully on the minds of the young Booths in the next few years.

On his return voyage the General wrote to Herbert again:

"I do hope you are getting on in harmony with Bramwell. If not it will certainly spoil my home-coming. I have said the same to him. I have heard nothing of the family meeting. You can present me nothing that will be so grateful by one-half as the assurance that *love* reigns in the hearts of my precious children."

Soon afterwards Herbert was appointed Territorial Commander in Canada, where there had been a lot of trouble. When he arrived, he found an empty cash-box and a mutiny in progress within the Army, while the Army itself was unpopular with Canadian patriots, who called it 'the English garrison.' Herbert dealt with the insubordinates with a strong hand, launched a terrific 'Self Denial' campaign, vindicated himself in the Courts as a defendant in a libel action brought by a mutinous brigadier, and was vindicated by the editor of a leading paper against a malicious attack upon the Salvation Army in general and his administration in particular. When everything was running smoothly, he received a telegram summoning him to London for important discussions. Before he left he had nearly doubled the circulation of the Canadian *War Cry*. He had purchased two ships which were used for missionary purposes on the Great Lakes, and had acquired 100,000 dollars' worth of real estate. Nine Food and Shelter Depots had been opened; six Rescue Homes established. A Farm Colony had been purchased for 30,000 dollars. During the period of his command the joint salary of himself and his wife was a little over £3 a week.

Every arrival or departure of a high officer, especially of a Booth, was now the occasion for a meeting at which the tale of souls who had sought salvation, *i.e.*, come up to the penitent-form, and the amount of money produced for the war-chest, testified to the officer's value to the Army. Regent Hall was taken to celebrate the Commandant's return to the



scene of his former victories. His old comrades-in-arms tramped up to fifty miles to say Hallelujah for their leader. Five hours before the meeting Salvationists had begun to queue up. "I have seen," says an eye-witness, "bigger crowds turned away from a hall, when the General has been in command, but never so early as six o'clock in the evening. I have seen exhibitions of enthusiasm under almost every degree of human feeling; but for free, loose, eye-speaking manifestations of unadulterated affection, the scene in Regent Hall, when the Commandant wedged his way to the platform, would—well, would take more than a pen or a portrait artist to describe."

The comparison with a General's meeting is significant. The young Booths were already beginning to measure themselves against their father. Was the General beginning to feel any pangs of resentment when he heard the cheers to which he was so accustomed going to one or other of his children? There is none of his children who has not, at one time or another, said, or acquiesced in the statement that, as he grew older, the General began to grow jealous of his children. It is more probable that he saw the dangers that would arise from their appetite for applause, which was the only earthly reward that they could win.

Bramwell received Herbert's account of affairs in Canada graciously, but he had a preoccupied air. The Ballington affair was reaching an acute stage, and Bramwell went about as a man upon whom fate has placed a burden of responsibility under which a lesser man would have succumbed. He did not discuss Ballington with Herbert, content to have satisfied himself that Herbert knew little about his brother's insubordinate tendencies, that there was no conspiracy brewing between the American and the Canadian Commands. At conferences, which Herbert attended only so far as his own

work was concerned, Bramwell's natural aloofness was accentuated by the fact that he had for years been under the affliction of increasing deafness; and the angle of his elegant ear-trumpet indicated that it was only his Christian courtesy and forbearance which caused him to provide a channel whereby the sounds of common mortals could enter the penetralia of his ear.

Herbert was informed that he was to be transferred to the Australian Command, which came as an unpleasant surprise to him. But he was given three months to complete his work in Canada. It was a glorious triumphal progress of Farewells, beginning with the last salutes to the Western Warriors, and moving in a crescendo of spiritual enthusiasm across the continent to New Brunswick. Herbert delighted as much as any Booth in huge public demonstrations, and he revelled in the military phraseology of the Army. The 'target' set for his three months was the release of 3500 souls, and special 'trophies' were awarded for any district which won two hundred notorious sinners. The final Farewell at Toronto was described in *The War Cry* as "unique, tremendous and startling." Scarcely had the train left the station, carrying Herbert and his family to New York, when the yacht *William Booth* appeared on the horizon of a late summer evening, bearing his sister Evangeline, and the indefatigable soldiers proceeded to the Welcome of their new Commander, which was startling, tremendous and unique.

The General wisely did not send a son or a daughter to succeed Ballington in the United States. Tucker's wife having proved unequal to the strain of the work in a tropical climate, they had come to England, and Tucker was appointed Foreign Secretary at International Headquarters. In London also Emma's health proved troublesome. General Booth, who kept the defective machine of his own body in good order

by the skilful management of a Spartan regime, was irritated when his children's health proved troublesome, as their bodies, only less important to the concern than his own, were removed from his absolute control. He may have felt that they strained their constitutions as much by the excitement of public life as by work, and he wrote his daughter a letter in which he anticipated the Erewhonian attitude to health. A lady who was an educational authority had said to him that sickness was looked upon as a sin in her institution. "That was an extravagant way of putting the thing, but still, there was something in it. I am more than ever sure that by management people can do very much to keep themselves in tolerable health. I am doing more work and enduring more fatigue than ever I'd have thought myself equal to, and yet I keep *wonderfully well*. I manage myself, I reckon. Now, it is of no use making me a model as to the amount of work that you ought to do. Do what you can. Ease off when you feel you are being played out . . . And get a certain amount of *quietness*. I mean so many hours of separation from the rush and rattle of things . . . *You don't do this, I fancy . . .*"

Tucker was finding the drab poverty of London—the total salary list at I.H.Q. stood at about £500 a year—much more irksome than the greater physical hardships of fakirdom in India, and he had not left the bureaucracy of India with the idea of becoming a Salvationist bureaucrat. Therefore, although his loyalty to the General made him perform any task allotted to him with absolute devotion, he was overjoyed when he was ordered to go to the front again, and take command of the Army in U.S.A.

General Booth could not have sent a better man to put heart into his own forces, and to allay the misgivings about the Salvation Army which Ballington's action had aroused amongst patriotic American public men. Tucker had the

characteristic English virtues which win respect, while the life he had led in India had rubbed off those English mannerisms which provoke irritation amongst Americans. One of his first actions was to get to know the Bowery ten-cent doss houses disguised as a bum. "What the eye sees not, the heart cannot feel," he wrote, "must surely be the only explanation why more is not done for the mournful wreckage of humanity that bestrews the purlieus of wealth in our great metropolis." His sleep was disturbed by the persistent coughing of men shivering in the cold. Municipal regulations merely increased the cost of cheap shelter in a country where little public provision was made for the destitute, without securing even reasonable warmth for the poor bum in the rigours of an American winter. "The secret of it seemed to lie in the unreasonableness of the requirements as to space. The room would easily have accommodated twice the number of men provided for, and then a five-cent doss would doubtless have been possible and profitable to the landlord. There seems a disposition on the part of civic authorities everywhere to forget that by insisting upon reasonable requirements, even in the interests of health, unless some way of escape be provided, untold hardship may unintentionally be inflicted on the poor."

Tucker announced that the first task the Army set themselves was to provide good lodging-house accommodation for the poor. The announcement was accorded favourable comment in the press, but opposition came from an unexpected quarter. Mrs. Russell Lowell, a member of that New England society which has recently been described as being the only real aristocracy now left in the world, called on Tucker in her capacity as President of the Charity Organization Society. She told him that the Society would oppose any such scheme, because it would attract all the destitute of the country to New

York. Tucker asked her whether any member of the Society had spent a night in a Bowery lodging-house, and when she replied in the negative he suggested that the gentlemen who had called with her should do so before making up their minds on the question. He offered to provide an escort, but the proposal was declined, and Mrs. Lowell left, saying that their delegation would wait upon the charity commissioners of New York and urge them to prohibit the Salvation Army from opening any such places.

When Mrs. Lowell had left, Tucker telephoned the commissioners, who knew all about the matter, as Mrs. Lowell had already been to them. "We then," writes Tucker, "unfolded our general scheme, which they regarded as eminently practical, and suggested that they should themselves call a public meeting in the hall of the C.O.S., and invite me to address it for half an hour, after which the meeting should be thrown open for any criticism . . . A record audience gathered. At the end of my address the paper was laid on the table, and those present, including, of course, the representatives of the C.O.S., were invited to criticize the same. To my surprise, and that perhaps of the charity commissioners, the challenge was not accepted . . .

"Either on this, or on a subsequent occasion, we asked the C.O.S. what superior proposals they were prepared to substitute for those of the Salvation Army. That seemed a fair question to ask a society which had urged the business men of New York not to give indiscriminate charity to those who came to them for help, but to inform them that they were distributing their gifts through the C.O.S., to which they referred such petitioners. What did the Society promise to do for those who were so referred? They promised through their agents to investigate their worthiness and to pass on those

who were considered worthy to other organizations who possessed suitable institutions, such as the Salvation Army.

"A glance at their annual report showed that in one year they had raised in New York 50,000 dollars (£10,000) for this purpose. This money had been expended in investigating some 5000 cases, a large portion of which had to be reinvestigated the following year."

Over two pounds a case for investigation without any relief. "Was all this tedious and expensive machinery necessary? We said, No. We had a slogan which effectively answered the same purpose, without any expenditure of money. We asked the petitioner, who professed to be penniless, 'Are you willing to work?' *If he was willing to work he was worthy to be helped . . .*

"But we only knew of one such case (a shirker). The man arrived too late for work, just in time for his bed. The next morning he was given a light task in cutting wood. He watched his opportunity and decamped. Before leaving he chalked on the hoarding:

'Just tell them that you saw me,  
But you never saw me saw.'

The man might well claim to have paid for his shelter with his poetry."

Although it was only eight years since Herbert Booth had visited Australia on sick leave, his feelings might have been those of a different person. The young man, content to bask in the glory of his father's fame, had become a seasoned campaigner, elated with success, surveying the territory which should bring him fresh laurels.

His emotions ran into his pen, and he produced a flaming manifesto, whose preface informed the soldiers that they were

“to hold themselves responsible before God for the multitude who march shepherdless and Christless to the grave from the luxuriant lands that besprinkle the Southern Seas.” He annexed to his territory a mission field extending from the Philippines to Hong Kong and Singapore, and including all the South Sea Islands. “Who knows but that this first day of December, 1896, shall be recorded in the annals of Australasian history as the day when there was started a Crusade, which for deeds of holy daring, for endeavours of whole-souled devotion, for acts of unflinching sacrifice, shall not be outmatched by the valour of the Ancient Knights of the Holy Cross? Most truly do I believe that our dearly beloved General could not have conferred upon his spiritual sons and daughters of the South a higher honour than when he laid upon them the privilege of carrying the flag of salvation to so vast a field of the world’s heathendom . . .

“This first six weeks of 1897 are to be devoted to such a policy of *stirring up* among the soldiers as has seldom before been conceived. Not even the youngest convert in the remotest back-block corps will escape the all-enveloping mantle of responsibility which will be thrown upon the whole forces from Cape York to the Leuwin.” The soldiers would shortly receive a detailed scheme, for “generalities are no good nowadays. Battles are fought out in detail, not in monster strokes, and it has been often found that the good feeding and sleeping of a single regiment has had as much to do with successful fighting as the more brilliant and exciting sweep of arms.”

With reference to the pagan peoples, he believed that the heathen were not so far down in the scale as was generally supposed. He preferred heathens to professors: “I am not sure whether we should not obtain from him a readier response to the simple message of the Cross than we are apt to get from the withered Laodiceans with whom at times we are

called to wrestle, and I think, were I given my choice of a heart likely to yield its affection to the Son of Man, I should prefer the wild son of the wilderness with his paint and feathers to the feathered and painted professor of modern times."

Herbert does not say where these painted and bedizened professors are to be found, but he seems to have felt that Tucker's achievements would not be so difficult to emulate, and so far Tucker was the only Salvationist who had carried the message to the heathen.

When this manifesto reached London the General was vexed. He had given Herbert no commission to the cannibals and head-hunters. He answered rather drily, questioning whether it was wise to rouse such great expectations at the start, and saying with reference to the islands: "You are quite mistaken. They were never mentioned to me. You might have talked them over with Bramwell. But what puzzles me is that, on the one hand, I hear and know and feel that you are in such a delicate state of health, that the strain of the last three or four years has been more than your flesh and blood could endure, that a comparative cessation of burning anxieties would help to give new vitality to your system and add years to your life, and then, on the other hand, I find you laying down a program which requires a Hercules to carry out; and not content with that, weeping because you have not another quarter of the globe to manipulate."



## CHAPTER XIII

### UNRULY CHILDREN

BRAMWELL BOOTH has said that his father probably gave more attention to *Orders and Regulations for Field Officers* than to anything else he wrote. This admirable field service pocket-book was in the course of years expanded by Bramwell into volumes of pietistic officialese, but the early edition which is the Founder's own handiwork, is an inspiring practical guide. He may have had one or other of his children in mind when he wrote:

"Success, however, as a rule, has a tendency to damage Officers by making them proud, and so injuring their usefulness. We have known officers who, while fighting against great difficulties, with few friends, little money, and not many souls, have kept a simple and beautiful character . . . And we have known the same Officers, when suddenly launched on the tide of success, with money, souls, and the good wishes and approbation of the multitude, lose their humility, their love for sinners, and their power with God, and so, shorn of their spiritual strength, we have seen them become as weak and powerless for good as other men."

In this book the General's shrewd observation exposes many sorts of behaviour into which his soldiers may fall, if they lose their sincerity: "The F.O. in his general demeanour, both in private and in public, should have an earnest yet cheerful manner. He should be himself and not someone else; he must not imitate or mimic the manner of any one. Let him be natural, neither better nor worse than he is. Let him be himself.

"At the same time the F.O. must beware of buffoonery and silly laughing, joking, giggling, flirting, and the like, such things being a huge folly and an outrage on his office and profession, and a standing impediment to the souls about him . . . Female Officers must not cut their hair, or part it, so as to resemble men; and men must not part their hair so as to resemble women . . . The F.O. should keep himself clean, with hands and face frequently washed, teeth brushed, finger-nails pared, and hair tidily cut, so presenting altogether a neat and decent appearance . . .

"It must always be remembered by the F.O. and by everyone who is desirous of producing any great moral or spiritual changes in men, that the example of the individuals attempting this task will be much more powerful than the doctrines they set forth, or any particular methods they adopt for teaching those doctrines, however impressive these may be . . .

"The F.O. who does not feel the perilous condition of the men and women about him, will not impress them with the tremendous meaning of his message. They will measure the extent of their danger by his anxiety. If he does not care, neither will they. If he weeps over them, they will be very likely to weep over themselves . . .

"Let him listen as they jibe and sneer and flout the very name of God, and defy Him with uplifted eyes and hands. Then let him consider how miserably small is the minority of those who are on the side of the King—and how powerless, humanly speaking, the latter are in comparison. He will then be likely to consider the condition of the world—at the very headquarters of Christianity—to be awful."

Despite Booth's powers of inspiring the troops, as the Army grew, defections also became numerous, and the problem of the ex-officer began to give trouble, although the Army did its best to discredit 'deserters' in advance by giving the public

to understand that nothing but base motives could induce a Salvationist to quit the flag. It was even alleged that in some cases the Army persecuted ex-officers and tried by means of slanderous statements to prevent them from getting employment.

When an officer becomes enrolled, he has to sign a questionnaire and Articles of War, whereby he pledges himself to life-long service of nine hours a day, to abstain from all other trade, to hand over to the Army any proceeds from his pen, and any gift from a person other than a friend whom he knew before he joined the Army. At the same time he absolves the Army from any responsibility to pay him a salary, compensation for illness, or pension.

Booth was in the position of those vendors of patent household requisites who can always replenish the ranks of their commission-salesmen by the insertion of a small advertisement in a newspaper. But it was damaging to his cause to have a large number (computed by Mr. Manson at over 5000 in 1905) of worked-out ex-Salvationist men and women amongst the public. And he felt hurt if persons left the work once they had enrolled. The conditions might be hard, but it was not his purpose to offer a career; he was offering an opportunity whereby those who had themselves been saved could co-operate with him in bringing salvation to the world. To exercise personal philanthropy upon strangers is difficult in any case, and almost impossible except in the name of a society which has made this its business. The uniform and name of Booth's Mission were the passport to the retreats of poverty and shame.

Now that the Army was a large organization, it developed the characteristic faults of human institutions. Devotion and capacity often went unheeded when promotions were made. An officer who had worked up the Army in a difficult district

would be required to hand over a flourishing station to some favourite of I.H.Q., or would be given work beneath his powers because, as he believed, he had aroused the jealousy of a superior. Its autocratic constitution made the Army specially susceptible to these chronic ailments of human societies, while, as an instrument for effecting God's purposes, the Army became in its Founder's mind identified with those purposes, so that criticism of the Army was sinful. The appeal to the virtue of long-suffering, so powerful in assisting oppression in religious organizations, which Booth had already made to an unruly son, became embodied in *Orders and Regulations*: "When the Field Officer has resolved on the course of resignation, the next thing for him to do is to see that he acts in that way which will be least calculated to injure the Army, which he has so repeatedly and so solemnly promised not to harm . . . If he has been unjustly dealt with, or if his reputation has been damaged, let him bear it for Christ's sake—God will vindicate him—and not do that which he knows will hurt the cause of Christ, and risk the loss of souls, in order to vindicate himself, gratify the spirit of opposition, or gain a livelihood."

It should be borne in mind that revised editions of *O. and R.* were frequently issued by I.H.Q., and it is as impossible to attribute authorship to them as to a War Office publication. Such passages, completely lacking the authentic William Booth touch, were often embodied, when the General was at the other end of the world. Writing to Bramwell from San Francisco, he shows clearly that he does not wish to have this problem handled in a bureaucratic spirit: "The number of ex-Officers who come to my meetings, and sob and lament that they are outside and wanting to come back, is pitiable in the extreme. They are not prepared always to go to the penitent-form in the presence of the Officers with whom they

have quarrelled, or the Corps in which they have lost their position by their tempers or something else. Perhaps they think they are right—perhaps they know they are wrong, but the penitent-form is not the way for them to come round, and after they have been to the penitent-form they are still speckled birds. There is nothing definite about their position. Now something ought to be done for them. There are hundreds of them all round the world, and as the Consul said the other night—as many of them are as good outside as are in.

“In many cases the taking of men away from the country where their offence has been known, and putting them down in some other country, would be very good.”

The problem of the ‘backslider’ was constantly in his mind. In the Red Sea the ship carrying the General was impaled on a rock, but she was saved. The incident caused him to make the following notes: “Backslider. Tremendous efforts made to save her. No giving up. Never despair. Ingenuity succeeded. And yet it was all in the ordinary course of things. Tremendous satisfaction. More interest than in the building of a new steamer. Left there, she was a constant reproach. Tremendous profit to the Saviours.”

The problem of those who fell by the wayside became even more serious than the problem of the ‘speckled birds,’ although it was a problem of which General Booth was scarcely aware, until the interest of the public was aroused. Like many men who are fired by the cause of humanity at large, Booth was insensitive to the claims of the men and women in his own service. A great general must not fear to spend his soldiers; neither it seems can he afford to trouble to pick up the wounded. Mr. Manson has given several examples of the Army’s callous treatment of old soldiers, and he is no doubt correct in inferring that these examples are typical of a

much larger number that have not come to light. In a sense this must be General Booth's excuse—that the problem would have made a paralysing drain on his resources if he had not closed his eyes to it. After all, the terms of enlistment could not be more explicit. But, just as a pawnbroker's printed form may contain terms which the legislature has declared to be unenforceable, because they are oppressive, so there are obligations between master and man out of which public opinion will not suffer the master to contract. Two cases of the neglect of necessitous Salvationists, which became the subject of correspondence in *The Times*, did a good deal of harm to the Army's reputation.

Sundqvist was a sailor who became converted, and enlisted in the Army at the age of thirty-three. He served fourteen years without a week's holiday at an average weekly salary of four to five shillings. A close friend related that once when Sundqvist had thirteen pence in his pocket, he met a person on the road who was in great trouble, gave him the shilling, and reproached himself afterwards for having retained the odd penny. During the last two years of his service his health was failing, but although he was often short of food, for two winters had no overcoat, and had to tramp fifty or sixty miles a week to sell his quota of *The War Cry*, he did not complain. When his health finally broke down, he asked his divisional officer for a long rest. He was curtly summoned to an officers' council, to which he had to tramp thirty miles, although he was unfit to walk, only to be told that Headquarters had refused his application. He therefore resigned, and, being quite destitute, he asked the Army to help him. He was sent £7, and after much pleading, he was sent a further £6; but he had no relations to help him, and the money came to an end. What he needed was employment, and he felt that his years of faithful service entitled him to consideration for

employment in one of the many stationary posts of the Army. After much solicitation, he obtained from Headquarters the offer of an agency in the Salvation Army Assurance Society, a venture which Bramwell had started when he recovered from his set-back in the building venture. But the agency was in another town, and as Sundqvist had pawned most of his clothes, he was unable to move. He asked for some assistance to overcome this difficulty, but it was refused, and Sundqvist was unable to take up the agency.

Sundqvist's case was made the subject of a letter to *The Times*, written by a benevolent gentleman who concerned himself especially with distressed ex-officers of the Salvation Army. The writer did not mention Sundqvist by name, and a Commissioner in the S.A. denied knowledge of any such case in an interview with the *Evening News*, published the same day as the letter to *The Times*. Mr. Manson, who has described the case in detail in *The Salvation Army and the Public*, then wrote to Mr. Bramwell Booth, who replied that "after careful inquiry he believes the departments of the Army concerned have done all, or more than all, for the persons referred to, that the resources at their disposal could properly allow." A week later Mr. Bramwell Booth wrote to a member of the Army in Norfolk, who asked Headquarters whether nothing could be done for Sundqvist: "Mr. Bramwell Booth is freely and confidentially informed that the case of Sundqvist is that of a lazy, good-for-nothing man, who was turned out of the Army because he would not work, and has lived for the last two or three years on the product of begging-letters, and although he has been two or three times offered employment—not as an officer—has refused it." The letter was marked 'Private,' for Bramwell was an adept at libelling within the law. The letter did not shake Sundqvist's benefactor, but it so affected Sundqvist that he declined to accept the help until

he should have cleared himself. He walked to London and called several times at Headquarters, but he failed to see any of the chiefs, and when he had spent his money he was refused a bed at an Army shelter because he could not pay.

The other case about which Mr. Manson wrote to Bramwell Booth concerned Cameron, a bandsman in the Gordon Highlanders, who had been incapacitated by a spinal injury, and for twelve months had done wood-chopping for the Army in return for board and lodging, but without wages, his wife being a dressmaker. After this he received better employment, finally getting on to the Headquarters staff at £1 a week with free board and lodging. In his spare time he taught music to his Colonel's children, who were known as 'Richard's Midgets,' and when they were trained he took them all over England, earning hundreds of pounds for the Army by his act. Unfortunately Colonel Richards was given a foreign appointment, and Cameron was sent to the depot, where his wages were seven shillings with board and lodging. After one or two more changes, ending with a post as cashier at twenty-five shillings a week without keep, Cameron was discharged with £6 in lieu of notice on the ground that the Army could not afford to pay twenty-five shillings a week for a cashier. The writer of the letter to *The Times* telegraphed to the Army Headquarters: "Submerged, London.—Send Mrs. Cameron assistance immediately. Child dead, family starving. Give Cameron work." A little temporary help was forthcoming, but Cameron was not given employment.

While the Army was reproducing in its own body those problems which it sought to attack in the world at large, General Booth was called upon to give much anxious thought to another question also—the modification of the Army constitution. Eminent men who had discussed it with him, from Mr. Gladstone onwards, had never failed to point



how speedily a wicked or incompetent man may be found occupying a position which was created by a man both great and good. General Booth was the despot of a world-wide organization, and he would bequeath his immense powers to a successor whose name reposed in a sealed envelope in his lawyer's safe. The successor would inherit these powers, including that of appointing his own successor, unimpaired.

Within the Army itself it was felt that the situation called for certain safeguards, and the General instructed Bramwell to draft a supplementary deed poll to embody them. Bramwell went to this task with an enthusiasm which is difficult to understand, unless there were times when, after suffering from his father's uncertain temper, he felt that a sealed envelope is no guarantee against the caprice of the man who has sealed and can at any time open it. It was some years before the terms of the deed were settled, for the General considered his Foundation Deed to be an inspired instrument, and sometimes suggested that any attempt to improve it suggested a want of faith. "If Wesley had had more faith," he once said, "he would have handed on his power to one man, not to a committee."

Three years after Ballington's secession the General felt that he must visit the scene of Herbert's labours. The long voyage to Australia gave him time for varied reflections. It was strange how easily the ship's company, anybody he asked, accepted an invitation to pray with him. No resistance nowadays; the regular thing to do. Meet royalty, and take off your hat; meet General Booth and get on your knees. It was the same with the Army; his high officers met the heads of departments of state on equal terms. It seemed as though the war were coming to an end—but with none of the objectives gained. He thought of the difficulties at home, the rivalries amongst his followers, right away through from his own

family down to the junior field officer. When they were fighting for existence in the old days there had been none of it; and the Old Guard still had the same spirit. Railton, Cadman, Lawley, Dowdle—they went where they were bid. They didn't ask of every command that it should imply appreciation of what they had just been doing. Strange that he should get such devoted loyalty from these men, and from his own flesh suspicion and rebellion—it did not occur to him that the loyalty of those men who had chosen to work under him was a loyalty to their own choice as well as to him, like the loyalty of a man to his wife. As he had done on earlier journeys, he turned to relieve his gloom by writing a letter, only to throw the pen aside. Now that Catherine was dead there was no-one to whom he cared to write when he felt unhappy. He could only pray, and believe that she was watching him and sympathizing with him.

As the ship approached Melbourne his spirits revived. Perhaps here, in a new country, he would be able to stir again the enthusiasm of the early victories. But he became unwell towards the end of the voyage, and had the intense mortification of being held up by the quarantine authorities. Then, when he was released, he found that Herbert and Bramwell had acted in collusion to prevent his going to New Zealand, because it would be too much for him. Even though they couldn't get on together, his children could combine to manage him. They would do a great deal better to adopt his methods of diet.

When he met Herbert, the first thing that struck him was that Herbert had grown distinctly stouter; and Herbert wasn't pleased when his father's first greeting was a jovial remark to this effect. Neither was his wife, who at once explained that the adiposity was due to overwork and worry. After his delay, General Booth was anxious to pick up with his pro-

gramme. He wanted to meet all Herbert's principal workers, to get their reports for himself, ginger things up, have some rousing soul-saving meetings. Herbert, on the other hand, didn't want his father butting into the works; he had worked out a programme, which nicely divided his father's time amongst his most wealthy and influential patrons. For six months after his visit, perhaps longer, the hall-mark of social position in the Commonwealth would be to have been presented to the General; a handshake should be worth ten pounds to the cause, a meal at the same table two hundred and fifty pounds, a night under the same roof anything from a thousand pounds upwards. There would be a few big meetings too, but meetings with the right kind of platform, a Primate or a Governor in the chair. The Mile End eloquence, Herbert felt, would be quite unbecoming the occasion of such a visit. He himself left the soul-saving business to the younger men now. He had the whole responsibility of the Army in his territory.

But the General had not come all the way to Australia to smile blandly upon a lot of Henry Reeds. As he grew older, his appetite for souls, the impulse which had brought his world-wide organization into being, grew keener. It had been starved on a six weeks' voyage. By souls he meant something almost tangible, something that gave him, though he did not realize it, a physical satisfaction—the sight of sobbing, shaking sinners at the penitent-form, drawn up out of the hazy depths of a great hall, some rushing and eager, others obstinate and reluctant, drawn to surrender their wills at the mercy-seat.

He told Herbert that he must have time to visit the workshops and rescue homes, and that the meetings which had been arranged were of the kind that attracted respectable pew renters, not the sort for whom his message was intended. It should be possible to see General Booth somewhere besides

at Madame Tussaud's not asking for money. The quarantine had disorganized his plans, sufficient reason for cancelling arrangements; he would not have time anyhow to do what he himself had come to do.

Herbert was distressed, and his wife Corrie was vexed. Her Almanach de Gotha sense, which had been in abeyance when she fell in love with Herbert, a romantic young English enthusiast abroad, had revived in the intimacy of marriage, and demanded constant appeasement through the recognition of Herbert's importance as a public figure. She had been particularly hurt, because her father-in-law had declined to visit the charming family, connected with the de Ravallets, who had been so kind to her when the children were ill. The General had declined deliberately; he was suspicious of that sort of kindness to his officers. He was constantly refusing such kindness himself, and had only recently made an enemy of a wealthy woman who had subscribed to the Army for years, and had then cut off her subscription, because the General refused to accept a personal donation for the benefit of his children. Always he was hearing the same plea, that hospitality or other gifts in kind must be accepted, in order not to give offence. A specious argument, for the general prestige won exceeded the individual offence given; and if the leaders in the Army accepted gifts, how could they enforce the rule upon the poor field officers.

On his tour of inspection the General saw much to disturb and irritate him. There was plenty of evidence that the Army in Australia was a prosperous concern, for Herbert's Campaign had produced over £60,000 for buildings alone, but it troubled him that the higher staff were clearly sharing in this prosperity. Salaries for all ranks were settled by I.H.Q., but he knew only too well what magic could be wrought by 'expenses.' It was so easy for the higher staff to annex a retinue of Salvationists.

in a semi-batman capacity, each assuring the other that this or that convenience was essential to the proper performance of his duties, until a colonel had a couple of grooms, one of them being a valet or cook, a secretary and adjutant, one of whom would be a private tutor to the children, and so on. And these positions themselves were much coveted, for promotion lay through attachment to the Headquarters Staff. Meanwhile Corrie would be telling him how Herbert had won the esteem of the leading men in the colony—what the Bishop of Brisbane had said or the Premier of New South Wales. Her remarks the General scarcely heard; they were like an echo in the distant past. He had known so much of that kind of thing, and had learned its value. True, there had been times when these things had moved him. When, after crossing the ocean, he was met by shiploads of Salvationists who had come to salute the vessel that was bearing him to their shore; as he made his triumphal progress from city to city, hearing nothing but the plaudits of his soldiers; when he conversed with potentates trained in the art of dismissing from their mind all matters save those bearing upon the movement whose leader they are receiving at the moment, at such times the General, who reflected little upon the teachings of history, had believed that the Salvation Army was destined to establish the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. But the General had long since learned that the applause of the highly placed does not represent the sum of individual opinions, being accorded in a lump to the representative of a movement which has arrived. To him the elation of Corrie and Herbert at having won the recognition of premiers and primates was merely childish.

The General's criticisms provoked from Herbert counter-criticism of the bureaucratic methods of I.H.Q. When they parted, Herbert felt sore, and his father felt that Herbert was unreasonably obstinate and resentful of criticism. After all,

the General sailed round the globe not to praise, but to keep the work on the right lines. But he seems to have felt some qualms about his own behaviour, for he wrote from his ship after Herbert's launch had disappeared :

Twenty hours have passed since we *embraced* and *parted*. They seemed to be *long* ones. I appear to have lost a part of *myself*, and all through the moments of a wakeful night the things I *ought* to have said or *might* have said or *want* to have said have in rapid succession been progressioning through my brain. I must confess that I was a good deal disappointed that there was not a little love note for me to read when your launch and waving hat and handkerchief had faded from my view. A note that would have helped to drive the trifling mists more completely away from my heart and *kept them away forever*. However, I will *regard it as written* and *read into it* what I wish, and will rest in hope and faith that we *are one*, not only in *purpose* but in practice forever and forever.

Men of practical achievement are often surprised that the method of overriding difficulties by ignoring them so often fails when applied to personal relationships. It can only have added fuel to the flames of Herbert's resentment to be told that his father was salving such light wounds as Herbert had inflicted by reading what he wished into a letter which Herbert had never dreamed of writing.

Not long after the General's return, trouble developed with the Maréchale and her husband Clibborn. The cause of the trouble was the same as in America and Australia—excessive and uninformed interference by I.H.Q. in a foreign command, and appointments from London which overrode claims of local officers. While the Maréchale had the Booth instinct for personal independence, her husband had an equally strong sense of the rights of those who were serving under him. He had the fiery scrupulousness of the Irishman. To the General, on the other hand, such scruples were a symptom of wanton self-importance; they were disloyal, inasmuch as to entertain any considerations that conflicted with the welfare of the

organization was disloyal. If the parable of the labourers in the vineyard, always a favourite with men who cannot be bothered with the claims of the individual, failed wholly to absolve the General from his misgivings when he mortgaged the barracks of a corps which was just getting clear after years of struggle, in order to advance the cause elsewhere, he would console himself with perhaps his favourite text of all: "Lord, I knew thee that thou art a hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou has not strawed."

Unable to make any impression upon the General in his attempts to get justice for others, Clibborn thought to get through the old man's armour by a gesture of personal disinterestedness, when an additional country was added to the territories under the command of his wife and himself. He suggested to the General that this action laid him open to the charge of unduly favouring the members of his own family. "Who the hell are you, Clibborn, anyway?" roared the General, and the interview terminated.

As Clibborn walked back to his lodgings, the many slights which he had suffered since he had become a Booth took visible form, and suddenly reproached him. He saw himself walking to his seat in the Albert Hall with the youngest baby on his arm, while his wife, as the senior in rank, went on ahead to take her seat on the platform, and he remembered the grin of a Swiss Salvationist, as he tried to keep the baby quiet during its mother's speech. He saw the indulgent smiles of the General's principal officers when he made a contribution to the subject under discussion, only to find the discussion resumed at the point where the previous speaker had left it.

Clibborn toyed with the idea of evangelizing on his own; but he was essentially a Peter, an enthusiastic, if uncertain disciple. At this time Dr. Dowie, an American faith-healer,

was proclaiming in London with some success that he was a reincarnation of the prophet Elijah. Clibborn went to hear him, and having decided that Dowie was the man for him, found no very great difficulty in accepting the American's special doctrine. Accordingly, after some weeks of prayer and deliberation, he wrote to Dr. Dowie:

I have decided to offer myself to you, dear Doctor, and do so, firmly believing it to be the will of God, and His great gift to me in answer to years of prayer. I had thought of starting a separate Mission till I got light about the Elijah matter, as that was the great obstacle. It could only be either a gigantic error or a gigantic truth . . . I take it you are in the spirit and power of Elijah as the Herald of the Second Coming, the John the Baptist of the Millennial Dawn? . . .

But, although he became an open follower of Dr. Dowie, Clibborn did not resign his position as Commissioner in the Salvation Army, and he was not asked to resign either, the matter being treated simply as one of Clibborn's vagaries, and therefore of no real importance.

Meanwhile the Maréchale was assailing her father with prayers and tears to relax the Orders and Regulations which were strangling the initiative of commanders abroad. Her son Augustin Booth, the painter, remembers sitting on the foggy evenings of the winter 1901-2 in a room opposite Liverpool Street Station, waiting for his mother's return from Hadley Wood. Always she came back with the exhausted look of a woman who has spent herself to no purpose. Her tears and entreaties proved unavailing against the rugged old man who had written to her "I am your General first, and your father afterwards," and who now paced up and down the room, running his long fingers through his beard and saying always the same words: "I will have obedience; I will have obedience." At the end of January *The War Cry* announced that the Maréchale and her husband had left the Army, and



before the end of the winter the ex-Maréchale's hair was as white as her father's beard.

At this time Herbert Booth had completed his second Australian campaign. The results both in cash and in souls had surpassed all reasonable expectations. But Herbert was worried; the period of his Australian Command was nearly over, and he had been vouchsafed no hint as to the future scene of his activities. Throughout the campaign his sense of irritation with London had been increasing, and now that his Command was nearly over, the pinpricks seemed to increase. They were already treating him as though he had left Australia. The envelope containing the London mail was still addressed to him as Territorial Commander, but the bulk of its contents was semi-official correspondence from Bramwell's satellites in London to Bramwell's satellites in Australia. For in all the high commands I.H.Q. had its own confidential men. Some of them were travelling inspectors, others were more permanent, forming a kind of spy system upon the activities of the Commander.

The General and the Chief-of-Staff had slightly different motives for reducing the Territorial Commanders to be figure-heads. The General wanted to have his children in command, at the same time he knew that he could command his men much more easily than his children. To maintain the central authority he must undermine the authority of his sons and daughters abroad. If Bramwell's excessive application of his own principles ever caused him misgivings, he felt it all the more necessary to ensure the obedience of his children to their future General now, while he was alive, or there would be no hope at all of the Army maintaining its unity when he was dead. If there must be secessions, their consequences would be far less dangerous while he was there to deal with them. A

motive which operated far more powerfully with Bramwell than with his father was the desire to see the finances of the Army on a really sound basis. Bramwell had always had the Army finance under his intimate control; he was the only man besides the Founder who knew what terribly narrow squeaks the Army had had, and, as he lacked his father's enthusiastic faith, these squeaks had left a far stronger impression upon his memory. Lacking the power to move audiences, he looked forward to having the supreme control of the financial resources of the Army. It was his aim to inherit a thoroughly solvent concern. Therefore, he applied the brake by every means he could to the schemes of over-enthusiastic Territorial Commanders.

Several of Herbert's schemes had not yet come to maturity; to secure continuity of policy, it was essential for him to have some time with his successor; but Bramwell, set upon frustrating most of these schemes, was determined to prevent any collaboration between him and his successor. The uncertainty as to his future, and the feeling that the fruit of much of his best efforts would be lost through the chicanery of I.H.Q., told upon Herbert's health. His father was constantly corresponding with him on this subject, for no mother could be more concerned for her infants than the General was for the health of his grown-up sons and daughters. Only, as each side tried to use the health question as a lever for getting his own way, their letters on this topic were as full of argument as upon any other. Thus we find the General writing to Herbert in answer to a glowing sheaf of press-cuttings and plans for the future with some remarks about his health thrown in:

I do not think you look upon the matter in so serious a light as it demands. You cannot go on with these rheumatic attacks without the most damaging influences upon your heart, and that reacts in the terrible depressions from which you suffer, and must

tell most seriously upon the future. And then instead of responding to my suggestions that you should take it easy and get strong, you simply fill your letters with reconstructions and extensions and all manner of aggressions involving anxiety and toil which, if you were strong, would be delightful, but as it is, they sound to me calamitous. You will not settle down when you have a chance and go softly until you get strong. But I am in despair. I have said this again and again and again. So you may look upon this as "the last flicker in the socket" in my effort in this direction.

He was a great believer in diet, but he recommended this with some diffidence, knowing that the Spartan fare, which had so remarkably solved his own problems, was unpopular with most of his children. However, he sent Herbert his bill of fare, for a trial:

Breakfast

Toast, butter, tea, and milk.

Dinner

Vegetable soup, with a teaspoon of plasmon in it. A little buttermilk, cheese, toast, and sometimes an apple.

Tea

Same as breakfast with a little fried potato or a very little common cheese.

Supper

A breakfast cup of Bengel, bread, butter, and an apple.

Herbert, who had made the kind of half-hearted attempts at dieting which are commonly made by those who do not really wish to be convinced of its usefulness, replied that he had tried the plan of eating less, but it did not seem to succeed in his case. Sometimes he was better without meat, and at other times he was much better when he ate meat. The strong, healthy people round him ate what was put before them without asking any questions and thrive on it. He would do anything he could to regain his vigour, but suspected that it was the output rather than the intake which was the difficulty.

Towards the end of his second campaign, Herbert had acquired a tract of some thirty thousand acres of uncultivated fertile land on the Collie River in South-West Australia. Herbert had a strong taste for natural scenery, and the Collie estate was ideal country to gratify such a taste. "In that Arcadian Woodland of Australia," writes Dr. Ottman, "there had roamed through unnumbered years the opossum, the native bear, the kangaroo, the potoroo, the flying fox, the bandicoot, the black swan, the hawk, the eagle, the emu, the tiger, and the wild cat." Tigers do not roam in Australia, even with eagles, but it was an ideal country, rich in the quaint, friendly beasts of Australia, little bears with faces like comedians, flying squirrels which sailed through the gigantic jarrah trees, and kukuburras to wake one at dawn with their silly laughter.

Herbert fell in love with the place, and determined to secure it as a colony for unemployed. Bramwell was not sure whether it was a delusion or a temptation of the Devil—the General thought the latter—but in view of Herbert's success in raising funds and winning Government support, he gave his consent, and the estate was acquired. It was a day of great rejoicing for Herbert and Corrie when they received the first-fruits of the estate from the Staff Captain in charge, a wallaby skin, a bunch of flowers and, best of all, a spray of young wheat and oats, which some experts had said could not be grown on the colony. Herbert saw visions of a great future for the Collie. If the venture succeeded they could get any amount of additional land in the district. It might develop into that great Farm Colony Overseas, a Salvationist kingdom on earth, which was still his father's dearest dream.

But Herbert was nearly due to leave Australia. Perhaps they would send him to some land where there was no scope for his enthusiasm—he had seen others whose zeal was not wholly to the taste of I.H.Q. suffer in this way—or, even

worse, they would keep him in London, where he would have to argue every point with the Chief-of-Staff. The thought made him ill. His illness suggested a solution. He wrote to his father that, after the strain of the Australian Command, he was sorry to find himself forced to ask for a long furlough. He proposed to go to the Collie estate for a year's furlough. It would not be a holiday, of course, for the colony was likely to prove an important development, and it would be an advantage to have a member of the family on the spot, but he would be relieved of the anxieties of a territorial command, and with a good staff, he would have plenty of time to get his health back.

The ingenuity of the proposal was at once obvious to Bramwell, more so, indeed, than to Herbert, who was not much of a schemer. By his undermining tactics, Bramwell had been forcing Herbert the T.C. into a position of responsibility without power. At the Collie he might achieve power without responsibility. It would be inevitable that Herbert's successor would drift into the way of consulting his predecessor, still in Australia, on outstanding questions, and Herbert's standing amongst the leading men of the Commonwealth would give his advice great power. Bramwell would see to it that the new T.C. would be a man full of zeal for the London attitude on all questions, but the London arguments might well become blurred after a few months at the Antipodes, and if he began to oppose London he might find a powerful ally, a Booth, close at hand. Bramwell put it to the General that the suggested arrangement might involve a divided command, and might prove embarrassing to the new T.C. The maxim 'Divide and rule' had been constantly practised upon T.C.s by the General, but he shared the Chief's misgivings to some extent, and above all he felt his usual annoyance when his children advanced health schemes of their own, an annoyance

which was usually justified, inasmuch as the scheme rather than health was the real objective.

Whatever objections may have been felt in London, there were none that could be urged explicitly against the proposal. The General replied as follows:

I have your long letter dated January nineteenth, 1901, specially relating to your request for a furlough. In some respects it did not surprise me that you should have arrived at the conclusion that you must have a pause and rest. I felt when with you, as I told you, that you could not possibly continue at the speed you were travelling, mentally and physically, without serious consequences. But with you, as indeed with all, I feel helpless when I come to talk about health. Moreover, we all have been so wonderfully upheld, and have gone through such mountains of toil and trouble without permanent breakdowns, that I get carried away with the same mania that rules you all. Still, the proposal of your letter has, after all, taken me by surprise, and I hardly know what to say.

Perhaps the General hoped that God would supply him with some valid objection which he could telegraph before the letter was acted upon. But no such inspiration was forthcoming, and Herbert was merely irritated by the fact that explicit approval of his suggestion was withheld. This irritation was exacerbated to despairing fury by the subsequent communications from I.H.Q. Every mail brought a mass of detailed instructions as to the precise manner in which Herbert was to wind up his Command. The date of his Farewell was fixed by Bramwell, and when he asked to have it postponed until after the Self-Denial week, for which he had made elaborate arrangements which he wanted to carry through himself, his request was refused without reason given. After the last mail had arrived, cabled instructions came in, the unreasonableness of which was only equalled by the immense emphasis laid on the importance of their exact execution. The crowning touch was a three-line prohibition of all communication with his successor (whose name was still withheld) without the permission of I.H.Q.

The Melbourne Farewell equalled, if it did not surpass, any demonstration of the kind which had yet been accorded to a Salvationist leader. The services, which were spread over some days, included the dedication of the garrison for the training of S.A. cadets, which covers nearly two acres on the Victoria Parade, Melbourne. In the absence through illness of the Governor-General, her Excellency Lady Hopetoun presided. At the farewell service in Melbourne Town Hall the Prime Minister of the Commonwealth, a former and a future Commonwealth Premier, Governors, Chief Justices, and Premiers of the individual States and of the sister colony New Zealand united to do honour to the Herbert Booths. Amongst those who spoke are several names which have become illustrious in the history of the British Empire, and the personal note in some of the speeches still warms with its sincerity. Mr. Isaacs, a future Governor-General, said:

Commandant Booth and I have long been friends and I have had many opportunities . . . of witnessing the marvellous skill and ability in organization, in labour and leadership that he has displayed . . . It is an absolute truth to say that they have enshrined themselves in our memories . . .

Mr. Edmund Barton, Prime Minister of the Commonwealth, who presided, said:

. . . I believe that the leave taken of the Commandant and Mrs. Booth should be not of the Salvation Army only but of the citizens of Australia who would be only too glad to hear of their early return . . . Reflect for yourselves what a flood of tears will be shed in Australia when they take their departure from the splendid work by which they have uplifted and helped so many Australian citizens.

Mr. Alfred Deakin, later Prime Minister of the Commonwealth:

. . . They have left behind them an imperishable record in the institutions which they have founded . . . They have been leaders indeed who have not said "Go forward" but "Come forward" at all times. I undertake to say that travel where they will and

make their home where they may . . . nowhere have they been or will they be more loved.

Sir William Lyne, first Prime Minister of the Commonwealth:

Knowing but little of the work of the Salvation Army when you came, I took but apathetic interest in your arrival . . . Mrs. Booth's name has become a household word, her presence is to the poor and outcast like beams of light in the darkness . . . I wish you both that future which all good people deserve and assure you that your names will never fade from the memory of a grateful Australia.

Sir John Madden, member of a family illustrious in the Services of the Empire:

The Salvation Army and all its members have been eminently loyal in their service and duty to the Crown of our country, and have always lent my office and myself the most gratifying respect and assistance . . . It has entered into no disputations. It has never confessed itself appalled or even doubtful at its task . . . Your time spent here has produced nothing but good.

For several years Herbert Booth had been working on an illustrated lecture, a 'photo-drama' of the Early Christians, six hundred Salvationists who were shown in the setting and costumes of the period. It was before the days of the cinematograph, but Herbert anticipated some of the movie technique, using a film timed to show one picture for every forty words spoken. He took this film with him to the Collie.

The General was uneasy about Herbert's broodings in the forest silences. It is impossible to say whether any of Herbert's letters at this period suggested that trouble was brewing, because the copies disappeared with his brief-case at San Francisco in circumstances which will be mentioned later. It is more likely that the following letter from the General to his son reflects only the uneasiness which was the natural consequence of the ungracious treatment to which Herbert had been subjected from London, an uneasiness possibly sharpened



by the trouble with Katie and Clibborn, which was becoming acute.

I have nothing particular to report, but I feel drawn to say something, if only to express the sympathy I feel for you in the altered circumstances in which you find yourself. After all the rush and excitement of the past five years, the quietness and, I was going to say, loneliness of the Collie will be a very great change. You will be likely to feel it, I hope not disagreeably. It is an experiment that I am not altogether confident about, and if I did not know what a facility there is in the family for adaptation I should certainly have a little anxiety on the question. But if it is a little trial for your feelings, you must give yourself up to bear it on the plea of the great advantage you hope to reap by it in the future. If you can both get properly recouped in health and vigour, what a boon it will be.

I do hope that you are going to be able to write me that you are happy. You must remember that your present position is your own selection. I confess that it struck me as being excellent when you first proposed it; that is, if you were to have a chance of what I have desired for you for six or seven years, it seemed to be a providential and likely way of reaching it.

You have had almost, if not quite, as victorious a finish in your command as could have been wished. Everybody seems to have combined to recognize and congratulate you . . .

Although the opening would have been nearly as appropriate to a son serving a sentence for some indiscretion as to a convalescent, the letter is singularly free from exhortation and consequent italics. But it was irritating to be told that the General had thought the Collie proposal, to which he had never even assented, an excellent one at the time, and although this unsolicited letter is clearly prompted by a desire to be conciliatory, the General will not commit himself to any expression of appreciation which is not qualified. The facts warranted his writing: "Everybody has," not "Everybody seems to have combined to recognize . . ." In a later letter the General accused Herbert of being suspicious. All his own letters betray the leader's suspicion lest unqualified praise should inflate the subordinate.

At the end of the year 1901, about a month before the resignation of the Maréchale, we find the General answering one of Herbert's letters which have disappeared:

Your letter bearing date of November seventh just to hand. What would I not give to be able to walk in and have a week with you in your home in the bush and so have the quiet opportunity of talking out some of the questions to which you refer . . . I am very sorry to find that you still cling to the idea that you are not loved and trusted as you think should be the case . . . Of course, in some things there are differences of opinion with respect to your command, but you make no secret of your differences with us on certain questions of direction and authority, and that does not affect our confidence and affection. I really do think that you should strive to shake yourself free from suspicions as it regards the past and fears as it respects the future.

I note what you say about the delegation of power and authority. I must write you again (as he had said fifty years before to his betrothed on the question of feminism). I am delighted beyond what words can tell that you have this opportunity to think and pray and trust and read. God is for us. We are sure to have stormy days, but we are equally to go through them not only victoriously but with credit and profit.

The speciousness of the equality in criticism argument, even if it deluded the General, must have exasperated Herbert. There is no equality where the criticism of one party has the force of a command, while the criticism of the other is ignored at the time, while always available as evidence of a refractory disposition.

The news of the Booth-Clibborns' resignation on 10th January, 1902, affected Herbert profoundly. In his letter of 3rd February, he mentions it as a motive affecting his own decision to resign. He may have been corresponding with Katie at the time, but in any case the news must have reached Australia by cable. It may have been the decisive factor that nerved Herbert to his own decision, not for the cowardly reason that the blow which he was to deal his father would be more keenly felt when the General was shattered by the

loss of his daughter, but because it supported his own view that the Army government needed radical change. He made his own resignation the occasion for a detailed criticism of Army methods and a powerful plea for decentralization, and he felt that the force of this plea would be very much strengthened by the action of the Maréchale. But, as is shown by his misgivings regarding the part he had played in the Ballington affair, he had a sensitive appreciation of the complexity of the motives that issue in action. He knew very well that some of the motives prompting him to leave the Army were base. If he remained, it would be impossible for him to make any provision for the future of himself or of his family. Thus he would always be at the mercy of "the General for the time being," to whom he had vowed life-long obedience. He might never again have a position which he could fill with so much credit as the Australian Command. If he went out now with these laurels fresh upon him and his neatly packed lecture-case, there might be a competence and more for him in the evangelistic field; and he would have the new sensation of being free to pocket his earnings.

On the other hand, his sister's resignation added disinterested motives for resigning himself, motives unclouded by calculations about his material prospects. When, during the drowsy afternoons in the bush, he looked back on his life, those early days when he was a humble helper of his elder sister in the slums of Paris, always seemed to him the happiest time of all. About sunset the leaves of a sticky shrub used to shine with just the shade of blue he had used to paint the girders in the old Belleville Foundry. I.H.Q. did not bother about them then, and his diet was one that would have impressed even his father. Never at any later time did he experience the pure glow of those early triumphs, when the cynicism of the slum workers began to thaw under the fire

of Katie's eloquence, victories whose savour remained the more clearly in his memory, because, not being his own, he did not have to digest them. To remain in the Army after Katie had left and Arthur Clibborn, by whose side he had enjoyed some pretty tough scraps, would be to interpose a wall between himself and the most cherished memories of his past. Then it suddenly came over him with a stab of shame what would probably happen. He would be ordered to take over the command vacated by his sister. It was the obvious thing for the General to do, to keep for the Army Katie's friends and Herbert's in France and Switzerland. He would have to sacrifice the loyalty of friendship to loyalty to an organization which suffered from grave defects. "To thine own self be true"—the hackneyed quotation suddenly leapt at him with the force of a truth stated the first time. That night he and Corrie took their decision, and in time for the next mail they wrote their letter of resignation, of which Herbert took the precaution of making spare copies:

Collie, West Australia,  
February 3rd, 1902.

Our dear Father and General,

To us as to you the contents of this letter are of a supremely melancholy nature. Judge of the greater agony it has given us to bring ourselves to *write* it by the pain it will cause you to read it.

We would fain have postponed giving you greater sorrow at this juncture, but unfortunately events over which we have had no control force our hands. This is a time of difficulty when it is naturally expected that officers of high rank will reaffirm their confidence in the movement. Unfortunately it finds us in a condition of mind which renders it impossible, without the surrender of our convictions, so to act.

We have then, dear General, with utmost sorrow to *tender our resignation* as officers in the Salvation Army and since our minds are irrevocably made up we shall, from the date of this letter, consider ourselves free to conduct ourselves without reference to International Headquarters.

I. We find ourselves in a condition absolutely *without heart* to face any further responsibilities under the direction of International

Headquarters. We are determined above all to prevent ourselves from drifting into a controversy and a state of bitterness. We can only therefore step aside from circumstances in which we feel it is no longer the will of God that we should remain.

II. We must sorrowfully admit that after the greatest thought and sincerest prayers we have come to the conclusion that the present method of Army administration will no longer commend itself to our judgments, nor is it in harmony with the dictates of our consciences.

Recent constitutional changes in our government have compelled us to come to the conclusion that *you yourself* have lost faith in the one-man control as it relates to all but the General for the time being and the Chief of Staff.

The system which subjugates all the chief officers of the Army to the vote of their subordinates and yet leaves the supreme heads in *absolute control* seems to us *unjust, unreasonable and oppressive*.

We look with the utmost disfavour upon this attempt to substitute for the paternal government of the past a system of rule by *unelected* councils, boards and committees which, while they weaken the hands of all *away* from London, increase the power of the one central authority there, constituting for future Generals and Chiefs of the Staff a *paid and dependent clique* behind which they may hide their identity and escape the onus of their own acts.

And since this system has been so universally adopted and we are now informed is to be *still further applied*, and since the Army has now become such an immense concern involving such weighty interests not alone as regards *property* but more important as regards *personality*, we see no escape from the conclusion that it demands for its future safety, happiness and unity a government in which its leading spirits *throughout the world* shall have a voice in some constitutional and general assembly.

Knowing that with these sentiments it is impossible for us loyally to remain in the ranks, we can only reluctantly depart. Our health, which you know has been such a growing cause for anxiety with us for a long time gone by, is another reason for our taking this step. Our stay at the Collie has not realized what we had hoped. We anticipated much from our furlough when we proposed it. But the unforeseen sorrow we experienced when leaving Melbourne, together with the resignation of Arthur and Katie, our own mental concern, and other matters have left us both in a condition in which we could no longer again face the anxieties peculiar to an Army command. We simply cannot stand the strain or keep up the pace.

No words of ours are necessary surely to convince all concerned of the anguish this step is costing us. Hitherto God and the Salva-

tion Army have been our sole objects in life. They have absorbed us body, soul and spirit. In some little measure we have tried to serve the movement in some of its most difficult corners and in the thick of its bitterest battles. We shall leave it with the comforting assurance that up to this very moment we have served it and its General with a loyal, fervent and ardent spirit. *To* it we have given all the days of our youth. *For* it we have cheerfully sacrificed our health and nerve; *in* it was all our future position and prospect. Surely it will do us the justice of believing that the circumstances and convictions that compel us to wrench ourselves from it are honest and sincere.

We shall see!

You will, I know, be exceedingly anxious concerning our future intentions. Well, we go without any preconceived idea or plan. Despite all that has been said, we have made no friendships *in* the Army but *for* the Army. We have refused to attach any to ourselves. Up to the moment of writing this, *no single individual in the world knows our intentions*. We go with our three little children to face the wall and to start life afresh supported only by God and a good conscience. We can only look around and wait for the hand of the Lord.

One thing we want most earnestly to press upon you. We do not want to do anything to injure the Army if we can possibly avoid it. We can only hope that we shall never be dragged into any defence of ourselves which might hurt the movement in helping to upbuild which we have so long laboured.

May we *entreat*, then, that all should be cautioned as to the folly and wrong of making sweeping and cruel assertions against us. Though we leave the Army we *are not forsaking God* or the Truth, nor are we false to the pledges we have made to serve our Saviour. As to self-sacrifice it looks as if we were to know more of suffering for our convictions' sake in the years to come than we have ever experienced in years gone by.

Farewell, then, dear General! None can ever know the bitterness which we have passed in coming to this decision. Almost countless have been the hours spent in prayers and tears, here in this lonely bush, with groanings that cannot be uttered. But we are convinced, and being convinced we are resolved. Feeling as we do, it is better—it is imperative—that we should part. But though we part we shall ever pray that the blessing of God may be upon you and that we may meet once more an unbroken family in Heaven, with darling mother, to sing around the throne.

Your broken-hearted son and daughter,

HERBERT H. BOOTH.

CORNELIE BOOTH.

Mr. Ervine, whose sympathy Herbert has wholly failed to engage, calls this letter an "extraordinarily mawkish effusion, forcibly feeble with italics, in which self-pity prevails over piety." It has seemed worth reproducing here in full, lest the reader, in forming his own opinion whether Herbert as a correspondent deserves more than any other Booth to have incurred the full weight of Mr. Ervine's censure, should be suspicious of what lay between dots. The General's reply disappeared with Herbert's brief-case. The copy was not available to Herbert's biographer. Mr. Ervine, who has seen it, says that the General confutes his son's arguments with firmness and great dignity, but he has not published the letter on the ground that most of the points are repeated in a longer letter in which the General rejoined to his son's reply.

By the same mail as his letter of resignation Herbert sent a letter to Bramwell about certain personal articles. He asked to be allowed to keep a couple of stylos and iron letter-boxes, a small letter-case, an old concertina and one which London had sent him two years back, and some stationery as it was done to his own design. The critical question was that of the lecture-film. The production had cost about £550, but in view of the money it had produced he had arranged with his principal officers before leaving Melbourne that Australia should charge his next Command not more than £300 for it, and he asked to be allowed to keep it for that price, the account to be charged as a loan for twelve months with or without interest as the General should decide. He was going out with the least possible hurt to the Army, and he asked that the Army copyright in the fruits of his labours should be waived. The tone of the letter is that of an impeccable spouse on the dissolution of a marriage partnership, but self-righteousness was the legal tender of the Booths, and it was the only tender that Herbert had to offer.

Bramwell foolishly haggled over the offer, and the film became the subject of an acrimonious correspondence which lasted over three years. Herbert did very well out of it.

For six months after posting these letters Herbert lay low in various parts of Australia before sailing for San Francisco. He must have had difficulty in raising the passage money for himself, wife and three children. During this period he wrote a twenty-thousand-word answer to his father's reply to the letter of resignation. Although fifty homes of influential Australians were open to him and Corry, they had lodged at their own expense in unfurnished apartments and coffee houses, in order to prevent unnecessary defence of themselves. No portion of this letter is quoted in Mr. Ervine's copious appendices. It is, in the main, a lucid exposition of the difficulties resulting from the over-centralization of the Army, written in the hope of influencing men "who, as legislators and statesmen, are as keen as God ever made," in the course of which he found himself compelled to attack a system all but identical with the personal interest and position of those addressed.

The General took a keen relish in high-sounding titles of government; the Indian arrangement of operating through a Governor-General in Council struck him as particularly pleasing. For some years Bramwell had been applying this principle enthusiastically to the Territorial Commanders. The chiefs at I.H.Q. were assisted by councils and committees, so that it seemed only reasonable to impose corresponding machinery upon T.C.s. But Herbert shows very effectively that, whereas councils and committees may constitute a convenient screen to those who exercise the supreme command, they can easily be used as an instrument for undermining the authority of local commanders. Herbert quotes a recent Regulation that "The T.C. will be responsible for carrying



out all the decisions of the Councils," and points out that the T.C. is thus reduced to the status of executive officer to his own council, the members of which were increasingly chosen by London, and looked to London for their authority. "The T.C.'s wings are so cut that he will no more fly, and he will cease to be the engine-driver we want him to be, and will settle into the more comfortable position of the brakesman."

It would be easier to judge the more personal parts of this letter, if the General's reply to the letter of resignation were available. It is clear, at any rate, that the General refused to recognize that his son had any right to resign, or to give him any credit for his manner of doing so. Therefore Herbert enlarges on the difficulties facing him. He has been trained only to command others:

As a Prince I had servants and secretaries to do my behests, but once I took this step I could count for certain on no single assistant . . . Expediency appeared on the scene and fought hard. Could I not better myself by waiting, might I not remain as a reformer, ventilating opinions which with influential officers were popular and with the public would be reasonable? I knew no trade. I had learned no profession. My sole vocation was the Salvation Army and even there my work was superintendence rather than secretarial. Honour had and would prohibit one effort towards any position till my resignation was posted . . . I called to mind what you said in Adelaide concerning the personal allowance you had hitherto sent us, and the increase there would be in the future, but that no penny of it should ever go to any child of yours outside the Army. For a moment I confess there was a struggle, for it seemed the sacrifice of comfort in our old age. (This allowance could not have yielded more than about £100 a year, unless the General drove all his other children out of the Army.) But I knew darling Corrie was with me, even as in your life crisis precious Mother had been with you, and I felt sure our Heavenly Father *could* not fail those who sincerely sought to do His will . . .

We are true to the Flag! It is to us as glorious a symbol as ever. I do not, of course, mean the *rag*, but the religion! Not the pole and the bunting (dear as they will ever remain), but the principles and the belief! I hope to preach those truths to my dying day, and meet you at last when the flags of all the Regiments shall be furled under the Blood-Stained Banner of the Cross.

It is interesting to speculate how Herbert would have fared in the dissensions which followed his father's death. His sensitive nature would probably have betrayed him into action that would not have resulted to his ultimate advantage; something of a *miles gloriosus* he would have advanced his scruples in a manner which would have led the warring parties to make peace, for a time at any rate, at his expense.

As it was, he led a delightful roaming existence, lecturing and preaching in the pleasanter parts of the earth. His biographer, revealing a friend's satisfaction in Herbert's fortunes, speaks of "halcyon days" in the Southern Alps of Australasia, of halcyon days in sight of Fujiyama. Tired of collecting his own gate-money, Herbert for some time accepted £500 a year from *The Christian* as that paper's accredited preacher in England; at another period he was launching a "Christian Confederacy" which should unite all Christians of good-will irrespective of their particular Church. While organizing the Confederacy he called himself "The Ambassador," a title left unappropriated by his brethren in the Army, but the title and the Confederacy had only a short life, for which fact his biographer consoles himself by saying that Herbert had associated his Army title, "The Commandant," imperishably with his name.

In 1916 Corry died in England, while Herbert was in Australia. He lived for five years with the Clibborns in Chicago, and wrote a book against war which was published at a time when most American evangelists, like their brethren the world over, were placing their eloquence at the service of the State. Seven years after his wife's death, at the age of sixty-one, he married Miss Annie Lane who was some fifteen years his junior. The daughter of a wealthy Australian sheep-farmer, she had been Corry's assistant in the welfare work, and had resigned the Army in sympathy with the Booths

whom she accompanied to San Francisco. She then became matron of the Y.W.C.A. at Yonkers, where she opened a residential hotel. About the time of her marriage she acquired two splendid mansions on the Hudson river, which she ran very profitably as pietistic hotels, and in one of which Herbert spent his declining years.

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE FOUNDER DIES

THE chief effect of Herbert's letters upon his father was surprise. "What a contrast," wrote the General in a ten-thousand-word reply to Herbert's second letter, "the Herbert revealed in this letter presents to the Herbert I have believed you to be!" The surprise was natural, for the General was not the man to understand a thoughtful nature, and Herbert who was given to the emotional letter-writing characteristic of the Booths, had sent fervent messages of love and assurances of lifelong devotion from himself and Corry even after that Australian visit of his father which he now said had left them broken-hearted.

Over three months had passed since the General had received Herbert's long indictment of Army methods. He was about to reply, when he heard that Herbert had suddenly left Australia. Then he "felt it wiser to wait events a little longer"—to see, for instance, whether Herbert was going to throw in his lot with Ballington, or to start another rival organization of his own. In the course of this reply he quotes an old letter in which Herbert had said of Ballington: "Poor B. I would sooner have *hanged* myself than have resorted to the contemptible tricks he seems to be driven to now." The General may have turned to this letter for reassurance, while he was wondering what Herbert was up to in the States, for he consoled himself for Herbert's unforeseen conduct by telling himself that Herbert was completely unreliable. When Herbert landed at San Francisco, his brief-case was stolen at

most sacred—which your blessed mother raised amid obloquy and hatred, for which she fought and under which she died. *I think, my Son, you might have spared me this.*

The General absolutely declines Herbert's implied request to be recognized as a fellow-Christian outside the Salvation Army. Herbert had described how his decision was taken on the banks of a stream which he crossed as a symbolic action, and which he called his Jabbok. The General knew his Bible better than did Herbert:

There is one suggestive omission in your comparison, and it gives me a bit of comfort in the gloom.

You have forgotten that Jacob must have crossed that stream *twice*. It was the first time he went over that he was *needlessly going away from his old Father, flying from home in fear and unbelief through a mistaken suspicion of his Brother*. That seems to me is the true picture of the passage you made of what you have described as *your* Jabbok.

The other crossing to which you have made so moving a reference, with its fears and distress, was the second one. It was then after the years of unhappy separation and misunderstanding Jacob *came back again*, hoping and desiring every step of the way, and praying through all that memorable night of agony that he might find a share in the promises, a tender spot in his brother's heart, and a welcome in the old home.

It is true, I know, that the old man he had so much mistrusted was gone. How much stronger would have been his longing could he have hoped to find him there. That could not be. Jacob never saw his father again.

But God helped him to see his error, and to acknowledge it, and cleared the way before him—and the brothers were united once more, and Jabbok which he had crossed in the heat of a horrid blunder, he crossed again in humility and love. True, the years which might have been such years of joy, were *gone* beyond recall, but still he came back—he and his, the Mother also and the *boys*.

Perhaps you will see it all before long. If so, and in the unbounded mercy of my God, he should be pleased to spare me, the old man whose love *you* have so strangely mistrusted, to witness that *re-crossing, and that re-union*, then I shall indeed be able to rejoice with exceeding joy.

Meanwhile, regard me as

Your sorrowing Father,

WILLIAM BOOTH.

Mr. Herbert Booth, Chicago.

Before another year had passed, Booth had lost two Commissioners by death. Dowdle, the Happy Fiddler, and his wife had been two of the greatest fighters in the old Mission days. If the roughs proved too much for Dowdle, Mrs. Dowdle came up and just stuck her knuckles into the backs of their necks and out they had to go. He had been mildly dissentient when Booth was setting up his dictatorship over the Mission, but no man had been more loyal since. What painful associations that word had now. Booth wrote in his diary:

Loyalty itself; I cannot call to mind a single instance in which he has been other than faithful to what he believed to be my wishes in thought, word, or deed. He loved God . . . He is gone, I shall miss him. I loved him, and he loved me.

Of course these men were loyal; they had come to the work, not because they were Booth's children, but because the work had selected them, and it had given them the most complete fulfilment possible of their natures. The young Booths had been hypnotized with the belief that they were a family of religious leaders; but religious genius is not inherited. Booth had genius, but if genius is inherited at all, it must find its distinctive way of expression in later generations; and it will inevitably quarrel with the genius which has sired it. "The children made the Army" is a remark current amongst William Booth's descendants, but although some of his children inherited in great measure the eloquence and drive of the Founder, he could not transmit to any of them that wholehearted, unintermittent devotion which a man accords to the creation of his own genius.

In the same year Emma Booth-Tucker was killed in a railway accident in the States. The wantonness of this blow dazed the General; it cut at the roots of his faith more even than the cancer agonies of his wife. Nurse to her mother in her last illness, she was perhaps nearer to him than any of his other children. And he must have seen that her death

was a severe blow at the inner structure of the Army. He can scarcely have guessed that it would have political results in Army politics similar to those which followed the death of Anthony's wife, sister of Octavius Cæsar; but he must have felt keenly that, although Tucker was left with the name of Booth, and had become more than a son according to the flesh to himself, Emma's death would ultimately weaken the link which bound to the family the only Booth (Tucker) of the younger generation in whom the flame of militant salvationism shone pure.

Booth-Tucker returned to London, and was again employed as Foreign Secretary. Twenty years before, Emma Booth had converted Mary Reid, a girl just out of the school-room who was staying with her sister Mrs. Livingstone-Learmouth, a Stirlingshire patron of the Army, at a time when Booth was conducting a campaign in Stirling. The General and Emma were staying with their Army patron, and the General, as was his custom, called on the family to pray. Mary Reid did not kneel, and when the General asked her the reason, she replied: "I cannot kneel, because I have hurt my knee; and I cannot pray, because I am not converted." The General left her in the hands of his daughter, and in due course Mary became a cadet in the Salvation Army. She proved a very efficient officer, and in the intervening years she had distinguished herself in the field and on the staff. Appointed for a time to the Rhineland, she was the only Salvationist who had achieved a measure of success amongst Catholics, for whom the special Salvationist appeal to those classes who feel that they are intruders in a Protestant church has no meaning. She was now Colonel Reid, Provincial Commander for Ireland. When she came to London, on a change of command, her friendship with Booth-Tucker was helped to mature into a warmer relationship by the fact that she also was a member

of a distinguished Anglo-Indian family, as well as by the sacred bond that she owed her conversion to Emma. In due course General Booth was called upon to marry Commissioner Booth-Tucker to Colonel Mary Reid. This marriage was not made an Army occasion; it was celebrated semi-privately at the Tottenham Citadel. It was a predicament that might have proved trying to a lesser man, but it was no predicament to the General. He made it perfectly clear what the bride's duties would be, on becoming a Booth as well as a Tucker. After paying tribute to the bridegroom as a man who had thrown up a promising career for the privilege of fighting under their banner, and to the bride who had the world at her feet, and ease and pleasure with winning smiles beckoning her forward to a life of self-gratification, when he was privileged some twenty years ago to set before her a road, rough and thorny to human feet, but a royal road by which she could bring honour to God, he went on to speak of Tucker's second wife, Emma:

Then I have no wish to disguise the fact that to-day's event has a special interest to myself, arising out of the relationship of the Commissioner to one who was dearer to me than words can tell.

The memory of that loved one is not only cherished by myself, but by every officer in the Army, whether present or absent, while her name will be respected by every friend of God and man who has only the remotest knowledge of her personal worth and public warfare.

Near upon three years have elapsed since a dread catastrophe took her from us. During that period there can, I think, be no ground to question the affectionate and loyal regard the Commissioner has entertained for her memory. That recollection will, I am sure, be continued while life shall last.

Several special circumstances have, however, led him to seek the present union and make it appear to be, I think, not only admissible, but commendable. Among other things, there is the family of six dear children, of more than usual energy and ability, calling for firm, intelligent, and affectionate care.

The position of all but world-wide activity which the Com-



missioner has been called upon to fill, compels him to be ever on the wing and prevents his affording all the constant and efficient oversight they require.

I am glad to know that the highest interests of these children for earth and Heaven are being sought with tender and untiring toil by a devoted Officer, who has watched over them from the time they entered into the world. But, nevertheless, the further care of a firm, authoritative, motherly hand seems to be very desirable to their being nurtured and trained for the lives of Holiness and usefulness which their General, in common with their father, has set his heart upon their reaching in the Army and the world.

The personal love of the bride for the dear daughter and her ambition to minister to the welfare of the Consul's beloved children, seem to go far to qualify her for taking her place, so far as a mother's place can be occupied by another . . .

Soon after the wedding Booth-Tucker wrote to the General, asking that he might return to the work in India, which he would not have left but for Emma's health. He signed himself "Ever devotedly, Your son and Soldier under the Flag, F. Booth-Tucker." The request was granted. Colonel Mary proved to be her husband's equal in meeting the demands of the work and of the climate. It did not take Booth-Tucker long to pick up the threads of his former activities. To thousands of Indians he had been a *mabap*, which means father and mother, and word spread quickly that their mabap was back again. With the members of the British Indian administration his prestige stood high. Colleagues of his pre-Salvation days had risen to high position, and his advice was eagerly sought by Government on all kinds of questions. Fertile in practical schemes for encouraging village industry and checking the drift to the towns, he introduced the cassava plant, a kind of tapioca, and, in collaboration with the Bombay industrialist Mr. Tata, he gave a great impetus to sericulture. Government departments were not always as helpful as he could have wished, and he complained that when a Director of Agriculture had learned the difference between a cow and a

bullock, he was transferred to another job, his place being taken by a man who had still to learn the distinction. Perhaps his most remarkable achievement was the taming of thousands of the 'Crims,' tribes who for generations have lived entirely on the proceeds of plunder. Perceiving that the members of these communities must regulate their conduct to one another by a code far more exacting than that obtaining in civilized states, if these communities were to survive outside the law, he dealt with the problem by the time-honoured method of trying to enlist their special virtues and, having convinced some of these tribes that they had really gained his confidence, he achieved a measure of success which astonished the authorities, who declared that no Hindu or Mahometan agency was so fit to have control of the Criminal Tribes as was the Salvation Army. For such services Booth-Tucker was awarded the Kaisar-i-Hind gold medal, the Order of Merit of the Indian Empire. A more subtle and perhaps more gratifying recognition was the Viceregal order that for all official and Court purposes, Salvation Army Indian uniform should be correct uniform.

Meanwhile General Booth had entered upon the final lustrum of his life, in which he received gracefully and often with shrewd comment the honours which his work had merited. In 1904 Edward VII received him in audience, and affectionately called him General, after which *The Times* dropped the quotation marks when referring to him by the title which he had made a part of his name.

He noted in his diary that the King, who asked whether the General were a native of London, and what was his business before he became a minister, almost rivalled Cecil Rhodes in his inquisitiveness. "I suppose his lofty position gave him a kind of right to inquire into all and everything about people and places that may interest him."

After this audience he spent many hours closeted in familiar converse with the crowned heads in several countries of Europe. For a long time the Russian Government had refused the Salvation Army permission to hold meetings, and had refused to allow its foreign officers to enter the country. The question came up when the General was having tea at Buckingham Palace with Queen Alexandra and her sister, the Dowager Empress. He records in his diary that the Empress remarked that the Russian was naturally religious, and deeply attached to his Church, and she thought it was feared that the Army would take them away from their Church and lead to the formation of another sect. Booth, who never learned that in Catholic countries the churches belong as much to the poor as to the rich, remarked that there were multitudes of people who never entered the Church, to which statement she objected: whereupon he said "Perhaps they go once a year," and she replied "Many of them once a day."

In November, 1905, the City of London conferred its Freedom upon him. General Booth must be the only man who has made the acceptance of this honour an occasion for appealing for funds, but as he addressed the wealthiest body corporate in the world, he felt that he could not allow the opportunity to pass, and he put it so adroitly that one can only hope that I.H.Q. found some substantial cheques in the post next day. After explaining that the Salvation Army was the friend of the hopeless, he said:

I have travelled in this line until now, when the light and the kindness of the Lord Mayor and City Council beam so beneficently upon me.

The Salvation Army has followed the injunctions of our Lord, who said when we made our feast we were not to invite those who could ask us back again. In that sense the City Corporation has acted upon that principle in inviting the Salvation Army here to-day. And yet, my Lord Mayor, they may have an invitation, before many days are gone by, to subscribe to the funds for the service of the people.

The next honour which he had to undergo was a Doctorate of Civil Law conferred by Oxford University. It does not appear that he made any attempt to touch the pockets of the dons. His biographers have published photographs of him in his doctor's robes. The effect is uncanny. He had probably never worn anything other than his nightshirt or his uniform since he had founded the Army. The uniform, with its crest 'Blood and Fire' on the jersey swept by his white beard, had become a part of his person. The doctor's robes make his face look pinched; under the pancake hat his eyes gleam with a crafty-mad joviality, and the wind-swept beard completes the picture of a daft old farmer dolled up at a fair.

A leading daily newspaper started the idea that a peerage should be conferred upon General Booth. Asked his opinion, he cleverly treated the suggestion as not unreasonable in itself. He replied: "I have not heard of the suggestion referred to, but would certainly be willing to go to the House of Lords, or any other lawful place, if only I could thereby assist the suffering classes for whose betterment I have devoted my life."

During these years General Booth travelled more than ever. Now his diary records mass meetings in Japan, whose people, elated by a recent victory over a Western Power, listened to the Western man of God without feeling a need to assert a racial prerogative in matters of religion. At Kobe five hundred people came on to the stage "seeking with cries and tears the Salvation of God . . . In the midst of the rush for Mercy, a Lady Missionary came to me and said: 'Oh, General, here is a dear old man seeking God! He says he never heard of Christianity before, but that now his heart is like the General's heart, and he wants to shake hands with you and then go home and tell his children the good news' . . . My staff say that never before did they see such a sobbing crowd or witness so many

flowing tears. In one corner thirteen young women were counted all weeping together."

Although it was practically unknown for any but royal persons and ambassadors to be admitted to the sacred presence, General Booth was granted an audience by the Emperor of Japan. "I was so taken up with the study of His Majesty's countenance that I had but little time or inclination for the study of his clothes.

"His face appeared, during the few moments I had the opportunity of observing him, to indicate determination, strength, and kindliness. His eyes were bright and piercing, and their fixed gaze seemed to show interest and curiosity in his strange visitor. His hands twitched a little nervously, as though his mind was involuntarily saying, 'Come along, why this delay? Get the ceremony over.'"

Mr. Lowther, having formally presented the General, the Emperor, "with a soft, kindly, and musical voice, through his interpreter, said that he had heard of the good work of which I was the leader, expressed his sympathy with it, and then made a few personal inquiries as to the time I had been in the country, and the length of my further stay . . ."

In Jerusalem Booth felt, like other Christian champions, disconcerted in the country of the parent Faith, whose adherents clung so obstinately to the conviction that the Messiah was not yet come. "Everything here of interest," he wrote to Bramwell, "is associated with some individual or other—it is Abraham or Rachel or Moses or Elijah or Mahomet or Herod or Pilate or the Blessed Saviour or someone." Would he, not to say Bramwell, impress a name upon places which future generations would visit? He watched the Jews wailing at the Wall, "one of the most pathetic scenes I have ever witnessed." They ought to be at his penitent-form. Indeed, it was just "like one long penitent-form with the

people standing instead of kneeling, with broken hearts and overflowing eyes. Oh to see the tears running down their poor wan faces and hear their cries, irrespective of the curious crowds of unmoved tourists gazing at them, is a sight to move the angels, I should think. Oh if they were but weeping over their own sins and the desolation which they must ultimately bring on them, how still more pathetic it would be!"

On the voyage home he suffered from the light conduct of his fellow-passengers: "The revels at midnight continue; how women reckoning to be ladies can shriek with hysterical laughter, and invite friends to champagne suppers and other stimulants in their own cabins, is a puzzle to me. And how a respectable vessel like this can allow it I candidly do not understand.

"Went out last night and protested, so I am hoping; but I don't want a broil on board ship."

A campaigner, not a sage, he did not disguise the fact that he resented the pitiless tale of years, and when he received the congratulations on his eighty-third birthday, he records with touching sincerity, "I suppose I am not alone in feeling that such occasions are anything but exhilarating."

The motor-car was an invention which delighted him, and he set out to tour the whole kingdom. He would appear unexpectedly in a Salvation Army hall when a meeting was in progress, and his patriarchal figure was always greeted with tumultuous applause. As he walked slowly through the hall, he would sometimes clap his hands too, in half-time to the music, applauding not himself, not the work, but the legend of himself which he already was.

In 1912 his eyes began to fail. He underwent painful operations for cataract, after the last of which the surgeon told Bramwell that the General would lose his sight. It was felt

that Bramwell should tell his father. Harold Begbie surmises that the words used by Bramwell were not very definite; but the General, in his own direct manner, exclaimed: "You mean I am blind." After a few moments he added, "Bramwell, I have done what I could for the people with my eyes. Now I shall do what I can for God and the people without my eyes."

William Booth did not survive long to be led by the hand, but up to the end he was full of plans, and *The War Cry* recorded an interview with his officers in which he said:

I feel quite assured that it is God's will that I should be healed and that I should rise up and be restored to wonderful power to carry on the work which He entrusted to me forty-seven years ago.

I am hoping specially to be able to talk to my Officers and help them all over the world. I am still hoping to go to America and Canada, as I bargained for . . . The doctors say that my general health is as good as it has been for ten years gone by, and that it is on the highway to general improvement.

But after this interview the final break-up set in, and the end came speedily. Up to the last his thought was for the sufferings of mankind, not as an abstraction, but their real want. "I want you to do more for the homeless of the world," he said to Bramwell. "The homeless men. Mind. I am not thinking of this country only, but of all lands."

"Yes, General, I understand."

"The homeless women—ah, my boy, we don't know what it means to be without a home."

"Yes, General, I follow."

"The homeless children. Oh, the children! Bramwell, look after the homeless. Promise me."

Bramwell promised, and the General added: "Mind, if you don't, I shall come back and haunt you."

His daughter Kate had written to him on the death of Emma, but he had not answered her letter, merely noting

in his diary "a letter from Mrs. Clibborn, full of assertions of her great love for myself and Bramwell, and her sympathy with us in the tragic death, and her lamentation over the loss suffered by the death of Emma." Now he sent for his daughter, and said to Bramwell's most confidential Commissioner: "You have set my children against me."

When Kate arrived with her son Augustin, her father had lost consciousness. He was counting fifty-two, fifty-three, fifty-four, souls moving up to the penitent-form, while his finger on the counterpane pointed with the characteristic downward gesture he used when preaching.

The funeral procession through the City of London is one of the great scenes of British history. William Booth's coffin bore the wreaths of kings and emperors. Herbert Booth was present at the funeral service; he was not accorded a seat with the family, but he disconcerted his eldest brother by embracing him afterwards, and his tears bedewed the dry cheeks of Bramwell Booth.



## CHAPTER XV

### NISI IMPERASSET

WHEN the sealed envelope was opened, and Bramwell declared his acceptance under the Foundation Deeds of the office of General, the Salvation Army was established in fifty-eight countries, and it had sixteen thousand officers, that is, persons wholly engaged in the Army work. Under his sixteen years' generalship the Army took root in twenty-five more countries, and the number of its officers was nearly doubled. Yet, when Bramwell was over seventy years old, his principal officers, nearly all of whom owed their position to him, combined to use emergency machinery, difficult and expensive in operation, to remove this devoted man from the command.

The very power with which the Founder had invested the office, acting upon the character of the second General, worked inevitably towards this result. There is no doubt whatever that on a free vote of active Salvationists or of any college of Salvationist electors, Bramwell would have been chosen to succeed his father; but it was in accordance with his father's autocratic temper that the second General should owe his appointment to no other cause than the will of the Founder, and the fact that Bramwell became autocrat of all the Salvationists on the mere declaration that he accepted the position made it more difficult for him to infuse warmth into his relationship with his chief officers. Soon after his accession he froze into a pontiff, bland, but essentially aloof, holy and important. Deriving from his father all his authority, including the power to transmit that authority unimpaired to the successor of his own choice, he made of the Founder a

kind of divinity, of whose wishes on every question the Caliph Bramwell was the sole exponent on earth.

Heir to his father's position, Bramwell wished to believe himself heir to his father's nature. The old General had been noted for a rich, and often Rabelaisian humour. "Look at Lawley's fat bottom," he once exclaimed to the delight of the soldiers; but Bramwell's jokes discomfited without being funny, springing from a desire to hold other people down, mirthless jibes which produced discreet smirks rather than laughter in a sycophantic staff. He would suddenly show a disconcerting levity on a serious problem—the counterpart to his father's way of deflating an insincere enthusiast, betraying an unconscious cynicism which chilled to the marrow the zealous campaigner, while it diffused a pleasant glow amongst those who shared the intimacies of the council chamber.

The character of I.H.Q. had changed profoundly since the beginning of the century, when, with the exception of Bramwell, it was mainly composed of men who did a bit of staff work as a rest between campaigns. The General had travelled so much during the last years of his life, that I.H.Q. appointments had been made increasingly by Bramwell; they were men of the sort who become branch managers in banks or the heads of departments in great insurance companies, while their aim was supposed to be not the production of satisfactory balance sheets but the spiritual salvation of mankind.

Neither Bramwell nor his wife, who was a Commissioner, drew any salary from the Army, and they accordingly followed the Founder's precedent in accepting an income from a private individual, Captain Wiseley, R.E., who provided £12,500 to form a trust in their favour, which yielded an income of £500 a year. Bramwell also followed family precedent in the upbringing of his seven children, declining several offers of

money for their education, since they were pledged to the Army. At the time of his deposition, his daughter Catherine was a Commissioner, Mary was a Territorial Commander, Bernard was a Lt.-Colonel, and Wycliffe was his personal A.D.C. He clearly intended that his children should hold the leading positions in the Army as he and his brethren had done. But there was a vital difference between the two generations in their relation to the Army. Bramwell's generation had grown up with the Army, and had fought through to survival with the Army. And not only had they helped to make Army history, they were naturally accorded the overflow of devotion which the old Mission stalwarts felt for the Founder and the Mother of the Army. Railton, who could sleep anywhere, always put Bramwell in the more comfortable seat when they travelled together; sometimes he slept on the floor, giving his coat to the young master for a pillow. The young Bramwell Booths grew up in an established hierarchy, and whatever their merits, their promotion was watched with jealous eyes.

While the positions at I.H.Q. and many of the higher posts elsewhere were being filled by Bramwell's nominees, there remained two high commanders at opposite quarters of the globe who had been at the top before Bramwell became General. His sister Eva had been given Booth-Tucker's command when he left the States, and Booth-Tucker was back in India. It was not long before they showed signs of restiveness under Bramwell's rule.

When the Great War broke out, Bramwell appreciated the threat to the international unity of the Army. He protested courageously against lying abuse of the enemy; he met leaders of the German *Heilsarmee* in Scandinavia, and succeeded in keeping a link with German Salvationists throughout the war. As part of his policy of internationalism he sent Scandinavian officers to India much to Tucker's embarrassment. In the end

he yielded to Tucker's protests, writing: "*Aliens*. Very well, *I have acceded to your request*, although I am very sorry . . . However, we won't torment you any more . . ." This tone of facetious patronage may well have irritated the older man who had received a special commission from Bramwell's father: "Tucker, when I'm gone, I want you to stand beside Bramwell. Don't be his ditto or echo. You have an independent mind and judgment, and I want you to express it freely. While he will have the deciding voice, I want you to express your own views frankly and fearlessly."

Eva showed quite soon that she would stand no nonsense from Bramwell. To cut Herbert Booth was an obvious way of showing one's loyalty to Bramwell and the Army. Herbert, for his part, saw no reason why he should be cut off from his old friends, for he loved the Army and had never done anything to injure it. He travelled all over the world with his lecture-case, often visiting the scenes of former activities. Wherever the Army had a corps his songs were being sung, and nearly every national headquarters had men whom he had trained when he was in charge of the cadets in London. His arrival in a capital acted like a chemical detector. Ambitious Salvationists looked stuffy; the human and disinterested welcomed him with smiles. Bramwell's attitude was well known; he had regarded Herbert's appearance at their father's funeral as an impertinent intrusion, and he was continually vexed by Herbert's way of turning up cheerily at unexpected places. By way of showing her own officers how little she cared about Bramwell, Eva went out of her way to be friendly to Herbert in the States, being present when he preached, and in other ways showing her sisterly regard.

Eva won great kudos for the American Salvationists during the war. General Pershing, who had been pestered by evangelists of both sexes, refused Eva's request that her lassies

should be allowed to help at the front. The refusal did not deter Eva. She raised the money herself to transport a large contingent of girls to France. These girls got through to advanced bases concealed under the tarpaulins of motor lorries. Authority yielded to their valour and enthusiasm, especially when they produced all sorts of comforts for the troops. They were allowed up to the front line with their stoves, where they baked doughnuts for the men and sewed on their buttons. The slogan "Doughgirls for Doughboys" was not forgotten. When the Army came home, a deputation waited upon Commander Evangeline. "We hear that you have mortgages on your buildings," they said, and when she told the very large total of her mortgages they paid it off.

It was high time that Eva should Farewell to the States; she had long passed the normal five-year period for a command. Whether Bramwell ever ordered her to go is disputed. That he attempted to shift her is certain, but Eva was not to be uprooted. She was far more firmly entrenched than ever Ballington had been. She knew, and Bramwell knew that she knew that he dare not return to the charge. Bramwell abdicated when he allowed his sister to remain in the States. From that moment she passed from merely resisting his authority to flouting it.

In 1919 Tucker had to leave India owing to a serious illness, from which the doctors did not expect him to recover. To the surprise of everyone he got well, and proposed to return to his command. But Bramwell thought otherwise. He took upon himself to decide what was best for Tucker's health, and told him that he would make other arrangements for India. Tucker, he said, could best serve the Army by editing a paper called *The Officer*, and writing a history of the Army's work in India. This meant that Tucker was on his way to being relegated to the 'Freezer.'

It is unknown who first used this expressive word. Bramwell enjoyed using it as much as anyone when he and his intimates were discussing a term of the freezer for an officer whose conduct had been displeasing. To be put in the freezer did not necessarily mean a loss of pay, but that the zealous Salvationist was deprived of the opportunity of using his talents.

The number of officers relegated to the freezer for shorter or longer periods increased, as the hardening of the central bureaucracy increased the cases of exasperated conduct by prominent Salvationists in the field, and in the process of time the whispers of disaffection began to be heard within the walls of I.H.Q. itself.

The inner ring of Salvationist government was the family of Bramwell Booth. It was noticed that Bramwell would take a decision at the office and reverse it the next morning after discussion with his wife. "Condemned over the bacon and eggs" was often the comment, when it was learned that a popular officer had been consigned to the freezer. The position of the A.D.C. son was resented. *Orders and Regulations* laid down that a son must not be attached in a personal capacity to his father. There was some sympathy for Bramwell's view that the General was above the law, and that he might be guided by the precedents set by the first General rather than by the rules, but this sympathy evaporated as the arrangement between father and son produced just those grievances which the rule was designed to avoid. Officers who had grown grey in the Army's service found their conduct subjected to the criticism of a young man before the case reached Bramwell, and there was a tendency for the A.D.C. rather than the Chief of Staff to be the man who deputized for the General when he was away. Dissatisfaction was increased by a habit which was growing upon the General

of saying at the end of a discussion: "You might talk it over with Bernard," or "Wycliffe doesn't agree with you." The sons were as zealous for the General's authority as young Bramwell had been for the authority of his father. After an argument between Bramwell and one of his senior officers, one of his children was heard to say: "Pa, this man is your servant. Why don't you make him do what you tell him?" Bramwell himself came to regard the organization of whose vast sums he was the sole trustee, and whose officers he could appoint, promote, degrade and dismiss at will, as his personal property. Once, as he heard an Army band in the street, he said dreamily, as though it were his second self speaking: "The drum that the man in the street is beating is my drum."

To report to the General any of the signs of disaffection in the higher command was the sure way to the freezer for anyone excepting Eva, who was beginning to criticize Bramwell as ruthlessly as Mr. Lloyd George criticized Asquith when the country was getting tired of him. Disquieted by her constant attacks and by a violent attack upon him and his family published in Texas, U.S.A., and circulated to staff officers throughout the Army, Bramwell one day turned to Colonel Carpenter, who had been his literary secretary for twelve years. Colonel Carpenter had never been off the premises when his chief was at I.H.Q., and Mr. Ervine has aptly compared the relationship between the two men to that between the late Lord Stamfordham and the late King.

The most dangerous charge in the Texas attack was that of nepotism. Bramwell asked Colonel Carpenter whether the feeling that his family were unduly favoured and had too much influence in Army affairs was at all prevalent. To his dismay and chagrin Carpenter replied in the affirmative, and suggested there might be some justification for the feeling. Bramwell said nothing, but his face took on the Calvary expression, and from that day he left Carpenter out of his

intimate counsels. Carpenter's routine work on *The War Cry* and other publications occupied him for only a few hours in the week; after eleven months of twiddling his thumbs, while discussions to which he had always been invited were taking place in the next room, the sense of his General's displeasure affected his health, and he wrote frankly to Bramwell, asking whether and in what he had offended. Bramwell wrote from home in his own hand:

Your letter is really a very painful astonishment to me. I do assure you that whatever thought or feeling on your own part may have led you to write it, there is *nothing*—I repeat it, *nothing*, in my mind or heart to call for it. I have not in any degree wavered in the complete confidence I have felt in you right along, a confidence which has increased year by year and is increasing to this very day. So believe me and do dismiss any shadow or suggestion to the contrary.

But in spite of this letter, forcible with italics, the General did not revert to the old relationship; indeed, Carpenter found himself left in the cold more than before. When the General left for Japan, Carpenter did not receive the letters on confidential matters which it had been Bramwell's practice to write to him from abroad. Carpenter's health continued to deteriorate, and his wife wrote to Mrs. Bramwell, with whom she was on affectionate terms, to say that if the Colonel had a thorough rest and change, he would "gather strength for many more years of loving, faithful toil in our beloved Army." They had not visited their home in Australia for sixteen years. A party of Salvationist boy emigrants was soon to leave for the Dominion, and if they could take the party it would not involve much expense.

When the General heard of this proposal from his wife, he replied with a counter-proposal that the Carpenters should take a furlough on the Riviera. This proposal would be easier to understand if the General had been finding it difficult to dispense with the advice of his old confidant. He may have



feared that Carpenter would make contacts with disaffected persons abroad, and become a germ carrier of disaffection between England and Australia.

The Riviera proposal dismayed the Carpenters. They both wrote to the General, Mrs. Carpenter without her husband's knowledge. She said that everything in her husband shrank from the Riviera atmosphere of idle luxury; what he wanted was the rest of a sea voyage, and a sight of his old comrades. She added a few facts about the family medical history, saying that her husband had been wondering whether he was in for a 'nervous shake-up.' They had recently come into a small legacy and this, with the amount which the General had generously offered for the Riviera, would enable Carpenter to go to Australia.

The General replied briefly to the Colonel: "I feel very perplexed and concerned about the position. If, as Mrs. Carpenter says, the doctor really thinks you should go to Australia, does that not point to something more than a visit? Alas, alas, for me! But I will see you as soon as I can."

Having mastered his chief's style, it had been Carpenter's privilege in the old days to draft hundreds of letters for the General's signature. He knew exactly what this letter meant. Its brevity indicated displeasure, and it meant that as Carpenter was so insistent about going to Australia, he should stay in Australia.

In his reply Carpenter took the opportunity of getting some things off his chest. Since his letter of protest, he had been systematically cut out from functions such as he had attended for the previous fifteen years. During the General Strike he was for the first time excluded from certain discussions affecting his special province. If others were now to deal with Bramwell on books and the editions of

*Regulations*, his work could be done by an intelligent clerk. He was not contending for place. "But I certainly feel that any change considered desirable in respect to one's work should be intimated clearly to the person concerned . . . If it should seem to you for the glory of God and for the good of the Army for me to remain in my present appointment, I would with all respect ask you to define my responsibilities and allow me to fulfil them. If you consider that I have failed, or for other reasons you have lost pleasure in my presence and respect for my service, then I am ready for some other post in the warfare of the Army which was never so dear to me as to-day. May God bless you—Yours affectionately,"

Carpenter asked for straight dealing. Bramwell invited him to a talk, and said that Carpenter's letter was evidence of a disloyal spirit. He had not much time available, and they were to meet again later so that Bramwell could hear Carpenter out. Later in the day Bramwell sent an affectionate note to say that he could not arrange a further talk that day. Carpenter thanked him warmly, and expressed the hope that Bramwell would patiently hear what he had to say. But the charge of disloyalty rankled, and perhaps Carpenter felt that he could order his thoughts more clearly alone with his pen than face to face with Bramwell. He wrote the following letter in anticipation of the interview.

8th January, 1927.

Since you talked with me yesterday morning, my mind has reverted many times prayerfully to the subject, and I think it might be well if I were to write you prior to your seeing me further . . .

Your remark that my letter of the 5th inst. evidenced a disloyal spirit touched me deeply. Far from being disloyal either in word or practice I have carried my loyalty to a degree that would outside Army circles be considered ridiculous. I do not feel so. I have served you as unto the Lord.

It is realized by discerning minds on I.H.Q. that I am out of court. I have been approached concerning this noticeable change,

and various suggestions and conjectures have been made in respect to it. Had I not been loyal to you, would I not have confided in the men with whom I have associated all these years and explained the cause? I have not done so. You would not, I think, have wished me to have set before them the matters I have set before you.

This brings me to the question of loyalty generally. What is loyalty? And what does the term imply amongst *us*? One dictionary rendering is faithful allegiance to one's Sovereign or country; truth to plighted faith or duty.

In Salvationists as I know them, whether Staff, Field, or rank and file, I see general and unshaken loyalty to the Army and its principles. The same for yourself in the main, but not all that I could desire, for there is widespread feeling that you show unseemly preference for your family in the life and affairs of the Army. It is felt that because you have the power to do so, you are determined to place your children in positions to which some of them would be unlikely to come at this stage apart from their bearing your name. Where the members of your family stand or fall on their own merit, there is little or no resentment, but where they have manifestly preferential treatment and privileges, resentment is deep-seated and far-reaching.

It is felt that Regulations you make and enforce for the whole Army are waived at your own pleasure and convenience where your family is concerned . . .

I see people fair to your face and to your family speaking otherwise away from your presence. This I feel to be the *real* disloyalty, and is poisoning the truth and honour of the Army—a pernicious anæmia. It is a mixture of cowardice, sycophancy and self-interest. I have reprovèd and rebuked this kind of thing both in public and in private . . . I can, I think, claim to have helped many officers, not excluding some of the highest ranks. Of one of whom it may be judged how strongly he felt by his remark to me, “the old General lost his family but saved the Army; this man is keeping his family and losing the Army.”

. . . Again let me assure you that my love (likewise Mrs. Carpenter) and loyalty and service are as warm and true and faithful as ever . . .

Yours affectionately,

GEO. L. CARPENTER.

P.S.—Far from feeling opposition to your family I would (all things being equal) prefer them in the top positions to any other.

Mr. Irvine, whose sympathies are with the General and not with the subordinate “whose eagerness to express himself in

documents was an unhappy sign of his nervous illness," remarks inconsistently, but with perspicacity, that Carpenter's health returned with astonishing rapidity after the dispatch of this letter, for "that decisive document, in removing his doubts about his course of action, removed also his nervous agitation."

Its effect upon Bramwell's health was not so good. Commissioner Higgins was instructed to tell Carpenter that the letter was regarded as a sign of insubordination. It must either be withdrawn or the names of the persons referred to must be cited. This demand was bureaucratically correct, and a stronger man than Carpenter might have criticized the General's family favouritism without buttressing such criticism by reference to others unnamed, a more unscrupulous man would have coupled a menace with the information that a powerful faction shared his views. In any case Carpenter must have realized that the letter destroyed the possibility of the resumption of a confidential relationship between himself and Bramwell unless the General were prepared to modify his conduct in accordance with Carpenter's advice. This was impossible, for the General was by now obstinately devoted to the overmastering obsession of securing the Army for his family.

Since he refused to withdraw the letter, Carpenter was ordered to 'farewell' to I.H.Q. and was appointed editor of the Sydney *War Cry*, a post he had occupied twenty years before, and where he would be working under men who had been his subordinates in Australia. He wrote to the General, pointing out these facts, accepting the position under protest, and asking that the letters be referred to two Commissioners, Jeffries and Cunningham, with whom he had had no communication on the matter, for their opinion.

Bramwell summoned him to an interview. "I have been wounded in the house of my friends," said the General. "I

have always had such affection for you and confidence in you." Carpenter replied: " But, General, with all that affection and confidence, if I cannot speak to you out of my heart concerning things I feel to be injurious to the Army, who in the name of heaven can speak to you? "

The fresh and virile General suddenly looked his full seventy-one years. He slumped in his chair, and the words, simple and sincere, came from his expressionless face as though another were speaking: " I would rather you had not told me."

Meanwhile Commander Eva had been getting more and more difficult. She demanded the right to appoint her own Divisional Officers, in defiance of *Regulations*, and when he refused to allow this, she proposed to come to London to discuss American grievances with her brother. Bramwell's reply was that he was on the point of visiting the States, whereupon Eva wrote that she was not well, and might have to undergo an operation. When Bramwell refused to postpone his visit to her territory, Eva telegraphed that she would not be present at meetings and would tell her officers and friends the reasons why. She attributed a relapse in health to the fact that when she had written to tell Higgins to book the halls and print the bills for her own meetings in London, he had replied that he could not issue anything until they knew what the result of her interviews with the General was likely to be. When the General did visit America, Eva was ill most of the time, and after meeting her brother she took a turn for the worse. By a certain vagueness as to the degree of consideration which her illness merited, she kept Bramwell's party in constant perplexity, as is shown by correspondence which passed between an English Commissioner and an American Commissioner who was hostile to Eva :

The reports we have received from Lieut.-Colonel Griffith (Eva's private secretary) about the Commander have been of a

very serious nature. If the Colonel's statements are to be relied upon, the Commander has been in a very dangerous condition and they have almost despaired of her recovery. Unfortunately we are entirely dependent upon Colonel Griffith's reports, and, to put the case mildly, the Colonel has not always been careful to report the Commander's condition with reasonable correctness. At the same time, we must guard against the danger of making allowance for the Colonel's tendency to overstate the case, lest we do so when the Commander is really in a dangerous condition . . . I have made enquiries about her health each day. Lieut.-Colonel Griffith has been very reticent in giving me information, with the exception of using strong terms in describing the seriousness of the Commander's condition and in complaining of the bad treatment he alleges she received during the visit of the General.

Mr. Ervine, who has spared himself no pains in following every line of inquiry that bears upon the case, states that he was told on high authority that the dissatisfaction in the American Army became vocal at some of Bramwell's meetings and that the General was hissed in the Brooklyn Academy of Music. He does not accept these reports on the ground that nothing of the kind is reported in the press, and that any such incident could not have gone unreported in the case of the General of the Salvation Army, a person as eminent as the Pope or the Archbishop of Canterbury. Bramwell certainly received many gratifying assurances from leading officers of the devotion and loyalty of the American Army, but Commissioner Brengle, who had a unique reputation in the Army for nobility and even saintliness of character, wrote to Bramwell in connexion with another matter: "There are two classes of people who would like to make you feel that I have exaggerated the importance of the very small man in Texas—those who are ignorant of the voices and spirit behind this propaganda, and those who, for personal ends, would like to make you feel that it is unimportant."

The man from Texas was so small that although the publications over his signature "Yours in the War, W. L. Atwood,"

became one of the decisive factors in the deposition of the General, no-one has yet succeeded in establishing his identity.

Atwood's 'Bulletin No. 1,' written before the age of dictators could impress the imagination of a backwoodsman living at Wichita Falls, Texas, opens with a Torean-like survey of the progress of mankind from government by "dictators, czars, kings, kaisers, emperors, pseudo-generals and numerous other self-appointed and hereditary rulers" to achieve "life, liberty, and the pursuits of happiness, plus the additional privileges that are granted by our representative forms of government." It draws a highly coloured picture of the hereditary aristocracies of Europe "petted and pampered from infancy and brought up to believe that they are superior in every way to all who are beneath their station in life. The comrades who have went through the ordeal of a meeting conducted by Adjutant Wycliffe Booth can readily appreciate this statement." The rest of the Bulletin is an appeal to American national sentiment. If the General of the Army is British, the Chief of Staff should be American, seeing that nearly £10,000,000, nearly half the Army's property, is in the States. As it is, whenever a high position falls vacant in America, the General tries to appoint a Britisher, while Americans do not get appointed to high positions in England. Uniforms have to be bought from the Army, and the trading is done by I.H.Q., London. "So long as we patiently submit to the General's rule, then so long will the sergeants wear their chevrons like a 'V,' and the lassies pay 20 dollars (nearly £5) for a bonnet. Just so long will our officers be retarded in promotions to make way for alien officers. Just so long will our publications be controlled by the General for the interests of himself, Britain and religion, in the order named." The pamphlet closes with a tribute to Commander Eva whom they all love dearly, and in whom they have explicit confidence.

The effect of this document, issued to staff officers throughout the world, with a request that no portion should be communicated to the press, was so encouraging that it was followed by another, Bulletin No. 2, in which someone of wider culture seems to have collaborated, although it also contains an occasional solecism. This pamphlet shows a good grasp of Army history, and argues that Bramwell has departed from the Founder's first principle "that each people must work out its own spiritual regeneration; that Americans must conduct the war in America."

Bramwell Booth (says the pamphlet) does not adhere to this principle, but chooses his leaders from those who will help to make the Army safe for his family. This also applies to the Editors-in-Chief throughout the world, thereby assuring him that he can use the official organs of our organization for a lot of free advertising in promoting his interests and those of his family in attempting to establish them more solidly with the masses . . . The Founder took others into his counsels, asked the advice of anyone whom he thought could help. When he did not agree with them he treated his advisers with the utmost respect. That was not autocracy—it was generalship. Our Commander, as is well known, has always followed this policy in England, in Canada, and in this country, and we can easily see the result in her wonderful success as a leader . . . The present General has entirely reversed this method of government. The result is that the most important decisions of high policy are arrived at from the consideration of what will be best for riveting the Booth dynasty on the Army. Such decisions are subjected to a family gathering at which junior members often sway their elders, against the advice of capable officers who are not members of the family council. One of the family has been known openly to boast that he could cause his father to change his decision when he, the son, did not agree with it.

Autocracy forbids freedom of speech . . . All the fidelity of many years of honest and patient service weighs as dust in the balance. The most recent example of this is Colonel Carpenter . . .

The inevitable effect of the prohibition of expressions of personal convictions, so contrary to American ideas, is to create an underground channel of liaison . . . This underground channel is used to bring the news to the writer from abroad and from places in this country, and likewise it is being used in sending it to the reader.



The note of menace and defiance is becoming more definite. The next pamphlet from Wichita Falls is announced as "*The International Salvationist*. Published as occasion demands. Subscription rate \$1.00 for 12 issues." All communications and subscriptions are to be sent to W. L. Atwood. The style is that of a trained controversialist with experience of men and affairs. There is still a flavour of American-English to add punch, but the rusticity and homely solecisms of the *Bulletins* have disappeared. The main attack is directed against "THE GENERAL'S NEPOTISM TOWARDS HIS CHILDREN," which makes a heading in block letters.

In the case of every other Army officer, whatever be their rank, the appointment of their children is invariably taken out of their hands and very frequently they are not even allowed to serve in the same country as their parents. How much hardship this rule has inflicted upon them they and the Lord can tell. And yet in his own case, not only is this rule absolutely ignored, but they are put into appointments for which it is only too painfully obvious that neither Grace nor Nature has fitted them.

. . . But what have we here? A flouting of all the principles involved, roughshod trampling on the sensitive spirit of loyalty and devotion of thousands of officers, a sardonic defiance of an intricate form of government by the very one largely responsible for its creation and charged with its oversight.

Under the blinding, all-absorbing obsession of building and buttressing a family dynasty, the General seems, like the Bourbons, to have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. The faithful warnings given him by loyal officers at the expense of exile and neglect worse than death have passed unheeded.

Soon after Carpenter had farewelled to I.H.Q., Catherine, Bramwell's eldest daughter, was promoted Commissioner.

This promotion (writes the Texas publicist) comes but a few months after elevation to the rank of full Colonel. Prior to that, Lieutenant-Colonel Booth was incapacitated for four years by an illness which precluded her from work of any kind. During that long period she received the full salary of her rank from the funds of the Army. I wonder if any other invalid has ever been so fortunate? For four years she was attended by a Major, also.

on full salary, whose sole duty it was to serve the sick one. The two lived at various health resorts on the continent of Europe. But such is the intense secrecy surrounding the emoluments of the General and his family that it is not possible to ascertain on whom fell the cost of these sojourns . . .

To find a suitable post where most of her duties could be devolved on subordinates (on account of her health), it became necessary to sacrifice someone. Longing eyes were cast to where, across the Atlantic, the most formidable obstacle to their dynastic ambitions reigns supreme in the love and affections of her people. . . . No, America was impossible. Besides, it is necessary for the success of the scheme that the family must be in or around the centre. But here, right to hand, was a splendid chance. Let us endow Commissioner Adelaide Cox with ill-health. What does it matter that she—a woman of refinement and rare executive ability, largely responsible for the creation of the splendid women's social work in Great Britain—must be sacrificed . . . So poor Commissioner Cox is jockeyed out of her command on the plea of being given an international post, which post lasted about as long as it took to create it.

Catherine is made a full Colonel and installed . . . The invalid daughter is elevated to her high office—manifestly incapable both physically and mentally of grappling with its intricate perplexities. An interval of a few months elapses and then it is considered Catherine should be a full Commissioner—not even a Lieutenant-Commissioner, mark you! Such halfway measures are not for the Olympians.

It is done, and the whole Army world stands aghast. What of the many Lieut.-Commissioners, including our own Holz, MacIntyre, and M'Millan, who were full Colonels prior to Catherine's entry into the work in 1903, and who were officers before she was born? . . . There is Colonel Mary (Bramwell's second daughter, who distinguished herself in France during the war, and in heartening the German Salvationists after the war) another flagrant piece of nepotism. In an attempt to belittle our own unparalleled leader they now call her "Commander," spelling the continental title in the English style. The remainder of the Continental leaders are not so called. Is she going to remain satisfied as a Colonel? Not for long; so, if time permits, the pernicious march will continue until the whole family are Commissioners . . .

Meanwhile Catherine is comfortable in her snug office, a home in the country, an automobile and a chauffeur—at the Army expense. Cox had to live near her office and go to her appointments in a street car or bus.

How long, OH LORD, How LONG?

Mr. Ervine contends that the promotions of Bramwell's children had been mainly in accordance with their deserts. He "does not feel himself obliged to expose all the absurdities which abounds in 'Atwood's manifestoes,'" and contents himself with disputing the reasons which led the General during his visit to Korea to discharge 45 officers and the entire bunch of cadets, a minor matter on which 'Atwood' may have been mistaken, but he is silent on the charge that the children were pampered. Atwood's "low appeal," he says, "is supported by personal attacks on the General and his family which need no refutation since they are exposed by their vulgarity." The main attack is contained in the last pamphlet, and Mr. Ervine, to whom they may have been unpalatable reading, does not appear to have noticed the marked difference in style between Bulletin No. 1 and the later 'Atwood' productions. Yet he tells us, some pages later, that Commissioner Brengle, replying to a letter from Booth-Tucker which attacked Bramwell, and which Booth-Tucker described as so confidential that not even his wife had seen it, indignantly told Booth-Tucker that a large portion of the letter had been verbally embodied in an 'Atwood' publication. The later 'Atwood' productions were written by persons with a command of excellent English; none of them is 'vulgar' excepting to those who consider any statement of unpalatable facts to be a vulgarity.

Booth-Tucker, who had been retired under a superannuation Regulation made by Bramwell, had been getting active behind the scenes in the anti-Bramwell campaign. His hostility was more dangerous than that of anyone in the Army. His prestige in the Army was as high as Eva's, and he was the only high officer who enjoyed a reputation unconnected with his position in the Army. He was invited to give evidence, and was treated as one of the more important

witnesses by the Joint Parliamentary Committee on the Government of India Reform Bill. He and his wife were invited to the inner enclosure at the Buckingham Palace garden party where the King and Queen can speak informally with their guests. Although Bramwell over-estimated the legal strength of his own position, he was by no means reckless, and he must have been keenly aware of his brother-in-law's critical attitude towards his policy to risk making an enemy of him.

Just as staff officers throughout the world were recovering from the first surprise of the 'Atwood' bulletins, they received an anonymous pamphlet entitled *Two Wise Mice*. This pamphlet was written by Booth-Tucker. The two wise mice were the Founder and Mother of the Army, from whose principles Bramwell, *omnium consensu capax imperii, nisi imperasset*, had departed. He is pictured as muttering the favourite phrases of Roman despots, *divide et impera! Oderint dum metuant!* Its criticism follows the same lines as 'Atwood's' with an eloquent passage on those relegated to the freezer:

To them, rank was nothing, title was nothing, salary was nothing, but to be deprived of the opportunity of serving their fellow-creatures in the Underworld was gall and wormwood to their souls, for had they not willingly and gladly vowed to do this till they died, or were incapacitated?

The pamphlet concluded with the demand that "The following evils should be denounced, renounced, and permanently abolished—the Freezer, Espionage, Despotism, and Nepotism."

When these pamphlets had been doing their work amongst the higher ranks of the Army, Eva came over to Europe. She came in auspicious circumstances, having been chosen by the American Expeditionary Force as their orator on an official visit to Paris.

With the laudatory speeches of the leaders of two nations still ringing in her ears, Eva crossed to London to present to her brother the demands of the Reform Party tabulated in Fifteen Points. On the ground that her words had been misquoted after previous interviews, she took with her Commissioner Peart to be her witness. The harassed General was confronted by his formidable sister wreathed in an almost visible halo of French and American laurels. He also had his witness—Mrs. Bramwell Booth.

The Commander understood the value of concentrating upon the important issue. The other fourteen points are subsidiary to, or variations of, Point 4: "It is almost universally hoped that the present General will be the last one to be appointed by his predecessor." She contended that the small group of Evangelists who consented to invest the Founder as sole trustee for all temporalities of the Army could never have thought that it would grow to such huge proportions. Future Generals could be elected by the High Council. The legal difficulties in the way of altering the Constitution accordingly were by no means insuperable.

This is the first mention in the disputes between the General and Eva of the High Council, a body which, as yet, had no existence. Its functions, and the means whereby it could be brought into being, were defined under the Deed Poll, 1904, a document to which Bramwell obtained his father's signature after he had been working on it during seven years. The clauses relevant to the subsequent developments are those which provide for summoning the High Council to adjudicate whether a General is unfit for office.

For this purpose the High Council can be summoned by the Chief of Staff and any four Commissioners, or by any seven Commissioners. The High Council shall consist of the Chief of the Staff, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, all the Com-

missioners not being on the retired list, all Territorial Commanders of whatever rank. The duty of dispatching summonses rests upon the Chief of Staff; if he fails to send them within a fortnight of receiving the Requisition, they are to be sent by the Foreign Secretary, and if this officer declines to act, they may be dispatched after a further three weeks by any three Commissioners.

In a covering letter to the Fifteen Points, which is quoted in *The Clash of the Cymbals*, Mr. F. A. MacKenzie's very fair and dramatic account of these events, Eva had written :

As one of the oldest officers in the S.A., one who has been privileged to hold some of the highest positions of trust and responsibility; as a child of its Founder, with whom, as late as within three months of his death he discussed his views, his hopes and his fears as to its future, and as your own sister, you will recognize my claim upon your most thoughtful and serious consideration of a question of so great importance as is outlined in this Memorandum, and give me a suitable reply.

Bramwell took his time over the Memorandum in reply, which, dated 24th November, was posted on 2nd December, 1927, to Eva, who had returned to the States. He, too, appealed to the memory of their father, but in such a way as to make it quite clear that he was the sole interpreter of the Founder's sacred intentions. If he had the legal power, which he disputed, so to alter the Foundation Deeds as to deprive the General of his power and duty to nominate his successor, he would be guilty of defeating the most solemn intentions of the Founder in exercising such a power. In any case the 1904 Deed provided the means for removing an unworthy General. He passed, with what now seems extraordinary rashness, to a veiled threat, upon which Eva seized, to his ultimate undoing: "In a sense, therefore, the machinery, which, as I understand you, has now been proposed, is found to be provided for—with this significant difference, however,

that its function is to support our fundamental principles in cases of danger and not in any way to subvert or undermine them." He contended that he had no power whatever to alter the Foundation Deed of 1878, but pointed out that the General had the right, with the consent of two-thirds of the Commissioners, to alter the Deed of 1904. "Indeed, if I felt it desirable to exercise, with the consent of the Commissioners, the powers of alteration of the Supplementary Deed given to the General by that Deed, it would rather be with the aim of protecting the essential features of the Foundation Deed than otherwise."

It is always difficult to see a position as it presented itself to the protagonists at the time, and it is important to bear in mind that all this discussion had reference to Bramwell's successor. At that time, although it was less than a year before the High Council was convened to depose him, it had probably occurred to no-one, certainly not to Bramwell, that circumstances might arise in which the 1904 Deed could be operated to depose him. His legal position seemed impregnable. His chief danger was an American schism; but he was unassailable in his position as sole trustee of Army property throughout the world. The property in U.S.A. was vastly increased since the time of Ballington's command, and by virtue of the document which the Founder had caused Railton to sign, it was all (including the munificent additions acquired through Eva's genius) at the absolute disposal of the General of the S.A. for the time being. Eva, and any Salvationists who should follow her into the wilderness, would go out having not even a drum to beat. Besides, as leader of the second Booth schism in the same country, her position would be faintly ridiculous. Either she would have to compete with Ballington in fishing for disgruntled Salvationists; or she would have to join forces with him, and as Ballington's

Army was well established, that would mean serving under a brother again, and in a much smaller organization.

But Eva was not to be daunted. On 9th February, 1928, she returned to the charge. The fact that their father had seen fit to approve the alteration of the Foundation Deed by the Deed Poll, and that the second Deed was passed by the ablest lawyers of the day, Lords Oxford and Asquith, Haldane, and Justice Sargeant (ultimate styles) showed that it was perfectly feasible to meet the widespread feeling in the Army that the General's power to nominate his successor should be cancelled.

She made hay of the contention which runs through all Bramwell's letters that he could not betray the sacred duty laid upon the General to nominate his successor. Even the 1878 Deed provided that the General should make in writing a statement as to his successor, *or the means to be taken for the appointment of a successor*. The means, then, lay within the General's discretion. The letter shows a fine grasp of legal reality, and a power of legal exposition of great value for the persons other than Bramwell for whose benefit the letter was written, and she seems justified in writing as a practical man to an unreasonable woman: "If you will not see the distinction, it will only elicit pity and tend to strengthen the conviction that warped judgment sits where righteous prescience should be enthroned."

Trusteeship, she reminds Bramwell, implies an obligation to beneficiaries, and the beneficiaries of the Trust Deeds are the Salvation Army, not the Bramwell Booths. Sole trusteeship—she referred to a recent Act which many persons believed to be directed against the Army—had become fundamentally repugnant to British law.

When the General said that if he had the power to alter the Supplementary Deed it would not be in the direction



desired, was she to take it that he was considering the withdrawal of the meagre protective powers with which the High Council was invested? Such a course would almost certainly lead to undesirable litigation, involving an investigation into the motives behind such action. "I cannot help but say that it would indeed be an unjustifiable and most flagrant action on the part of the Chief Executive to our international peoples to answer the prayer for fuller liberty with a course of further repression and deprivation. It is unthinkable. We must not shipwreck our glorious Army."

The statement that such action was unthinkable was not a rhetorical flourish for the benefit of the addressee who was thinking of practically nothing else. It was a call to arms to her fellow-commanders, for Eva sent a copy of the correspondence to Territorial Commanders throughout the world, leaving it to Bramwell to discover in due course that she had done so. This action was a declaration of war, the more uncompromising, since, in the course of the letter, the Commander makes serious personal imputations. After stating that the rapid advancement of the General's sons and daughters, both in rank and position, had been and continued to be the subject of world-wide unfavourable criticism, she demands that more light be thrown upon the General's own sources of income.

Incidental to the possession of vast power, the General is also the recipient of certain emoluments. Of what these consist, whether modest or extravagant, nobody knows: But will it be thought uncharitable to suggest that this very Trust—the world-power and the assured income—constitutes most serious temptation when conjoined to paternal affection and family influence?

To conserve and to hold on to this as a great vested interest is the most natural thing; all the same it is perilous to that spirit of sacrifice so absolutely fundamental to the life of the Movement.

Mr. Ervine, whose very full account of these events calls for special attention, finds a lack of frankness in Eva's

reference to 'the General's' emoluments. He suggests that her sense of the baselessness of the imputation caused her to change from the second person to the third. This is over-subtle, especially when we remember that the writer had in mind her fellow-commanders to whom Bramwell was 'the General,' and to whom she was sending a copy of this letter.

In dealing with the question of Bramwell's income, Mr. Ervine makes eloquent comparisons between the General's £500 a year and other official salaries, such as that of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Actually, Bramwell was probably better off than the Archbishop of Canterbury with his £15,000 a year, for Bramwell's was not an ancient office burdened with traditional expenses which date from a time when incomes were not taxed, and when they purchased far more than now. Mr. Ervine makes some allowance for this in a footnote, but he overlooks an important circumstance which probably made Bramwell as well off as any modern bishop. The Salvation Army contained men and women skilled in every trade and profession, who could be attached to the General's household; if his Commissioner-daughter had a Salvationist chauffeur, it is not unreasonable to suppose that a large proportion of the personal needs of the Bramwell Booths were ministered to by soldiers. Bramwell was, in fact, a philanthropist living on £500 a year and expenses, and everything conspired to enlarge the conception of what might be deemed expenses. A chief executive is surrounded by supple advisers who make it their business to remind him constantly of the heavy burdens he has to bear; if they make the Chief comfortable, he will be all the more likely to see to their comfort also. Any man who is at all inclined to attach more importance to the façade than to the reality will yield to such blandishments.

Besides, Bramwell's cash income was not strictly limited to £500 a year. Following the precedent set by his father, he

kept some of the proceeds from certain publications; as early as 1920 Eva and Booth-Tucker had returned cheques for £100 each which Bramwell had sent them as their share of the profits on the first sales of Begbie's *Life of the Founder*. Begbie's *Life* was not published by the Army and was not written by Bramwell, so that the book did not strictly come within the rule. But Begbie handed over a large sum of money (most of which was given to the Army) for the use of certain private papers, and, as Eva pointed out:

No Army Officer, through the sale of any book published by the Army is allowed to accept money additional to his salary. That is a principle you have uniformly enforced.

The Army Officers are expected to push and sell the book. It will be largely through the efforts of the Officers paid by the Salvation Army that the sales will be made—in fact you have insisted on every Army publication booming it and pushing its sale.

Territorial Headquarters had been asked to contribute 8s. towards the cost of any "*Life*" bought by an Officer.

Salvation Army funds all over the world will be contributing large sums of money to enrich certain Officers who are at the same time drawing full regulation salary.

I return the cheque for £100, and, furthermore, in your own interests, in the interests of your family, and in the interests of every sacrificing, consecrated member of the Salvation Army, I would beg of you to abandon for ever the idea of using in the manner you have arranged, what can, and I think will be, declared by all Officers of the Organization to be the property of the Army.

Your greatly disturbed

EVANGELINE BOOTH.

When Bramwell died, he left about £900, and the Wylie Trust continued to operate for the benefit of his family. Mr. Ervine considers £900 a very small amount for the General of the Salvation Army to leave, but there cannot be many men with seven children who manage to save so much on an income of £500, and Bramwell had very heavy expenses in the

last year of his life, as the High Council prevented him from using Army funds for his legal and other expenses in the fight. It is doubtful whether an Archbishop with seven children could save £1000 out of his salary; but then an Archbishop cannot make bishops of his daughters. Moreover, in arguing from the responsibility of Bramwell's office, it is important to bear in mind that the Army would never have grown to such proportions if the rank and file had believed that the chief executives, descendants of the Founder, would be remunerated on a scale in any way comparable to that of the salaries of the executives in a business controlling £20,000,000 capital, which was the approximate value of the Army property at this time. Cardinal Manning, Bramwell's contemporary and an early champion of the Army as a disinterested organ of social regeneration, left £120, and there were Princes of the Church whose annual income did not exceed that figure.\* In any case there was good reason to suspect that £500 a year was Bramwell's nominal, not his real income, and Eva was doing a service to the Army in demanding more light upon the matter.

In the subsequent course of events Eva's letter remained unanswered. In these events Higgins, now Chief of Staff, played a decisive part. His action was always unobtrusive, but he was the supreme *régisseur* throughout the drama, from whom the leading actors took their cues. Shortly after writing a letter of congratulation to Catherine on her promotion, in which he assured her "of my constant prayer that God may give you all needed grace, and all necessary physical strength for to-day's opportunities, and the larger ones of the morrow," Higgins had gone to America on health furlough.

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\* A recent trust created by certain American Catholics now provides that no Cardinal shall receive less than £500.

On his return from the States Higgins assured the General, who received Eva's letter on 25th February, 1928, that there was no reason to be disturbed by it, since Eva's campaign in America was a failure. But a week later Bramwell learned that his sister had sent the correspondence to all Commissioners and Territorial Commanders, including his own wife and daughter, and on 5th March Chief of Staff Higgins was closeted in secret conclave in a Kensington Flat with seven Commissioners and two retired Commissioners, assisting them to draft a letter which asked the General to give the most serious consideration to Eva's suggestions, and solemnly declared that they viewed with the gravest alarm the statement that he might alter the Supplementary Deed Poll.

Bramwell never learned that his Chief of Staff had been privy to the letter which he found on his desk the next morning. The fact that it bore the signatures of seven Commissioners on the active list, the number necessary to bring the High Council into being, was not lost upon him. These Commissioners had acted courageously. The General could retire any one of them at a moment's notice, and they could hardly have saved much on a salary of £400. It is probable that nothing short of Bramwell's threat to the only constitutional safeguard, the 1904 Deed, could have provoked them to this action. To alter the Deed required a two-thirds majority of Commissioners on the active list. Bramwell could not have secured this majority then, but time is usually on the side of the chief executive, and Bramwell understood the value of time. The General had not only the power of creating peers, *i.e.*, of creating any number of Commissioners favourable to himself; he could also unmake peers by retiring Commissioners.

Shaken by the round robin, Bramwell saw each of the Commissioners separately, and gave them the assurance they

asked. Many of them, especially Hurren the youngest, a brilliant campaigner who had prevented a serious schism in Camberwell and who was the Brutus in this episode, had warm feelings for the General. Bramwell was just recovering his reassurance after these interviews, rich in Salvationese expressions of fundamental loyalty, love and devotion, when he found that the Commissioners' letter had been circulated to the leading staff officers throughout the world. Higgins wrote to him, "*This is too bad. Who else, I wonder, has had the Commissioners' letter? Somebody is being used for propaganda. I am sorry.*" The next blow to Bramwell's self-confidence was a cable sent by six U.S.A. Commissioners and two Colonels supporting Eva's proposals and expressing the hope that the General would triumphantly crown his career by granting what was ultimately inevitable.

Bramwell gathered his energies for a reply to the documents which had been so freely circulated, and with the assistance of Higgins, he drafted a memorandum which he sent personally to Commissioners with a letter ending 'Yours affectionately.' He regretted the Commander's action in having sent out the correspondence without waiting for a reply, as such a course was very unusual and was calculated to create confusion and misunderstanding. He felt he should say definitely that he could not entertain any change in the Foundation Deed (*i.e.*, any modification of the General's power to nominate his successor). With reference to the Supplementary Deed he had made no decision to alter it. He added:

I think I should say to you that one good result appears likely to proceed from this. It has brought out amongst our leading Officers a body of thoughtful opinion in favour of our constitution and which puts the work before other considerations. This is, of course, a real source of strength, and helps me. I appreciate it, and thank God for it, and I hope in the future to make use of it more fully and directly as the work increases and our needs become greater.

Anxiously Bramwell awaited the replies to this letter. But even the bait of better posts for loyalists in an expanding Army failed to elicit the expressions of that thoughtful opinion which the letter was designed to evoke. Bramwell had hoped for a few cables of love and devotion. There were none, and the letters, as they dribbled in, were tepid and evasive. He found phrases which officers had picked up in their training at I.H.Q. now used against himself, commiserating with him in his difficulties, while convinced that the Lord would resolve them to the good of His Army. More than anything that had occurred since Eva's visit, the response to this letter dismayed the General.

Bramwell began to suffer badly from sleeplessness. He developed symptoms of nervous ill-health. One night, as he tossed on his bed after a whole afternoon spent with his solicitor over the 1904 Deed, the word 'unfit' suddenly stood out with menacing clearness in his image of that now detested document. If he should fall ill! For the first time it occurred to him that the instrument which he had drafted might be used against himself. It was unthinkable; the product of a disordered fancy. But the words 'unfit for his office' kept recurring. Of course they only meant what he and his father had intended—moral delinquency.

He stole downstairs to his library, locked the door, for he did not wish to be surprised in this curious research, and took out his 'Webster.' About half-way through the article he found the fatal words: "Loss of the strength, skill or qualities required for any task or purpose—to be disabled or disqualified—as, for instance, sickness unfitting a man for labour."

The members of certain primitive tribes pine away to death, if they believe that a powerful magician is practising his spells upon them. From the moment Bramwell realized that illness might prove his undoing, he fell into a decline.

While the General's letter had failed to rally the loyalty of those to whom it was addressed, it disturbed the Reformers who saw an ominous significance in the pluperfect "I had made no such decision." It got about that Bramwell had spent much time over the Deed with his lawyers. When he went to Queen Victoria Street now, Bramwell felt that he was met by cold looks from the seniors, and by following half-furtive, half-impudent glances from some of the juniors. Sometimes he almost doubted Higgins. Why had the Chief of Staff not warned him against that provocative pluperfect? The office in which he had laboured so long and so fruitfully was grown hateful to him.

Bramwell Booth's last public appearance was on 10th May, 1928, when he laid a foundation-stone on Denmark Hill. After this ceremony he went to a hydropathic for three weeks at the end of which the doctors reported favourably on his blood-pressure, but warned against heavy work and nerve strain. He carried on his work from home, moving in the course of the summer to his seaside house at Southwold. His link with the outside world was Higgins.

The Chief of Staff was generous in reassurance, but as time went on a hectoring note crept into his assurances, like that of a domineering nurse towards a tiresome patient. On 13th August, he wrote to Mrs. Booth:

I appreciate your confidence, whatever differences there may be upon any matter that confidence shall never be betrayed, and as I have said over and over again in my present post, I must and will stand for the General in all my actions. We must have a talk together when we have time to spare for it. Whilst I feel that things are dormant, and we are successful in our efforts to keep them thus, we must not think they will remain always so, and therefore I think some plans should be thought out, which may be helpful perhaps to prevent a storm.

Throughout the summer there were rumblings in various parts of the world. Commissioner Mapp, one of the Big



Nine, the signatories to the letter of protest, was touring Australasia, and forty-three letters were received from leading officers in Australia, expressed in similar language, which urged Bramwell to do what Eva wanted. Thirty-one letters from New Zealand said the same thing in identical terms. It was poor comfort to learn from Higgins that, in reply to a strong private letter from the Chief of Staff, Eva had cabled that she would do nothing further for the present. The cable was soon followed by a letter announcing Eva's intention of visiting London again to discuss the situation.

All this time talk about a High Council meeting had been growing. Such talk was made easier because only a few realized that the High Council could be brought into being for one purpose only—to depose a General. In November the General's condition became serious. On 12th November, the Chief of Staff went to Southwold. Mrs. Bramwell told him that her husband had been given a narcotic, and was in a coma. His state was considered critical. Higgins told Mrs. Bramwell that he was having difficulty in holding the dissentient Commissioners at bay; he might receive the Requisition to summon the High Council any time. Mrs. Bramwell asked him to convene a meeting of Commissioners to pray for the General. This he promised to do.

The Chief of Staff left the house in some agitation and telegraphed the Army Chancellor of the Exchequer and the solicitor to meet him at the office late that evening. If Bramwell should die before the High Council were summoned, his nominee would become General; but if he should die after the High Council had been summoned, even before it met, his nomination would be void under Clause 11. This fact would be known to the Seven. Hurren was on the premises when he arrived, and went to see Higgins, whom he found wishing that he were dead himself. Later that evening Mapp (back

from Australia) rang up, and both these Commissioners were at a lawyer's office at 9 a.m. next day to sign the Requisition to the Chief of Staff to summon the High Council. The remaining five had been warned the previous night, and the Requisition was handed to the Chief of Staff fully signed up before he had looked through his mail. When that day he handed one summons to Mapp in the presence of the lawyer, the requirements of Clause 11 were fulfilled. He mailed the others, including one for Commissioner Mrs. Bramwell Booth with a brief covering note which said that it must be for her to decide whether the document could be brought to the General's notice.

There is no reason to suppose that anything was said on the evening of 13th November between the Chief of Staff and Hurren or between the Chief of Staff and Lamb as to the expediency of summoning a High Council. These men had all had a long official training. The Commissioners appreciated, and no doubt respected, the delicacy of the Chief of Staff's position. In his official capacity Higgins acted throughout with perfect propriety. It is true that when Commissioner Catherine called on him on the morning of 15th November, he did not disclose the fact that the summonses had already been dispatched, and in the rush of business he never fulfilled his promise to convene the Commissioners to pray for their sick General, but these were personal matters, and if there was some ambiguity in his personal relationships, we must remember that he had always been taught that personal considerations must be subordinated to the good of the Army.

The Chief of Staff may have had another motive for his haste. Mr. Ervine brings forward as "one sign of the General's purity of intention . . . the fact that he did not, as he might easily have done, resign his office and appoint his

successor. Had he resigned at any time before 10 a.m. on November 14, 1928, his nominee would now be General of the Salvation Army." This ingenious solution may have occurred to the legalist General and to his Chief of Staff, but all sorts of reasons of expediency suggest themselves for not acting upon it. However, the General might have taken alarm, when he knew the requisition was signed, and secured, at any rate, a short period of office for his nominee by this device.

Of the sixty-four persons eligible, sixty-three men and women met on 8th January, 1929, at Sunbury Court, a fine Georgian house on the Thames which had been given to the Army, to adjudicate upon the fitness of their General. Before they dispersed six weeks later they had nearly all wept often, and one of them had died under the emotional strain.

The Councillors did not require an official explanation as to the real causes which had led to their being summoned. They knew their Atwood, and they had had plenty of time to digest the various letters and the General's counter-memorandum issued during the previous year. The seven Requisitioning Commissioners sent the Councillors a colourless memorandum and manifesto in which no mention was made of the General's intentions regarding the 1904 Deed. While stating that the General had declined a proposal that he should meet his principal leaders on matters affecting his own onerous position and the future of the Army, the Commissioners confined themselves to the question of the General's health and its effect upon his work. They quoted that portion of Webster's definition of 'unfit' which was relevant to the case, and called special attention to the provisions of the Trustee Act, 1925, which, while not directed at the Salvation Army, discouraged the appointment of a sole trustee, and made that position more onerous and difficult, by providing that a trustee could not

relieve himself of duties by transferring them temporarily under a power of attorney, as the Founder had sometimes done.

Mr. Ervine has pronounced upon the conduct of the case by the Seven in verdicts which are difficult to reconcile with one another. "If anything is evident to the historian it is this, that these undeniably good and able men, all of whom had given their lives and their energies to a poorly paid service, lacked the strength and decision to ride the whirlwind and direct the storm. They waited until the storm broke, and then weakly, almost hysterically, floundered through it." A few pages later Mr. Ervine says: "The Seven Commissioners and their supporters displayed more worldly wisdom than Christian charity in their manipulation of the High Council." Seeing that the Seven achieved their objectives—the deposition of the General and the provision that all future Generals shall be elected by the High Council—his second opinion is the sounder.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth, who clung pathetically to the conviction that Higgins was an ally, had invoked his promise to send a message to staff officers to "stand by the principles of the Salvation Army as laid down by the revered Founder, William Booth." This Higgins now refused to do, and when she handed him a letter to go out from herself, he told her that, acting upon the highest legal advice, he must refuse to permit the Army Trust Funds to be used for propaganda purposes on either side. So she posted the letter herself:

I write this letter in the General's sick-room. He is so ill that I cannot be long away from him. In view of various mis-statements which have appeared in the press in this country and elsewhere, I feel that it is very important that the Staff Officers of the Army should clearly understand that the High Council has been called expressly for the purpose of deciding "whether the General is unfit for office and should be removed therefrom." It is heartrending to all those who love him that such a thing should

happen at what may prove to be the close of a long life of self-sacrificing toil and devotion for God and the Army. For over fifty years my dear husband has given himself without stint—first, as his father's right hand in the formation and consolidation of the movement, and again, during the last sixteen years, as your General and Leader. Do you realize that seven Commissioners have called the High Council for the purpose named, at a moment when he lies seriously ill, unable to defend himself and, indeed, at a time when he cannot even be made aware of their action, as the doctors declare that any shock might prove fatal. As therefore he cannot speak for himself, I must make my poor efforts to do so for him. If the General goes to heaven before the High Council can meet, it may be that there will be no opportunity of removing the stigma which has been cast upon him by the requisitioning of the Council. In order that you may fully understand the position, I hope to have available copies of the Foundation Deed (1878) and the Supplementary Deed (1904) which will be sent to you, post free, if you will make application to Commissioner Catherine Booth, 101 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4. This letter is confidential and not for publication. In the interests of the Army, I have carefully avoided making reference in the public press to recent Salvation Army affairs, to which for service and sacrifice we have given all our lives, by thinking clearly, acting courageously, and praying ceaselessly that God will restore the General to health for further service, and overrule all for the Glory of His Name.

Mrs. Booth may have hoped to elicit expressions of that enthusiasm for the General's cause which the family believed to prevail throughout the Army. The letter was, indeed, a kind of appeal from the jurisdiction of the High Council to a larger body of Salvationist leaders. As such it was improper, and it was certainly impolitic, for it gave the Seven an opportunity of making, by way of defence, some points which they had not yet made, as they were in the delicate position of attacking a sick man. In a paper entitled "The Why and the Wherefore of the High Council of the Salvation Army, 1928-9" they explained that the High Council had been summoned only after unavailing representations had been made to the General regarding his inability to carry the heavy burdens of a sole trustee, and in view of "the serious

unrest existing in many parts of the world upon the question of the method of appointing the General." In a letter to their comrades of the High Council they wrote that the use of the word 'defence' at the very beginning of Mrs. Booth's letter was uncalled for. They were not attacking the General, but seeking to relieve him of duties which were too heavy for him. Similarly the deeds spoke not of the 'right' but of the 'duty' to appoint a successor.

This erroneous idea of the possession of a 'right'\* is due to a fundamental misunderstanding of the position, and has been so often repeated that it has come to be regarded by many as a sort of perquisite attaching to the office of General. That is the way, perhaps, in which Mrs. Booth looks at it, and thus it is easy to understand that she views recent developments as an 'attack'\* upon the General's 'rights' and is so obsessed with this idea that she ignores altogether the necessities of the great work for God and humanity to which we have devoted our lives. It is not fair to state that if the General should be adjudicated unfit he will be thereby "deprived of his right to appoint his successor."\* . . . Even if careful nursing and devotion are rewarded, . . . we could not stand by and see the Army for which we all have laboured so long, fail in its great purpose if its legal head still continued unable to function.

The letter concluded with a telling reference to the action of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had recently retired from office, though retaining his mental faculties to the full. "For this action he was rightly honoured by King and Country."

The invalid had been getting increasingly suspicious about the course of events. His health showed a marked improvement, and the doctors issued a bulletin to that effect, but Eva, who asked to see him, was told that his doctors considered this inadvisable. On New Year's Day, 1929, his family felt unable to conceal from Bramwell any longer the fact that the High

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\* These words and phrases are not contained in Mrs. Booth's letter, as it appears (without any indication of having been abbreviated) in Mr. Irvine's book. Mr. Irvine, who prints both letters in full, does not comment upon the discrepancies.

Council had been called. On 5th January the General appealed to his sister: "My dear Eva, you and I must help the Army in this crisis. To uphold our Father's work is our sacred trust. Help me now. You once said you would die for me. It has not come to that yet, but I do not believe your sense of fair play will allow you to stand by without striking a blow in my defence."

The appeal was unavailing, for it was too late to make an emotional appeal without any proposal for the redress of grievances.

The following day (Sunday) the General wrote a letter to the High Councillors who were due to meet on the Tuesday. He said that the action of the Seven made it clear that they wished to deprive him of the power to nominate his successor. Might God guide them to judge whether their action was right. He asked for time. He proposed a Council of Regency during his illness, to consist of the Chief of Staff, Commander Eva, Commissioner Catherine and two Commissioners from I.H.Q. With reference to grievances he proposed to appoint a Commission "to receive the various opinions, and to co-ordinate and examine their value," but it was clear that he reserved to himself the right to disregard their recommendations. In effect he offered nothing. The Councillors had been called together to prevent his nominee from succeeding; if they dispersed without accomplishing this, the effort and expense were not likely to be repeated for many a year.

There was little doubt at the time, and the assumption has never been contradicted, that the sealed envelope contained the name of Commissioner Catherine Bramwell Booth. She had indeed many of the qualities for command, but her qualities seem to be more appropriate to directing a department at the League of Nations than to be a ruler of two million souls throughout the world. Mr. Ervine states that, while he

has not observed any coldness in her character, she is said to be unpopular because of her aloofness. It appears that she invented a gesture of greeting similar to the Fascist salute before Mussolini had ever been heard of outside Italy, because she objected to shaking hands on hygienic grounds, and Mr. Ervine says: "We must pardon those who feel sceptical of the ability of a lady to lead the damned to the penitent-form when her hands were, so to speak, continually immersed in Condyl's Fluid."

When the High Council met, they had already had the various documents which have been described. Their first act, after electing a President and Recorder and their respective Vices was to send a message of love and devotion to the sick General. It is easy to laugh at this, but the act had its importance for the outside world, as emphasizing that no moral stigma attached to the resolution which was the next item on their agenda. This was the formal resolution to declare the General unfit and remove him from office.

On that motion it was quite seriously proposed that Bramwell should be offered the honorary rank of Field-Marshal, but it was felt that the Founder had conferred a glory upon the title 'General' which made this suggestion valueless, especially as he had called two of his children Marshals. It was then resolved that, if his medical advisers approved, a deputation, consisting of seven members, should wait upon the General and invite him to retire, "retaining his title of General and continuing to enjoy the honours and dignities attaching thereto." In order to steady their feelings, says Mr. F. A. MacKenzie, the President called for the hymn "O God, our help in ages past," while the Councillors summoned their resolution to affix their signatures to the motion on the President's desk. Fifty-six out of the sixty-three signed, but the French Commissioner Peyron said that he would go no



further if the General refused to resign voluntarily. Only forty-seven votes were needed to depose the General.

The President, Vice-President and five other Commissioners duly set off for Southwold bearing the document which asked the General to resign. None of the requisitioning Commissioners were on the deputation, and it added a certain significance that it was also composed of seven persons. The deputation were given tea by Mrs. Booth and her daughter Major Olive, after which they were admitted to the sick-room by Brigadier Smith, who held rank appropriate to her position as the General's nurse, and whose attitude was that of a commander of a beleaguered citadel, brought to surrender by a dishonourable stratagem. A shorthand writer passed in unobtrusively with the deputation, and took a seat behind a screen.

Speaking slowly and with difficulty, the stricken General spoke personally to each Commissioner, asking them about their wives and their work. The Japanese, Yamamuro, hung back, but the General beckoned him forward kindly, and had a special word for him. The resolution had been taken to the General while the deputation were having tea, and it was lying on the bed. What happened is described perfectly in the official report:

The documents referred to were lying on the bed before him. He spoke of having read them. He said he had a great trust passed to him by the Founder, and that the proposal we had made required time—"I must have a little time."

Turning to the President, he said: "The old General had a great fight for one-man control. You believed in that."

As it was evident the General could only keep his thoughts connected by our not interrupting him, we withheld any remarks at this point.

He referred to his health, and again to having received his trust from the Founder and from God. He said he realized what we were asking, and added: "But I must have light to see what I must do and how I must do it. I have had some trouble in

my soul. God has given me very gracious feelings in the years gone by. Perhaps He wants me to do without them now."

We endeavoured to speak to him through his accousticon. He did not seem to catch our expressions, and Commissioner Catherine suggested that she should repeat our words.

She did so, but we were thinking the deputation was impressed that he was not quite following, or was not quite able to follow, our statement that the Council felt tenderly towards him and that they wished him to consider the document before him, and after taking a little time for consideration give us his answer.

The General went away from the subject, one would say as if he had certain intentions in his mind to speak on other questions, and he followed, so it appeared, the preparation of his mind.

For example, he spoke of the new Denmark Hill building, asking us in general if we had been there. We intimated we had not. He made some almost jocular remarks that Brengle would perhaps say it was too ecclesiastical, and Mitchell might say "What about Hoxton?" and Hay and Whatmore would say, "I got the idea in Melbourne." But this, however, was said very slowly.

The General still fingered the document, revealing his feeble, nerve-distressed hand, and added, "I must have a day or two to think."

After making a further remark or two to the members of the deputation, it was apparent he had said as much as he was able to say.

Mrs. Booth suggested to the General that he should pray with us, just as we were about to suggest the same. This seemed to give him a little refreshing of thought, and grip of his memory, and he prayed slowly but tenderly for "These men and their families."

He prayed that "These men might act aright." He spoke to God of his health, mentioning his hope that God would come to him and help him quickly. He prayed for God's guidance in this matter, and referred to his extremity, and that God might make an opportunity out of that.

He thanked God for the help already given him and used the expression "Help them to help me now and help me to do the right thing in the right way." He also prayed for India.

The prayer—as were his other words—was slow and one would say an effort. The President started to pray for the General and, possibly not hearing, he started off again in prayer. Then he stopped and the President completed the prayer, after which the

seven of us shook hands gently with him, kissing his hand and wishing him all blessing.

It was quite evident the delegation could not wisely stay longer.

On Saturday the Council received the deputation's report with sympathy. The General's reply was expected on Monday, but it was delayed until Tuesday. In the interval the attitude of the Council hardened under the influence of various incidents. The General asked that the stenographer's report should be accepted as evidence of what had been said in the sick-room. The deputation had not realized she was there, and resented her presence, having many of them experienced the General's predilection for "having a pen walking in the chimney," as Latimer once put it. The President refused this request.

The General also asked that he might be represented by counsel, namely, Mr. William Jowitt, K.C. This request was also refused on the ground that the matter was a purely domestic one for the High Council of the Army to determine. In the end, after the General had applied to the Court, the Council were compelled to hear Mr. Jowitt, and Mr. Ervine condemns their refusal. "The Requisitioning Commissioners," he writes, were properly to be regarded as having the status of prosecuting counsel; they took also the status of judge, jury and executioner." This comparison is incorrect. If the General is properly to be regarded as on his trial, the Seven were in the position of prosecutors (unassisted by counsel), it is true. But the President, who ruled in matters of procedure, may be compared to the judge, while the High Council as a whole were the jury, and the General had able advocates in the person of his daughter and the other eight Commissioners, who voted against the motion. It was a rule of the Army, laid down with the utmost emphasis by the Founder, that Salvationists were not to have recourse to the secular Courts, and the President's refusal to allow counsel

to be imported until the law compelled him to do so was a manly refusal.

On Monday, while the Councillors were waiting for the General's reply, a messenger-boy arrived from the local telegraph office to ask for the balance of the cost of certain cables, which the office thought had been sent out by the Chief of Staff. These were cables sent to staff officers all over the world: "The General has asked the Council to give him time, and the reply to this is a demand for his retirement. Is this fair?" The cables were so drafted as to suggest that they had been sent by the Chief of Staff.

A further incident which provoked the Councillors was that the General had his letter of 6th January printed in *The War Cry*. When this was discovered, orders were given for the destruction of 20,000 copies already printed; but it was then found that this order was *ultra vires*, as the General, not having been deposed, was still in control of the paper.

At 11.30 on Tuesday morning Mrs. Booth's Armstrong-Siddeley crashed through the iced puddles to Sunbury Court, bringing the General's reply. It began by stating that the Founder's wisdom had decided that the Army should always be under the direction of one person; to which position it had pleased God to call him. He could not relinquish that sacred trust, unless he believed that he was no longer able to carry out its responsibilities, and his medical advisers believed that in all human probability he would in a few months be thoroughly recovered. The High Council's request amounted to little less than a threat of expulsion.

Were I to yield to a request for retirement presented under these conditions, I should not be acting in the strong and consistent manner which the Founder would have desired.

I do not want to judge you, but it seems to me a strange thing that I cannot be given time to recover.

This is the time of the Army's greatest need, and I pray that God may direct you and rule your hearts. He is near to you.

Poor Bramwell, wishing to act like a man who would never have found himself in Bramwell's predicament. He offered one concession—that if he died, before the Commission proposed in his letter of 6th January arrived at a conclusion regarding the appointment of future Generals, which was acceptable to himself and the necessary number of Commissioners, he would leave the choice of his immediate successor to the Commissioners of the Army.

This merely meant that the veto which Bramwell reserved on the recommendations of a Commission, whose composition was left vague, would expire on his death. His offer lacked both substance and precision. Moreover, it was accompanied by what the Councillors interpreted as a threat to invoke the machinery of the law. In the course of his letter Bramwell said :

But when I am advised that were I to take any other course, serious internal controversy would almost inevitably arise, and, further, that the work of the Army might be interfered with by a lawsuit of the utmost magnitude, I am confirmed in the rightness of the decision which I have already made.

Commenting on Mr. MacKenzie's statement that "the threat thought to be implied in the General's reply of appealing to a Court of Law, was deeply resented," Mr. Ervine says: "Only shallow-pated persons, when a man, who is a trustee for large properties, asserts that his acquiescence to a request for resignation may lead to legal complications, could suppose that he is threatening them with a lawsuit."

But Mr. MacKenzie's statement derives from the attitude of the Commissioners, many of whom had worked in intimate association with Bramwell, and knew how he wrapped up his meaning and intentions. It was the fact that they saw a veiled threat in this statement which decided the waverers. Commissioner Brengle, who is regarded as the saint of the Army, and whose remark about the General's smooth counsellors proves

him a man of insight, had been unwilling to vote for deposition. In his speech on the motion, he said that the shock of reading the General's reply with its threat of the law had fixed his resolution against the General:

When I was once in Italy I visited a picture gallery, with a room dark, save for an illuminated painting of the head of Christ. I treasured memories of that picture and sorrowed when later I heard that a vandal had slashed his knife across it.

In my heart I long carried a darkened room, and in it an illuminated portrait of the face of our General. But when I read the General's letter, this portrait was slashed.

Commissioner Catherine spoke last. She addressed the councillors for an hour and a half, and they shifted uneasily in their seats. Embarrassed because they felt so little moved by a daughter pleading for a stricken father, they did not realize that this was not their fault, for the speaker's own interests were identified with the cause she was defending with more rhetoric than eloquence. Mr. Ervine deplors the fact that she made only a passing reference to the legal aspect, saying nothing to dissipate the impression that her father's letter contained a threat. She had heard all the speeches and much of the informal discussion so that the omission cannot be attributed to stupidity. She probably knew her father's intentions. Bramwell had a last card to play—he was going to impugn the validity of the 1904 Deed.

The voting on the resolution to depose the General was:

In favour of the motion, -	-	-	-	-	55
Against the motion, -	-	-	-	-	8

This vote was taken in the small hours of Thursday morning. The Council met again on Friday to elect a new General. In the meantime Bramwell had carried out the action which 'shallow-pated persons' believed him to have threatened. He had applied to the Court for a temporary

injunction, as a matter of great urgency, to restrain the Council from acting upon its resolution. The application was based on two grounds:—

1. That the Deed Poll of 1904 was not valid because a Trustee of a charitable Trust could not alter the Trust at will.
2. That the Council's procedure was a violation of the Deed Poll and contrary to the principles of natural justice. The General had been deprived of the ordinary right of being allowed to put his own case before the Council, and no medical evidence as to his fitness had been considered.

The law can act with the utmost dispatch in granting a temporary injunction, and the Order restraining the Council from proceeding to the election of a new General reached Sunbury Court before noon on Friday. The General's action in impugning the instrument which was so largely his own handiwork, one of the Deeds under which he had accepted office, aroused profound indignation. The Chief of Staff felt himself relieved of the last bond of personal allegiance, and wrote to tell the General so:

. . . I have through all these unhappy proceedings done my utmost to say nothing which could be in the least interpreted as being antagonistic to you, and I think Mrs. Booth will agree that my address to the High Council was one in which I spoke in the highest terms of your integrity, your ability and your leadership.

I regret, however, that your action in securing an injunction has entirely changed my view upon one of the many grounds of my confidence. I held on in spite of many things which I have been bewildered about, to the belief that you had no selfish interests in endeavouring to continue in office in spite of your enfeebled condition of health. That is shattered, and I can only see in your attitude a determination to try to keep the power and position which has been yours in the Salvation Army, even if in the trying to do so you bring ruin on the Salvation Army.

That you could be guilty of going to the Courts and securing an injunction upon the plea that the 1904 Deed is *ultra vires* has so stirred me and produced such indignation, that in the interests of the Army, which, to my surprise you say in your letter *you are seeking to secure*, I have consecrated myself to resist to the

last drop of blood I have, this attack upon a Trust which you received from the Founder . . .

General, you have alienated the sympathy which was felt for you. You have isolated yourself from the comrades who have served you all these years, and even the men who have stood by your cause in this difficulty, have had now to step aside, so that the plea you are making is purely a family one, and in the light of all that will be revealed that will be apparent to the world . . .

Affectionately yours,

EDWARD J. HIGGINS.

The last paragraph suggests that it was seriously believed the General intended to try to kill his own Deed. But such a proceeding had its dangers for the General. Mr. Mason had pointed out in his book on the Army that, if anyone chose to contest the point, it would very likely be held that the Army's extensive trading operations were *ultra vires* of the original Deed, and it was impossible to foresee where a legal action affecting the constituent Deeds of the Army might end. A more serious deterrent may have been the fact that Bramwell would have to draw on his personal resources for the fight, as the foresight of the Chief of Staff had withdrawn from him the control of Army funds. Finally, the judgment on the General's application, which Mr. Justice Eve delivered on 29th January, ten days after the injunction had been granted, may have helped to damp Bramwell's fighting spirit.

The proceedings before Mr. Justice Eve are recorded somewhat briefly in Mr. Ervine's work, and at greater length in Mr. MacKenzie's short book. Mr. Ervine might well have found space in his copious appendices to print the judge's remarks in full. They represent a perfect blend of concern on a matter of great public importance with a due degree of judicial aloofness. The judge appealed strongly to both counsel to use every effort to reach an agreement without further litigation. "However it should ultimately result, one



cannot but appreciate that its continuance is calculated prejudicially to affect the great benevolent institution of which all your clients are members and to which, I doubt not, each and every one of them is loyally attached."

Then, after hearing counsel on both sides, he gave judgment. The High Council were empowered to do all that was necessary, to adjudicate and declare their adjudication. The resolution and the letter which they sent to the General showed that they were moved by feelings of the greatest respect and affection towards him and that the suggestion was for his relief and the benefit of the Cause in which they were all interested:

Be that as it might, the General was not prepared to give his answer at once, and he pressed for time.

The Council met and, not unnaturally, after a lengthy deliberation they came to the conclusion expressed in the resolution which they passed. Into the merits of that conclusion it was not the province of that Court to enter. He thought, however, that it was legitimate to observe on the evidence before the Court that the conclusion would appear to be based solely on the question of the plaintiff's health and on no other ground, and he had, from counsel representing the majority of the High Council, the statement at the bar that it was on that ground alone that the decision was arrived at.

But that again did not affect the real question which he had to consider—namely, whether the Council ought to have come to any conclusion without giving the plaintiff an opportunity of being present in person or by duly authorized agents to explain why he resisted the attitude taken up by the council . . . The more certain the judicial body was, the more necessary it was that they should listen to every possible argument . . . It was for the council to decide what agents, whether lay persons or persons in the position of solicitors or counsel, but subject to that, it was in his opinion a mistake—a perfectly innocent mistake he doubted not—that they did not give General Booth an opportunity of stating the grounds on which he was seeking to continue in office for the present.

On 13th February the High Council duly met to hear

Mr. Jowitt, K.C. The only result of this excursion was that the General was deposed a second time, the votes against the motion being reduced from eight to five, of whom only one was not a Booth.

There were two candidates for the vacant office, Commissioner Higgins and Commander Evangeline Booth who is now General. Higgins, who has since retired on account of age, was elected by forty-two votes to seventeen.

General Bramwell Booth accepted his deposition in a spirit of charity, and continued to offer to speak and write for the Army on high occasions. But for the four months of life which remained to him he was consigned to the freezer. In the words of his biographer, Commissioner Catherine:

He wrote a message for *The Times* and it was a difficult and heartbreaking task to convince him that there was no request for any word from him for the Centenary *War Cry*, nor for the gathering he had arranged to take place at the Albert Hall on William Booth's birthday. The son who for forty years had been his father's right hand, and who had watched over the Army from its inception, was absent. No word of his paid tribute there to the Army's Founder, but in the sad quiet of the sick-room at Hadley Wood Bramwell Booth conducted his last Army ceremony and dedicated his youngest grandchild, Wycliffe's infant son, William Bramwell, to God, under the Army flag.

Bramwell Booth was buried with full military honours. The Lord Mayor, robed, saluted the coffin as it passed the Mansion House. The funeral service at the Albert Hall brought together Booths of all generations. The Ladies Commissioners with the blue sashes of their rank spread across the chest like the grand cordon of an Order made an imposing tier above the coffin. Commissioner Catherine addressed the mortal remains: "You, too, have had your Calvary. You have fallen, wounded, in the house of your friends." Commander Eva paid her distinctive tribute to her dead brother. The

Maréchale, rising above the personal, brought penitents to the mercy-seat. Finally, General Higgins, standing at the head of the coffin, addressed his old chief: "I salute you, General. I am unworthy to follow in your footsteps."

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